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Everybody's Magazine

APRIL

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VOL. IV. No. 20

Why New York Needs Purifying. Bishop Potter and W. Laidlaw.
A Tunnel Under the Sea — Transatlantic Telephoning.
The Charm of English Gardens. by Neltje Blanchan.
Stories by Charles Major, Miss Wilkins, Owen Wister, Maximilian Foster, etc.

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John Wanamaker Publisher

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It hampers versatility,
And so as we're about to close
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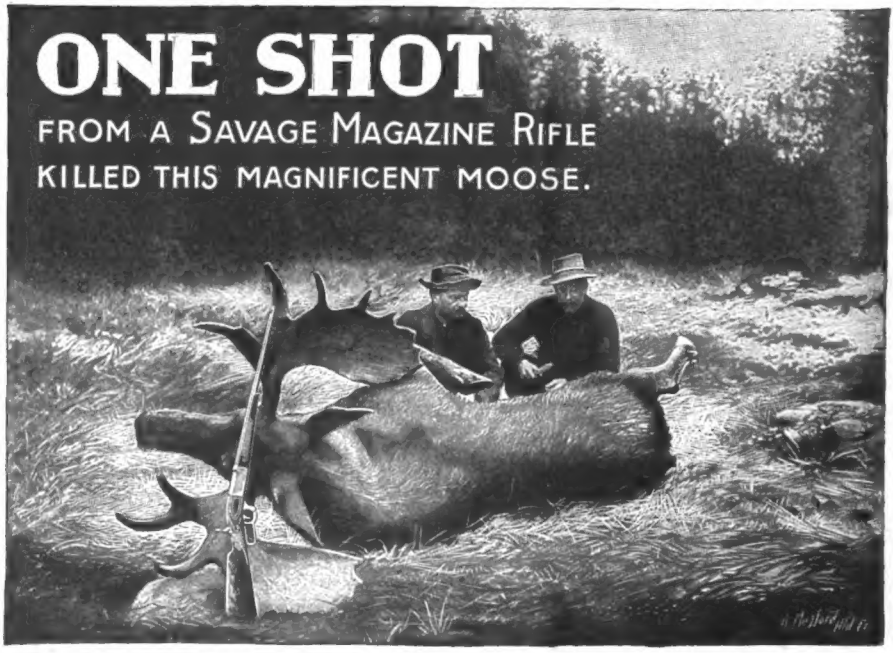

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PORTRAIT OF MR. R., BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ (1895).

From a platinotype.

See "Photography as a Fine Art," page 359.

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. IV. APRIL, 1901. No. 20.

IRISES IN A GLOUCESTER GARDEN.

THE CHARM OF ENGLISH GARDENS.

BY NELTJE BLANCHAN,

Author of "Nature's Garden," "Bird Neighbors," etc.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY "COUNTRY LIFE."

MANY favorable conditions, social and climatic, conspire to make English gardens what they really are—the most beautiful in the world.

When a man inherits from a long line of country-loving ancestors an estate which each owner in turn has striven to adorn, his pride alone, if no higher motive, would naturally prompt him to pass on to the next generation some substantial, lasting improvements to perpetuate his fame in the family annals, and his love for the old home. Confident of the permanence of British institutions, satisfied that the has-been ever shall be, with few fears of future loss either of the estate or of the revenue from it with which to keep it up, he plants and beautifies not for a season, or even his lifetime, but for all time. An avenue of oaks, a pergola, a walled fruit-garden, a hedge of evergreens, a sun-dial, a bridge across a stream, an Alpine rockery, a grotto, a collection of choice roses, groups of rare shrubbery and trees, rhododendrons from the Alleghanies and the Himalayas, a drive winding through the forest—these are counted, in England, quite as worthy acquisitions to a fine estate as a piece of rare bric-à-brac for the drawing-room or a painting for the family gallery. Thus, nearly every large country seat possesses certain garden features for which it has won more than local fame. The visitor to Warwick Castle, for example, is shown first of all the greatest treasures—the majestic cedars of Lebanon which an ancestral Crusader brought home from the Holy Wars. Then, after long wanderings over the pleasure-grounds and the exhaustion of his stock of superlative adjectives, the stranger within

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THE ROCK GARDEN, NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

the gates may have a glance at the Rembrandts, Vandykes, and other heirlooms inside the castle. But the grounds he may not slight.

The sincere delight taken by gentlemen and gentlewomen of the rich, leisure class in the out-of-door pictures with which they surround their homes, and the immense sums which they cheerfully expend upon them, are reflected through all grades of society. The example set by the landed gentry is followed in some degree by all who boast a home, however humble. The English, who are proverbial lovers of country life, love gardens with a keen passion. No other people in the world devote so much study, cultivation, taste, and money upon them. As might be expected, a large literature on the subject has arisen; there are scores of books, some of them classics, on rose-culture alone, and such periodicals as "Gardening" and "Country Life" find eager, learned, and appreciative readers even in the cities, where perhaps the most passionate lovers of Nature are ever to be found. Great stress is laid upon the contents of a garden in advertising a country place that is for sale or rent. Its roses, irises, and Dutch bulbs, its lawns, oaks, and beeches are counted quite as worthy of mention as the stock of plates in the butler's pantry or the sheets in the linen-closet. Often most alluring pictures of the gardens illustrate the advertisements.

What would grimy old London be without the flowers that burst from the window-ledges and balconies, overflow the market-stalls, brighten the dark, narrow streets? Price need debar none from joyful possession, when the Riviera and the Channel Islands supply violets, primroses, daffodils, narcissi, pansies, wall-flowers, forget-me-nots, marigolds, cowslips, mignonette, and a wealth of other fragrant bloom for a

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A RHODODENDRON WALK.

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THE WESTERN GARDEN, BROME HALL, NORFOLK.

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A FLOWER-MARGINED LAKE AT GREAT TANGLEY, SURREY.

penny a bunch. The kindly Gulf Stream makes forcing in hothouses almost a superfluous expense so far as supplying the masses with flowers is concerned. The florist who caters to Belgrave Square, however, must produce his exotics under glass, and the number of greenhouses spread about the environs of London testifies to the volume of his trade. Indeed, everybody in England, except the wretchedly poor, will have flowers. More than that, the people will have gardens even in the heart of the city. Dismal rows of brick walls, numbered at regular intervals to indicate the possession of the space by distinct families, may frown forbiddingly upon the street; but enter one of these houses, look out of a back window, and nine times out of ten a garden will smile up at you. Such a garden, extending the entire length of the brick row, will be jointly possessed by all the occupants. Many similar oases in the desert of city life one comes upon in the most unexpected corners. Small open squares and large driving-parks, alike adorned by landscape-architects who certainly understand their charming business, do much to cultivate the public taste, while increasing the healthfulness of body and mind of the people. We Americans have not, as a rule, learned to sacrifice some less important things, if necessary, in order to have these so-called luxuries. A small plot of neatly cultivated garden, growing plants for her drawing-room and window-boxes, fresh flowers for the dinner-table —these are among the necessaries of life even to the English housekeeper of small means, whose other expenditures may be counted with an economy amounting almost to parsimony when judged by lavish American standards.

And oh! how lovely are the little cottage gardens! Here roses, yellow jessamine, and ivy race and scramble up the walls to nestle finally among the thatch; and a riotous profusion of bloom in the door-yards testifies to loving, unremitting care. One can sometimes find the rarest old-fashioned plants, such as Shakespeare loved, in cottage gardens, where they have bloomed from generation to generation through the centuries. Pressing against the panes of every cottage window, in the family living-room, are the great round leaves and scarlet flowers of potted geraniums. Intense rivalry exists over these modest little window gar-

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dens, whose brilliant monotony at all seasons must excite the wonder of the passing stranger, as it does the envy of the competing cottager over the way. A draught on the potted and petted darlings which block the window might blight them, therefore the sash must be kept closed, for the family may do without fresh air and sunshine so that the blessed plants thrive.

In a land where dripping skies and an equable, cool temperature conspire to produce turf of the texture of velvet, and a foliage on the venerable trees above it so dense as to turn the emerald to velvety black where their shadows fall; where leafy, blossoming hedges, not fences, form the universal boundary lines; where there is no uncared-for, unsightly land; where even the stone walls send forth from every niche and crevice a thousand wee blooming plants, and the ivy spreads its dark, glossy mantle everywhere, the whole of England may be counted as one vast garden.

"How do you make your wonderful lawns?" asked an American visitor of his host. "First you plough and seed your land," the Englishman replied; "then you roll it and weed it every day for four hundred years, sprinkling constantly, and mow it twice a week, still rolling, weeding, raking, and sprinkling for a thousand years more, and — ultimately — you will get a pretty piece of turf."

Verdure clothes the land. The varied green alone seems satisfying until a field of vivid scarlet poppies growing among the young "corn" (as wheat is called in England) flashes into view, and one realizes how essential intense color in a landscape is occasionally, if only to emphasize the soothing, restful influence of great unbroken stretches of green. Familiar wild flowers not only appear to be, but actually are, more intense in color there than in America, except along our coast, owing to the moist sea air that pervades the little island.

In spite of the daily drizzle and leaden skies, the hose is played constantly, and you will hear a gardener bitterly complain of the dryness of the season during a brief interval of sunshiny weather. Certainly, his results justify what seems to the American amateur an oversupply of moisture. Very few lawns and gardens on this side of the Atlantic can get even half the water required to keep them in the perfection of

SNOWDROPS GROWING IN A DELL.

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THE TOPIARY GARDENS, ELVASTON, DERBYSHIRE.

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NARCISSI IN THE GRASS.

greenness and bloom through our hot, dry summers.

The Japanese have a saying that no one should use the word *beautiful* who has not seen Nikko. Perhaps the word might escape even a Japanese if he stood under a cascade of laburnum blossoms in some old English garden on a bright June morning. And yet the laburnum, like the hawthorn, lilac, rhododendron, and many another shrub, never reaches the perfection that it does in Ireland, where rains are even more frequent. If England and Ireland were to exchange populations, there can be no question as to which island would have the finest gardens, for in gardening, as in all other things, character and temperament are fundamental. Certain qualities of mind make the Scotch gardener famously good, yet he must expend his efforts in some more congenial climate than his native one to win the best results, therefore his works go to increase the fame of English gardens. The Irish gardener, in his Emerald Isle, where Nature singularly favors him, has to struggle against hard social and economic conditions; or, if he is too easy-going—or clever—to struggle, he emigrates to America. The fact remains that English gardens excel.

How much of their charm, when seen from within, is due to the custom of surrounding them with high walls, no one realizes so well as the Englishman. These barriers between him and the world make of his home a castle: the custom accords perfectly with his aristocratic notions of exclusiveness. Possibly nothing in England so disturbs the democratic American as the English wall—hard, formidable, unscalable, yet crowned with broken bottles from which the very ivy shrinks. It speaks to us of feudal tradition, caste, privilege, selfishness. Flaming swords and cherubim could not more effectually shut out the passer-by from even a glimpse of the Paradise within than a brick wall. To the Englishman our free and open country places, with their unfenced lawns sloping to the sidewalk, often with not so much as a low hedge to mark the boundary line between thine and mine, in order that every passer-by, as well as the owner, may have the benefit of any beauty there is to see, is inconceivable nonsense. Privacy is what he most desires—and he gets it.

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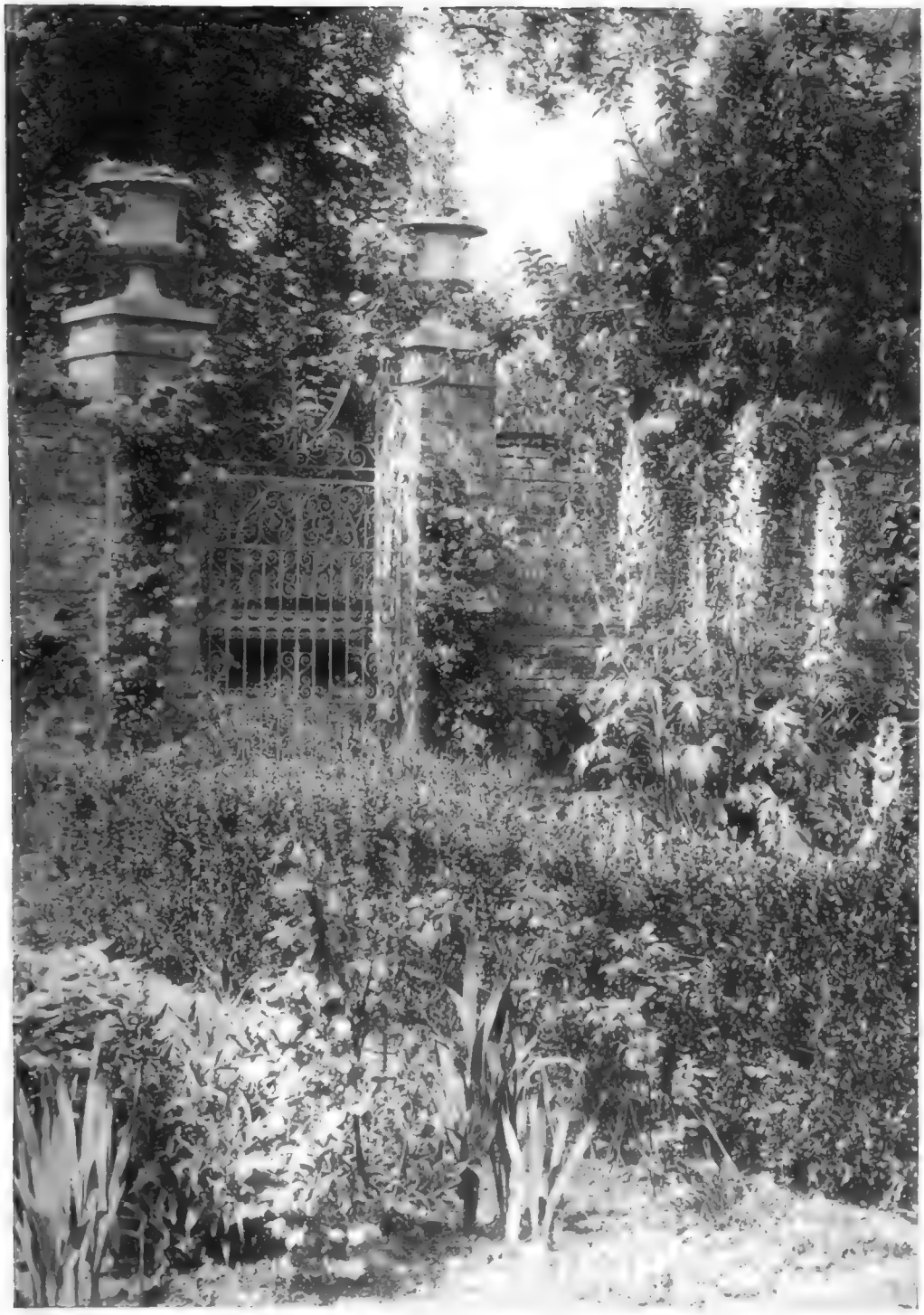

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THE OLD GATEWAY, HUNTERCOMBE MANOR, MAIDENHEAD.

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Not until the visitor to England mounts to the top of a coach does he have any conception of the glories hidden behind those brick battlements. What a revelation of beauty they are! Now it is seen that the reverse side of the vine-clad wall forms the most effective of backgrounds for the gay flowers in the hardy border. Hollyhocks stand up like sentinels against the ivy; huge Oriental poppies splash their wonderful color among the shrubbery; roses fairly intoxicate the senses where they climb over the half-timbered Elizabethan houses, and tangle themselves with the clematis in wild profusion over the arches that span the trim garden paths. During a day's ride on top of a coach one will see hundreds of enchanting gardens; during quite as long a walk along the same road one would not even suspect their presence because of the universal wall, were not an occasional gate left ajar, thereby offering a surreptitious peep.

But it must not be inferred that the people are selfishly unwilling to show their gardens to the really interested stranger. On the contrary, their unfailing courtesy can be prompted only by the sincere kindliness which flowers from generosity. Once within the enchanted places to wander about at will, the charm of an English garden subdues all one's scream-eagle Americanism and chastens one's rebellion even against brick walls. How amazingly lovely is its naturalized art! A host of daffodils dance in the breeze among the tall grass as if Nature had planted them there; misty sheets of blue, under the trees in the copse where the wild hyacinth tinkles its tiny bells, attract myriads of happy bees; crocuses, naturalized on the lawn, and snowdrops in the wood have had their day; so have the masses of forget-me-not in the aquatic garden beside the stream in whose clear waters were reflected their heavenly color, which the Chinese call "the sky washed by rain"; but there is always a fresh delight to take the place of one departed. Ranks of tall white lilies will arise where peonies lately glorified the bed. An uninterrupted succession of bloom from the earliest spring scilla to the Christmas rose is the chief object of a good gardener's plans. Every available space is under high cultivation; consequently, even on small places a man is kept employed constantly where one, to cut the grass once a week, on American grounds of corresponding size, would be thought sufficient. And so much in love is the English gardener with his work that he keeps at it during the late twilight. At nine o'clock in the evening one may see him tying up a stray branch of a pear tree, where it is crucified against the wall of the kitchen-garden to get all the heat possible, or cutting the seed vessels from the imperial irises where they stand in stiff phalanxes beside the river.

But England would be far less attractive than it is if gardens were attempted only where gardeners could be afforded. Some member of most middle-class families is likely to be a garden enthusiast, with leisure to follow his bent. Often the daughters of a household bring all their intelligence and taste to bear on the healthful out-of-doors work. Indeed, women's natural aptitude for gardening produces results which win half the prizes at the horticultural shows. English women feel that to make pictures with Nature's help in the garden is quite as worthy a means of self-expression as to paint canvases indoors or to decorate fabrics with embroidered designs which do not always decorate.

While the naturalized garden is the favorite type with all classes, the Italian or formal garden, with its magnificent terraces, its rectilinear parterres, and marble balustrades where screaming peacocks display their tails, its fountain, urns, and sun-dial, its fantastically clipped evergreens, its pyramidal yews, box, and holly—this type of garden finds much favor also, but possession is possible only to the very wealthy. The expense of making and keeping up so imposing a showplace is tremendous. In one such formal garden over a hundred experienced men work constantly in the struggle to prevent Nature from doing as she wishes with her own. Superb as is the brief triumph of art to the eye, the heart remains unmoved by its splendor, and one escapes with joy to the fields again, where the ploughman's "wee crimson-tippit" daisy carpets the ground, and the lark, soaring upward in an ecstasy of freedom, "at heaven's gate sings."

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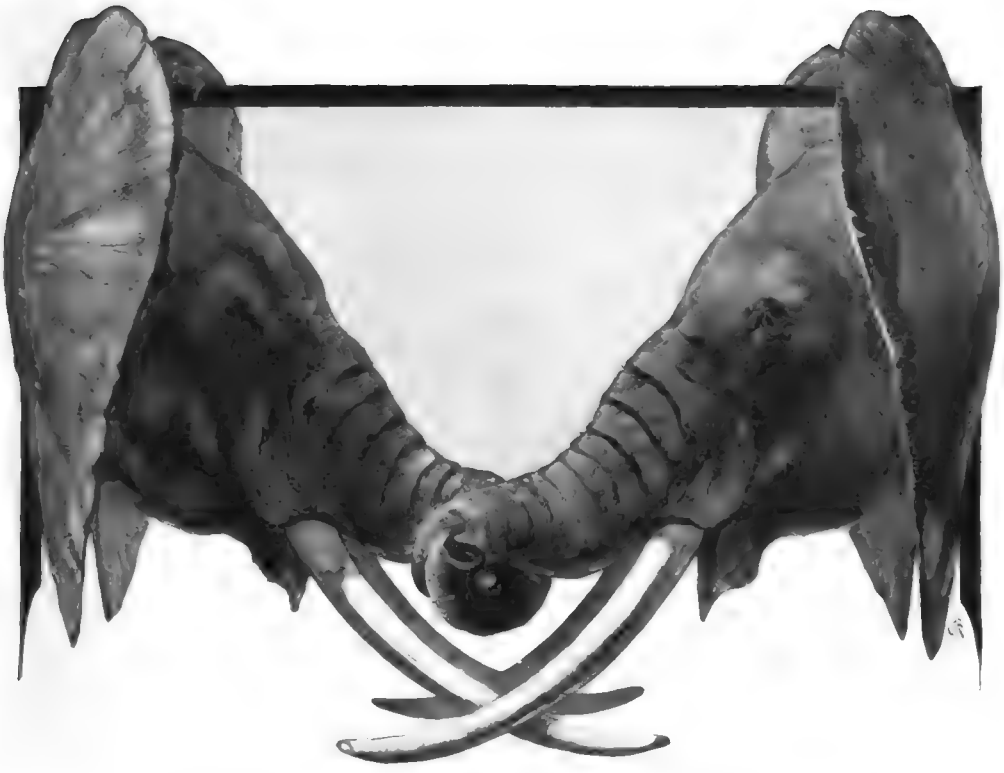

THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT AT HOME.

By Ewart Scott Grogan.*

Illustrated by Carl Rungius, and from Sketches from Life by the Author.

[The African elephant differs considerably from his Indian relative. The latter is generally well known, but the former is rarely seen in captivity; being neither as intelligent nor as easily tamed as the Indian elephant, he is consequently useless as a domestic animal and not very desirable as a circus performer.

He is simply a game animal and in time will surely be exterminated, if laws formed for his protection are not more rigidly enforced.

The African surpasses the Indian elephant in size, but is far less majestic and handsome in appearance, the body being higher set and shorter.

Especially remarkable are his immense ears; Mr. Grogan measured those of one monster and found them to be over eighteen feet in circumference. When the animal is in his natural haunts, these ears, when not in constant motion, are at rest and cover his shoulders.

The head shows little expression. The flat, receding forehead, sloping to either side, from which the trunk gradually rises, easily distinguishes the African from the Indian animal.

Behind the ears, the back sinks into a saddle-like depression, rising sharply before again descending abruptly to the tail, which is deeply set and hangs vertically from the body. The chest is placed high up between the forelegs. In contradistinction to the gray of his Indian cousin, the body of the African elephant is of a dirty fawn-color.—Artist's Note.]

Nowadays the sportsman who would slay lions or elephant must go far afield or find his sport in districts that are too unhealthy for settlers or the average pleasure-seeker.

Sport in Africa, south of the Limpopo, is a happy vision of the past. It is true that a few elephant still linger in Natal, where they are carefully preserved as the last link

* Mr. Grogan electrified the world of explorers, two years ago, by crossing Africa from end to end along the route of the future Cape to Cairo Railway—a feat often attempted, but never before accomplished. It caused Cecil Rhodes to write him that he was now sure of putting through his railway and telegraph, as he did not propose "to be beaten by the legs of a Cambridge undergraduate."

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"TREES TWO FEET IN DIAMETER HAVE BEEN TORN DOWN IN EVERY DIRECTION, OTHERS HAVE BEEN PLUCKED UP BY THE ROOTS; GIGANTIC BRANCHES HAVE BEEN WRENCHED OFF LIKE BITS OF BARK, AND IN THEIR FALL HAVE SWEPT DOWN THE DENSE UNDERGROWTH."

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with the glorious past, but, with this trifling exception, there are no elephant south of the Pungwe district. Here a small herd still roams in the dense patch of forest enclosed at the confluence of the Pungwe and Urema rivers, about one hundred miles northwest by west of Beira, while a very few wander unceasingly between the Sabi and the Pungwe. In the coast-strip between Beira and the Zambesi there are still a considerable number, which mostly congregate in the Chupanga Forest, while a few herds are continually travelling through the waterless bush-country that lies south of the Zambesi between the Shangani and Sanzati rivers. But for sporting purposes the elephant may be said to no longer exist south of the Zambesi. The ease with which they were pursued by mounted hunters rapidly thinned the enormous herds that a few years ago were a feature of the country between the Zambesi and the Limpopo, and the survivors have from perpetual harrying become what is termed "travellers." Any one who has once followed a travelling elephant will not show any undue haste to repeat the amusement. They sail along at an average pace of six miles an hour, regardless of the country, and stop for a bath or short siesta perhaps once every three days. After sundry futile attempts I recognized the hopelessness of the amusement, and possessed my soul in patience till I should light upon some happier hunting-ground. Anything more exasperating than following very fresh spoor at a dog-trot, hour after hour in a blazing sun, only to find at a late hour in the afternoon that one was forty miles from camp, with no food or water, and that the elephant had increased his lead from one mile to ten, it would be difficult to imagine. North of the Zambesi there are a few elephant in Barotseland, a few on the Portuguese east coast, several large herds on the mountain mass of Chiperoni, one small herd in British Central Africa, and a few small herds along the Loangwa Valley, west of Lake Nyassa.

South of the Nyassa-Tanganyika plateau, in the Chambesi country, there are a fair number, and the Moero swamp and Bangweolo marshes are still favorite haunts and breeding-places of considerable numbers. In all the German East African sphere there are practically no elephant left. They have been ruthlessly destroyed by the Arabs, who provided their Wanyamwesi slaves (expert elephant hunters) with rifles and ammunition. But to the west of Lake Tanganyika, in the stupendous forests of the Lualaba, Luapula, Lualua, and Lubilash rivers, there are vast herds which are still practically untouched. One of my natives, who came from the Lakuga, informed me that enormous herds came to the river at times, and utterly devastated the plantations. North of Tanganyika a considerable number of good elephant use the Rusisi Valley as a high road; and it was here that I first saw elephant at home, although I had followed them for many score of miles in different parts of the southern half of the continent. The Arabs contend that the Rusisi elephant are usually tuskless, but this does not agree with my experience, as those that I saw carried very fair tusks. For many weary months I had longed and striven for a sight of these huge beasts, which I had begun to look upon as possessed of ghostly properties, and when I did eventually gaze upon a herd peacefully dozing round a clump of euphorbia, it came as a shock to me. Somehow they did not seem to be real; I expected every minute that a keeper would step out and crack a whip, while small children ran up a large ladder and climbed on to their backs for a twopenny ride. The choking lump in the throat that came when I saw my first lion was conspicuous by its absence; and in the most appallingly cold-blooded manner I proceeded to investigate them and size up their ivories. The wind was steady, and I stroked round them for fully ten minutes, passing within five yards of several, before I selected my beast. It was not till I had fired both barrels of a double 4-bore (burning fourteen drams of powder), at a range of six yards, into an old bull's shoulder, and had watched him disappear on the horizon after getting two balls weighing four ounces apiece with a derisive squeal, that I awoke to the situation. I was too ill with fever to follow far, and spent many hours of sorrow at the thought of those tusks vanishing into the unknown. Days and days passed before I again saw elephant, and meanwhile those tusks grew in my exasperated imagination to dimensions that not even an elephant could manipulate. By the way, what a glut there would be in the ivory market if all the "gigantic tusks" that sportsmen just lose were brought to grass!

Fortunate, indeed, is the beast that car-

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"WE SAW AN ENORMOUS BULL-ELEPHANT EMERGE FROM THE PAPYRUS."

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ries unprecedented horns or tusks; he invariably escapes. Round Lake Kivu there are no elephant till one reaches the forest-clad volcanoes, which support immense numbers of the pachyderm. In these hopeless forests acres and acres of vegetation have been trampled and broken into utter chaos. Trees two feet in diameter have been torn down in every direction, others have been plucked up by the roots; gigantic branches have been wrenched off like bits of bark, and in their fall have swept down the dense undergrowth. Words cannot describe the impenetrable tangle that results. The prone trunks soon rot and give a footing to luxuriant growth; others are dashed down and afford a hold for the ropelike creepers that meander in every direction, climb the tree-trunks, wind round the branches, and then again descend in veritable curtains, and once more eat their way into the undergrowth. Thorn-trees of every density and degree of tenacity fill up the gaps, while giant nettles, saw-edged grasses, diabolical brambles, and wait-a-bit thorns manage to wriggle in somewhere and bind the whole into one elastic, impassable, burning tangle. A man cannot move a yard without one of the small, curved-bladed clearing-axes that

every native carries, and for one hundred yards at a time is not within six feet of the ground, yet the elephant stroll through with as much ease as I might wander down Pall Mall. Never before had I the remotest conception of their strength. Near the south end of the Albert Edward Nyanza there are a few herds which have become travellers, owing to the persecution by the natives, who bought some guns from a Swahili caravan that passed through the country a few years ago. East of this, in the German sphere, there are, perhaps, two or three small herds, probably the only survivors of the immense numbers that originally formed the great attraction to the slave-raiding Arabs. To the west, again, they exist in countless thousands, through the great Aruwimi Forest to the Congo, and further west throughout the country drained by the Boloko, Maringa, and Juapa rivers,

and north as far as the Welle. But the most remarkable elephant country is undoubtedly Toro, and all the lower slopes of the Mountains of the Moon (Ruwenzori on the maps, but known to the natives as Runsonvoro). Here the prevailing feature is undulating hills covered with elephant-grass (a coarse cane-brake growing to a height of twenty feet). In this grass the elephant are more easily found than in the dense forest characteristic of the volcanoes and the gorges of Ruwenzori. When in Toro we made a short trip to the Msisi River, which, flowing into the southeastern corner of the Albert Lake, forms the northern boundary between Toro and Unyoro. Our camp was pitched on the top of a small hill that jutted out from the main wall of the valley, and consequently we enjoyed an uninterrupted view across and up-and-down the river. The river itself was choked up with immense growths of papyrus, but between us and this favorite resting-place of the elephant

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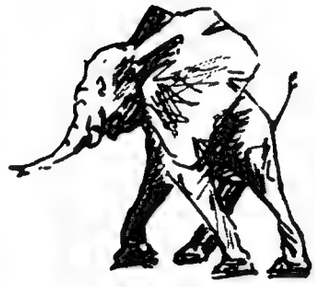
there was a bare plain about two miles wide, broken up by small patches of elephant-grass and clumps of trees. One of our party had not yet slain his elephant, so we left the arena to him, possessed our souls in patience, and made ourselves comfortable in deck-chairs to see the performance. Our tents were barely pitched when we saw an enormous bull-elephant emerge from the papyrus, and come gliding across the open country to reach the welcome shade of the trees in a gorge to our right. Then two more big bulls appeared, and followed majestically in his wake. They had not gone far when the wall of papyrus behind them shuddered, staggered, and collapsed, while a ceaseless stream of elephants, big and little, stately and skittish, burst upon our astonished gaze. On they came, a herd of fully two hundred, the bulls in front straggling in twos and threes, then a solid phalanx of cows, out of which from time to time little fellows not more than three feet high ran bewildered, then, steadied by the shrill trumpet of their mammas, scurried back. The mass seemed to glide over the country like an avalanche, raising a great trailing cloud of red dust, that dimmed the outlines and gave the impression of some hateful tide soaking up the land. Great clumps of bushes, acres of elephant-grass, loomed up in front, swayed, and were no more.

On it swept, this wondrous mass of life, nearer and nearer, till great ivories glinted white in the red-gray wave; and yet never a sound except the screech of a circling kite, and the occasional ludicrous trumpeting of an anxious mamma. Our camp was too high, and the motion of the elephant is peculiarly noiseless. As we watched, another herd of thirty emerged from the papyrus, then another herd, and yet another one hundred strong, till the whole valley seemed to be streaked with elephants. Ye gods! it was a wonderful sight, and to us, reclining at ease in our chairs, and puffing at our pipes, it seemed somehow unreal. All my life I had longed to see the Africa of Gordon, Cumming, and Oswell, and there it was! I was calmly lounging on a chair and watching something between one thousand and fifteen hundred elephant strolling about at my feet. In the meanwhile our big herd was passing the foot of our hill, and our sporting partner, hugging the double 10-bore to his bosom, was plunging down through the matted grass. Grim determination to do or die lurked behind quivering lips, wrestling with excitement. Nervous gigglings, alternating with guttural "waughs," showed the state of mind of his two gun-boys as they reluctantly followed. They were soon lost to view, and only the waving of the feathery grass-tops denoted their progress. Slowly the waving zigzagged down, till it seemed that the elephant would have gone before their pursuers could pass through the wide belt of grass that separated them from the herd. But fortune favored them. The whole herd paused to water at a small swamp; then, just as they emerged from their stifling struggle with the vegetation, streamed out once more across the plain. The huge beasts struggled out till they covered fully a mile, and the great tusks of the bulls gleamed white and enticing in the sun; they were within half a mile, and looked truly magnificent as they swarmed along all unconscious of the three small specks that hovered relentlessly on their flank. From bush to bush, from bunch of grass to bunch of grass, those three small specks flitted, steadily drawing nearer to the huge-tusked bull that led the van.



The excitement grew more intense. Every moment we expected to see the small white puff. Nearer and nearer crept the specks. We laid aside our pipes. What is that? The whole herd swerved as though a shell had burst in its midst. Away they crashed pell-mell across the plain. Puff! went the little gun. Puff! puff! followed soon by a deep boom! boom! showed that the 10-bore had had its say. No answering stumble or shudder promised success. Shrill trumpetings rang out from all parts of the plain, as the alarmed elephants wildly rushed to and fro, then stopped, flung up their trunks to catch the erring breeze, and blindly dashed away.

Alas! our sportsman's chance of a lifetime had gone. A side eddy of wind from one of the gullies had given them the alarm.

The tusks of the Toro elephants are enormous; I myself secured one weighing 138½ pounds, from Kasagama, the King of Toro. Many heavier ones have gone out of the country through the Swahili traders. The

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heaviest that I shot myself scaled 98 pounds (dry), and others scaled 86, 85, 87, 78, 78, 69, 69, all of which would be considered unusually large in South Africa.

It is very curious that the tusks of the elephants in the country within a radius of two hundred miles from the Albert Lake should be so much heavier than those of other parts of Africa.

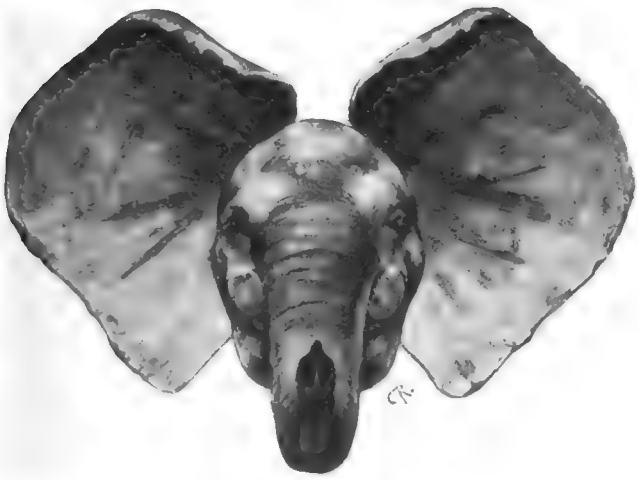
In Northern Uganda and parts of the British East African Protectorate there are considerable numbers of elephant still; and the whole district lying between Lake Rudolf, Kruia, the Nile, and the Sobat is the home of stupendous numbers of the pachyderm. While traversing the great Dinka swamps of the Nile, I was repeatedly delayed for hours by the huge herds of elephant that were resting in the edge of the swamp, and which often refused to move, even under the persuasive influence of sticks and stones. They have been left undisturbed since the creation, as the Dinkas do not hunt them, consequently they politely ignore human beings.

Farther east, round the spurs of the Abyssinian highlands, and in western and southern Somaliland, the elephants have been much thinned of late years by European and Abyssinian gunners, and that although their tusks are remarkably small.

West again of the Nile, in the Bahr el Ghazal basin, there are similar numbers of elephant to those I have described in the Dinka swamps, and still farther west to Nigeria and Lake Tchad there are numerous herds.

I can only imagine that the widespread fallacy that the elephant is nearly extinct is due to most people believing that Africa consists of South Africa, or Africa south of the Zambesi.

South Africa stands in about the same proportion to Africa as Texas does to the United States. Similarly it is generally thought that Africa is now exhausted as a field for the explorer. Africa is large, exceeding large. If forty men crossed the United States on horseback as fast as they could travel, they would know about as much of North America as is now known of the main part of Africa.



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A PAUPER ROMANCE

By

Maximilian Foster.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. M. RELYEA.

A PERFORATED cardboard supplication—"God Bless Our Home"—slants upon the wall of the Doketown Poorhouse as a perpetual spur to gratitude in the breast of the plaintiff for alms. This and a neighboring text—a marvel of bright blue, red, and yellow worsteds, figuring the words "It is Better to Give than to Receive"—are the foundations upon which rests the village charity. Moreover, they are greatly admired by the pauper, for humble natures, dim eyes, and weakening senses are always stimulated by lively colors, whatever the meaning they paint. Deacon Abbey, the selectman, in a moment of unwonted generosity had presented them to the Poorhouse, but the first act of one Supervisor of the Poor had been to turn them face to the wall.

There is no need of dwelling upon this man. As a Supervisor he was a flat, arrant failure. Instead of stimulating a satisfactory humility among his charges, he strove to change the trend of affairs from a casual existence into a semblance of life and living.

"Dum it, b'gee!" expostulated Deacon Abbey. "Ye ain't keeping a *ho*tel. Ye'll make the place so derned pap'lar it'll be overran in a week. Guess ye'd better quit, fr'en', 'fore ye turn things tapsy-turvy."

As he was of the same mind, the reformer withdrew from the scene of his futile operations, to make room for a successor precisely qualified for the place. In a week he had set charity once more upon an organized plane, and restored the formula that it is far better to give than to receive—a clear philosophy in the matter of alms and giving alms. Thus matters stood when Hetty Andrews came up the long, gray road to the Poorhouse.

She sat on her trunk in a neighbor's box-wagon, with her hands folded in her lap, and an appearance of blank resignation in her stooping shoulders and thin, drawn lips. Already she felt that life had come to an issue—a moment's halt, and then one step onward into the predestined climax of the grave. When the wagon drew up the dusty driveway and halted before the porch, she still sat unrelaxing, while the driver, skewed around in his seat, waited for her to move. "Come, Miss Hetty," he remarked dryly, "ye're at the end o' the jarney." The words struck with the weight of significance. Here was the end, indeed, of all her journeys; and she started and looked around. Perkins, the Supervisor, bustled out of the house to receive—officially—its new inmate. It was their first meeting, but formality is not considered in the organized act of throwing a bone to a homeless dog. It was board and lodging that Hetty Andrews was to get from the community, not distinguished consideration; and Perkins made it a point to impress this upon his charges at the earliest opportunity. "Mornin', Hetty," he called briskly; "jes' hop aout, now, an' don't be keepin' folks a-waitin'." He did not heed the flush that resented this familiar address, nor did he offer his hand to help her from the wagon. Unaided, she climbed awkwardly over the wheel and thus to the ground, where she stood vainly trying to brush the dust from her worn, black alpaca. There were many reasons why she had been forced into this last resort, and the first,

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"HETTY ANDREWS WALKED INTO THE POORHOUSE."

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of course, was poverty; after that, privation and illness. It seemed to her grotesque and unreasonable that she was to become a charge upon the community, although she long had been compelled to face the situation. She had tried, in the end, to believe that hers was an exceptional case; that she would be treated not as a common pauper, but one who through extraordinary circumstance had been driven to this pass. Most of the other inmates could have told her the same story; the exceptions were Cliff Andrews, half-witted; Susie Williams, the town lunatic, and Seth Spriggs, who came of pauper stock. But Hetty Andrews was sensitively acute, and the Supervisor's manner told plainly that she was merely another record on the roll, only another plaintiff suing for the public alms.

"Hey, you, Seth!" cried the Supervisor, briskly, "jes' yank out that 'ere trunk o' Hetty's. Step in an' set by, Hetty. I'll see you 'n a minute. Lively, now, there, Seth."

Hetty Andrews walked into the Poorhouse. Her eye, vaguely roaming about the room, noted the two placards upon the wall and the uncompromising severity of the furniture. There were two long benches against the wall, four chairs—one in each corner—a plain deal table in the centre of the room, and an open fireplace where ashes and a charred back-log lay like ghosts of warmth and comfort. It was a bare and cheerless retreat, truly, but an open door at the other end of the room revealed a more inviting prospect beyond. The elderly woman, conscious only of her fatigue, walked into the Supervisor's sitting-room and dropped, sighing, into an arm-chair. Here she had opportunity to mark the contrasts—the warmth and vulgar comforts, a rag-carpet, deep chairs, the prints of scriptural events, the green crewel lamp-mat, and the heavy, leathern-bound Bible ostentatiously displayed, and, on the other hand, the bleak apartment and its prim wooden benches where the inmates herded. This was charity, she thought; but then she understood that in Doketown—as elsewhere—charity may be delivered as a penance and penalty of defeat, and not as a gift of goodwill. This was in her mind when a sharp voice broke in upon her meditations.

"Naow, Hetty, ye'll hev to come out o' here." She looked around, hardly conscious that it was all directed at her. But the Supervisor gave no chance for consideration; he made his meaning plainer. He moved to one side of the doorway, and with a thumb twitched toward the outer room made an unmistakable gesture of command. "You've a right to know," he exclaimed testily, "that this ain't no place for you folks. Mustn't come in here, Hetty."

Her face was pale, her lips compressed yet quivering, as she walked through the doorway. But her pride—or the sensation that stood as such—repressed the weakness of tears. Anger and resentment came to her aid, yet it was with an aching heart that she accepted the knowledge of her fallen estate.

Susie Williams sat by the window, her mouth puckered in an effort at austere dignity, but her eyes glistening with curiosity. Her madness was harmless and of a quaint character—a rapt belief that she had been born to a high place and great fortune, and that in her youth she had been spirited from home. But Susie had never been kidnapped from the estates of her youth, for her father was the village cobbler, and until his death he had humored her whimsicalities, and through sheer affection developed the uneven balance of her mind. Thus Susie's one quest in life was the discovery of mighty parentage, and when visitors were at the Poorhouse, Susie's madness was displayed to the intense glee of the Supervisor and to the gayety of his guests.

"How's the Duke?" Susie suddenly demanded. She fixed Hetty Andrews with a meaning eye, and hitched her chair nearer. The tall, spare woman in the black alpaca drew back in alarm.

"The Duke?" she exclaimed. "What duke?"

Susie smiled pleasantly.

"Why, the Duke—your pa!"

Then the newcomer understood. She had heard something of Susie's hallucination, and for the first time that day a smile struggled to her lips. She shook her head negatively, but Susie was not downcast.

"Say," she whispered, "be ye the messenger? I was dreamin', las' night, that the Duke was sorter thinkin' he hadn't oughter act as he done. I reckon it's 'baout time he'd expyate his sin."

At this florid phrase Susie smiled with self-satisfaction, and folding her arms upon her lap, beamed upon the other.

"Has pa, the Duke, married ye to that Earl-fellow?" she asked anew.

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"HE THREW OPEN THE POORHOUSE LEDGER."

Hetty shook her head.

"Shucks!" exclaimed Susie, "ain't ye got no husband?"

The other woman, with sudden agitation, half arose. "N—no—no!" she exclaimed. "No, I ain't got any husband. Why do you—" She ceased abruptly with a nervous laugh, and then rising, walked away, leaving Susie muttering abstractedly in the corner.

From this adventure Hetty Andrews turned to another, a formality whose grotesqueness cut her to the quick. Her name, age, and general specifications were necessary to complete the record of her downfall.

"This way, Hetty," called Perkins, in his same blunt manner. "I'll jes' fix ye up in the book afore it clean goes out o' my head."

He threw open the Poorhouse ledger with an accustomed flourish, and pointing his pen like an armed threat at her head, demanded her full name, age, and place of birth. There was a feeling at the woman's heart that this inquisition was little less than an address to the condemned, and, faltering and fluttered, she gave the necessary answers.

"Ye're an old maid, eh?" the Supervisor demanded, pistolling her again with his pen.

"No," she answered, after short deliberation; "no—I *ain't* that."

"Ain't an old maid—lors!" The Supervisor chuckled. "Well, there ain't no cause to get pouty."

Hetty unconsciously looked over his shoulder as he turned again to the book, and started as she saw the word "spinster" written in the blank. Her thin lips grew thinner, and a strong mental effort showed briefly in the tenseness of her brow.

"Ye ain't got it right," she said slowly; "there's something——"

"Ain't got what right?" The Supervisor's tone was roughly aggressive. "Ye call ye'self Miss, and ye ain't got ary husband. I guess that 'ere record'll stand without any fixin'."

She made no further protest, and had turned to leave when his sharp voice restrained her. "Say, Hetty," he remarked, glancing critically at her gown, "that 'ere dress o' yourn ain't hardly right for hereabouts, ye understand."

She stared at him in answer; then swiftly smoothed its front with her delicate fingers, vainly striving to reduce the wrinkled folds. "No, sir, p'raps not, but"—here her lips parted in a wan and deprecatory smile—"but, ye see, Mr. Perkins, I didn't have the money to buy any other."

The Supervisor leaned back and laughed loudly. "Lors!" he ejaculated, when the gale of merriment had blown away. "Lors, Hetty, it ain't thet!" Here a sudden gravity fell upon him, and his drawn brows conveyed a lurking menace. "Ye'll understan', Hetty, this ain't no place for fal-lals. We're quiet, plain folk, and Mis' Perkins'll fix ye aout like the rest o' you folks. That kind o' finery don't go here."

She understood. She was to don the blue and white cotton print, the conventional garb of the almshouse inmate. It was the last stroke that severed her from respectability, and sighing, her head bent, she withdrew dejectedly from the Supervisor's presence. With heavy heart, she climbed the stair to the room she was to share with Susie Williams, the madwoman, whom God's mercy had spared the bitterness of understanding. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," she murmured, a sudden thought of her unchristian attitude flashing upon her mind. "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" In this spirit she donned the print gown handed to her by Mrs. Perkins,

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whose attitude toward the town charges was always that of condescending compassion. "There, Hetty," said the Supervisor's wife, "that'll look much better'n that black alpacy. It *was* worn aout a bit, warn't it? Naow, jes' step down to yeer dinner, an' don't keep the folks a-waitin'."

It was a shock to woman's sensibility in an occasion like this to acknowledge to herself that she was hungry. She ate—ravenously, too—for a full meal had been to her for many days merely a recollection. It was plain food, but in abundance—boiled beef, bread and turnips, and tea sweetened with molasses. But she could not fail to hear a heavy, broken creature at her side, a palsy-stricken old man, complaining at the fare.

"Beef'n turneeps agin!" he quavered. "We had 'em yistraday an' the day afore, an'—what was it afore 'at? My mind don't run so far a-back."

"Beef and turnips!" said Susie Williams promptly. "I'll complain to the Duke when he comes."

"Beef'n turneeps—beef'n turneeps!" the old man protested. "Alluz the same."

His peevish fault-finding ended abruptly as a sharp voice rasped down the length of the table. "What's that ye say?" demanded the Supervisor from the doorway.

"'BE IT THE EARL?'" SHE DEMANDED.

A painful silence fell upon the company as he strode to the dotard's chair. "Complainin' agin, hey? I'll learn ye!" He dragged the old man roughly from his seat, and sent him, cowed like a guilty child, to stand in the corner, where with glittering eyes the shaking creature watched the meal progress, the last mouthfuls marked with wolfish eagerness that faded into the blankly foolish smiling one sees upon the faces of the blind.

"'Hee! hee!" giggled Susie Williams; "he give um fits, he did!"

"Silence!" rapped the Supervisor, and the company, burying their eyes in their food, ate rapidly, lest they, too, should suffer another such punishment.

"'HE'S TOOK AWAY MY TER-BACK-ER.'"

"And ye there!" the Supervisor cried, pointing a finger at the quivering old man, "I'll *learn* ye to fight with yeer bread'n butter!" He strode angrily from the room, this dictum delivered, and Hetty Andrews's head sank lower, with humility added to her other weighty worldly cares. She had become a pauper, in fact and self-acknowledgment. The day done, she crept to her room, and ignoring the idiocies of Susie Williams, made her accustomed prayers and sank into the blessed forgetfulness of sleep.

"There ain't no idle hands hereabouts," the Supervisor instructed in the morning. "I reckon ye ain't fit to do ary great account o' chores, but I reckon ye c'n sweep an' make beds an' carry in wood an' sich—hey?"

Hetty nodded eagerly, for idleness had never been a feature in her life, and, furthermore, in work there is forgetfulness. So, the directions given, she set about her tasks, and the precise neatness of the housekeeper rapidly effaced the signs of makeshift effort about the Poorhouse rooms. Then, when these household cares were completed, she looked into the wood-box, found it empty, and started for the woodshed in the rear.

She had just stepped from the doorway when her attention was drawn by a sound of wheels in the roadway. She glanced toward the gate, and saw a neat Concord

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buggy drawn by a bay mare turning in toward the Poorhouse. Her errand was forgotten; she watched the wagon furtively, and then, stepping within, sharply closed the door and stood leaning against it with one hand on her breast. Presently there was a step on the porch, and she heard the Supervisor's voice.

"Well, by vum—Hi Smalley! How air ye, Hi? Goin' to give us a call, be ye? Step right down, an' I'll call Mis' Perkins. She'll be right glad to see ye. Hey, you, Seth, take Squire Smalley's rig! Smart there, naow! Fust time ye've ben to the 'House, ain't it, Hi?"

Squire Smalley made no pretence to return the greeting in kind, nor did he offer to alight. He waved the eager Seth away from the mare's head, and leaning over on his knees, let the lines fall loosely on the dashboard, while he flicked the air with his whip. His chin stuck out in a suggestively thoughtful way, and the whisker thereon, for this reason, stood stiffly protruding like the pompon on the chapeau of a guard. Around his eyes and mouth, too, the wrinkles were drawn tightly, till they lay in knife-like slits—rays converging outward.

"No," he remarked dryly, "ye needn't send for Mis' Perkins. I come on bizness. Say, ye've gat Hetty Andrews here, ain't ye?"

The Supervisor, taken back, dropped his brisk manner, and nodded in astonishment. He was quite at a loss to understand what interest Squire Smalley should have in one of the town charges, but he was wise enough not to hazard an inquiry. He lost nothing by this, for the Squire, undoubtedly, would not have told him. "Waal, I want to see her."

The woman within felt her heart leap tumultuously in her breast. She would not see him; she had made up her mind. Then Perkins's hand tried the knob; she sought resolutely to hold the door, and the next instant was thrust aside. "I'll call her," she heard the Supervisor say, and at the same moment Susie Williams stole to her side with eyes glittering.

"Is it the Duke?" the madwoman demanded. Hetty felt impelled to laugh foolishly.

"Theer's a caller fur ye, Hetty," said the Supervisor, pompously. "Ye'll step aoutside."

"What's thet, Jed Perkins—Hetty be ye callin' her?" The little man in the buggy shot bolt upright, the whip, at his gesture of anger, cutting a wide arc over the mare's back. "Waal, I swan!"

There was a vigorous indignation in his tone, but Hetty, stepping forth, stilled him.

"Mornin', Hi," she said quietly, "I didn't look to git a call from ye so soon."

He had resumed his original posture, and now, more idly than ever, was switching the air with his whip. But she was conscious that he was eying her keenly, taking in the blue print gown and the carpet-slippers, distinguishing badges of her place in the community. Her face grew red as he continued this scrutiny, and for a long while he said nothing. Then he swung his head over his shoulder and looked her in the eye, disapproval and mournfulness in his glance.

"Heppy?" he asked suddenly. She made no answer. He looked away from her, switched his whip anew, and wagged the chin-whisker with a rapid movement of his lips. He was plainly perturbed.

"Look at here, Hetty Andrews!" He turned sharply, indignant and peremptory. "This here's plain foolish."

"No," she corrected, "plain sense."

He gave no heed, but continued: "See here, I say: I've bin a-comin' to ye nigh on thirty year lookin' fur the answer to one question, and ye ain't never give it yet. Will ye——"

"I've give it to ye agin an' agin, Hi, only ye ain't satisfied."

"No," he agreed vehemently, "I be not! That ain't no answer to give a man. I've bin to ye now reg'lar once a year, not caountin' them fust two year when I tried ye averagin' once ev'ry quarter, an' ye've give me the same answer that ain't no answer at all. All ye've said is, 'I can't.' Why can't ye? Don't ye keer enough?"

She was silent at this. "Why can't ye?" he demanded anew. "Don't ye keer enough?"

"It ain't fair to ask sich things, Hi," she protested slowly, her brow drawn and her face downcast.

"Waal, do ye?"

He stared guiltily at her, and the soft pink that crept over her wrinkled cheeks was his answer. Dropping the lines and the whip, he scrambled stiffly from his seat. "Hetty!" he cried, in a thin, quavering

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"'DON'T YE HIT ME,' HE HOWLED, 'OR THE GENNLEMUN'LL TELL ON YE.'"

voice. Her shoulders twitched with a sob. He brought her a chair, and then stood looking down at her, a long silence between them. Susie Williams peered from the window, gloating over the scene, while the mare swung her head about and looked at her master with soft, intelligent eyes.

"What ye doin' here?" asked the little old man.

"Chores," answered Hetty, stifling a sob. "Sweepin' an' makin' beds an' sich like."

"Choppin' wood?" interposed the Squire, dryly. "Choppin' wood—hey?"

She nodded.

"By God, I won't 'low it!" he cried, sharply.

"Don't ye take the Name in vain," Hetty Andrews cautioned. "I've chopped wood afore—in my own home."

"Thet's diff'rent," he commented savagely. "I s'pose ye're that set to stick here, with them hi-falutin' notions o' yourn, that no one ain't goin' to move ye."

"Move me? Hi Smalley, I'd leave here that quick ye couldn't think, only for the chanst."

He brisked up eagerly. "Then ye'll marry me, Hetty, to-day—naow—right away?"

She shook her head.

"Why can't ye?" he shrilled, then subsided dully.

For a moment she looked him in the face; then a sudden resolve was manifest in her manner. She arose, throwing back her

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shoulders. "I'll show ye why, Hi Smalley, then ye'll go an' hole yeer peace."

She brushed past him and into the house. Upstairs, in her room, she kneeled before the trunk that held her few last beloved belongings, and turning over the clothes, heavy with their lavender scent, drew forth her Bible. Between the leaves was a paper, its creases worn ragged with handling, yellow at the edges, but spotlessly clean. Swiftly she returned to the man awaiting her on the porch.

"There, Hi Smalley; jedge for yeerself."

He took the paper, uncomprehending. It fell apart loosely in his fingers, and he fumbled for his glasses. Then when he had adjusted them upon his nose, he glanced once at the writing; his jaw fell, and he swung slowly about till he faced the tall, thin woman, now drawn up to all her height.

"Him!" he cried. She nodded, saying nothing. He read the paper anew, studying the signatures, the hand and seal of the witness. "Him — he's ben missin' nigh on thirty year. That's why—hey?"

"That's why," she assented. "Till I know he be dead, Hi Smalley, I'll not be marryin' any other man."

The paper dropped from his hand to the floor, and Hetty stooped to pick it up. His head nodded as in his mind he considered some preposterous proposition. "Him," he muttered, "a no-account, nohow. Gone nigh on thirty year an' ye ain't heard nary word o' him?"

"Not for twenty-nine year, Hi," she answered. "Dead or alive, I don't know, nor any word o' him."

"Then it's to be found aout, Hetty Andrews. Lord, if ye'd only tole me afore."

"'WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF HODGE WINTERS?'"

He arose and brushed his hat from his brow. He gathered up the lines and the whip, and climbed heavily into the wagon.

"What be ye goin' to do?" asked Hetty, wondering at his manner.

"Find him—dead or alive," he said slowly. "Git ap, Jade."

Susie Williams stopped Hetty on the stairway.

"Be it the Earl?" she demanded.

"No—I dunno—waal, mebbe," answered Hetty, and Susie grinned till her lips stretched like parchment across her glistening teeth.

At the end of the hallway sat the broken old man, the palsied creature upon whose head had fallen the wrath of the Supervisor. He was weeping now, the great tears coursing down the furrows on his cheeks.

"He's took away my ter-back-er," he wailed.

Hetty knew instinctively that he meant the Supervisor. "Ye poor critter," she said sympathetically, stooping to wipe away a tear with the edge of her gown. "Why did he do it?"

"'Cause I jes' peeped inter his settin'-room to see the pitchers. He caught me afore I knowed it."

She comforted the poor old man until his spirits were somewhat restored, and presently he was smiling up at her. "Ye don't think me a bad one, mem, do ye?"

"Course not. Sho, land's sakes!" she exclaimed. Then she asked his name.

"Winters, mem," he told her. The name fell, at that moment, like a bolt out of the blue.

"Winters!" she gasped. She peered into his face, scanning his features until

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assured. "No, it ain't him," she admitted with relief in her tone. "Tell me," she demanded, then, "hev ye any folks?"

The broken creature stared at her stupidly. "No, mem, I hain't ary a one—leastways none I c'n remember." He fell to smiling blankly again, and Hetty hurried to her room.

A month had passed, and among the village-folk Squire Smalley's sudden journey to parts unknown still served as a topic of discussion. But Hetty knew the real reason of it though she told no one. She kept her own counsel, and waited for news. For her there had been one other matter of moment, an unexplained amiability toward her by Perkins and his wife. The day after Smalley had gone, the Supervisor had come to her affably and with a suggestive smirk.

"'HODGE DEAD!' ROARED THE SQUIRE."

"Seems like as if ye ain't jes' suited," said Perkins. "Me an' Mis' Perkins sorter 'lowed ye'd perk up a bit if ye put on that 'ere alpacy o' yourn an' hed yeer meals with me an' her. How abaout it, Miss Andrews?"

Hetty looked at him in blank astonishment. She knew instinctively that there must be some meaning for this sudden show of affability, but what it was she could not guess. Squire Smalley might have told, however, for it was his arrangement and not any official method of the Poorhouse that planned this comfort of mind. But it was then the Supervisor's turn to look astonished.

"No," she answered decisively, after a moment's thought; "I've learned my lesson here, Mr. Perkins, and I ain't that foolish to be forgittin' this soon. I'll keep my place with the others, thanky."

Here she dropped him a courtesy, and rejoined Susie Williams, from whose company the Supervisor had called her.

"Was it—" Susie's lips began framing, when Hetty cut her short. "Land's sake—No! I should hope not!"

The month had come to its end, bringing the beginning of summer. In the village another stir had succeeded the Squire as a tonic to stimulate the gossips. There was a stranger in town, and the neighbors knew his was an urgent business. On the second day he arrived, amid some commotion, at the gates of the Poorhouse. The Supervisor, highly flattered, met him at the porch, and with a hospitality founded largely upon curiosity, invited him urgently to step into the "settin'-room."

"Long in these here parts?" inquired the Supervisor as a preliminary to further developments.

"Nope," the other answered briskly, more briskly even than the manner employed by the Supervisor in dealing with his subjects. "What I'm here for's this: I'm looking for a man named Winters. Don't even know it's a man—may be a woman. There's only one chap of that name in Doketown, and he's here. My name's Hutchings—Myron J. Hutchings—attorney and counsellor at law, Aureola City, Montany. Just trot out your man, please."

The Supervisor's curiosity anchored him to his place, while the visitor eyed him with impatience.

"Laws—I want to know!" exclaimed the Supervisor. "I reck'n ye mean ole Joe Winters. Lands o' me—who's wantin' him?"

"*Me*," answered the other promptly and to the point. "Trot him out, will you?"

The Supervisor unkinked his legs from the chair and, with his astonished eyes fixed upon the other, sidled to the door. "Seth—hey, you, Seth," he cried, "fetch ole Joe

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right off!" He came back, his eyes still fixed on the stranger. "By vum—what be doin' anyhaow?"

"Lots," was the answer. "There's a good chance of money coming to some one of the name of Winters, and mebbe it's for him. It ain't a big buster—a bonanza or any of that—but it's enough to start me East to find the owner."

He didn't say that he expected the happy beneficiary to express gratitude in financial figures, though such was the case. "Waal—I swan!" exclaimed the Supervisor, "and ole Joe, too!" A reflex thought suggested that, perhaps, in the past he might have treated the old man somewhat more considerately, but this fancy was expelled in the effort to recollect some extraordinary kind office he had performed for his charge. He was still struggling in this endeavor when Seth entered, leading the old man by an ear.

"He didn't want to come nohow," Seth explained.

"By colonel!" exclaimed the lawyer, at this manifestation of methods in the Poorhouse. "They don't exactly seem to treat him like a highflier at the Waldorf." He assumed charge of old Joe, and after seating him in a chair began a kindly questioning. But the old man was frightened and resentful and on the verge of tears.

"Naw, I ain't got ary re-lative," he protested. "I ain't nuvver had any, nuther."

"Didn't you ever hear of Hodge Winters?" demanded the lawyer.

The old man shook his head, stopped uncertainly, nodded again, and then a gleam of awakened memory shot into his eyes. "Hodge Winters," he muttered. "Like enough ye mean Cousin Hodge—him as went West nigh on thirty year ago? Young Hodge like as not, be it?"

"*Young* Hodge!" commented the lawyer. "He'd be sixty if he'd lived. You see, this Hodge Winters struck Aureola 'bout twenty years ago, plumb flat broke. But he came in before the rush, and got a good one for a small thing. The men in the camp knew Hodge. He was always telling how he'd get up and dust for home the first time he struck it rich. It was a regular laugh. But just when Hodge did strike it rich, he *did* dust out, but not in the way he calculated."

"Sakes—haow was thet?" interrupted the almost breathless Perkins. In the depths of a big chair ole Joe nodded his head foolishly, his blank, smiling face fixed upon the speaker's.

"Giant powder—about ten pounds of it," said the lawyer casually. "Hodge *would* smoke when he was working. However, his mine was sold out after the funeral, and though it didn't bring what it oughter have, it was a pretty good piece. The authorities soaked it away, and it's waiting now for the right man. That's him, I guess."

He nodded toward the dotard.

"No one knew much about Hodge," the lawyer continued, "not much more than he'd come out of the Nutmeg State. But along about a fortnight ago, a cuss from this town stuck an 'ad' in the Aureola papers, asking for information. We didn't give it much attention, until one of our clients who had known Hodge put us on. Then you bet we streaked it lively, but the man that did the advertising had moved down the line, not saying where he was going, only leaving word to forward answers here. That's why I have the unparalleled pleasure of being now in the midst of the booming activities of Doketown."

"Gosh!" ejaculated the Supervisor.

"It's his money, sure enough," said the lawyer, "but it looks as if we will have to get a trustee or something appointed for him. He might blow it all in of an afternoon—playing the game or on a busted wildcat."

The Supervisor's eyes glistened now, as Susie Williams's glistened at the thought of the Duke and the Earl. He gave the visitor directions how to find the town-clerk and the records of old Joe's birth and other necessary legal ballast upon which to build his claims. Then he turned to the object of all this excitement.

"Yeer a rich man naow!" he cried, leaning over to shake the old man by the hand.

But old Joe shrank away from him tremulously. "Don't ye hit me!" he howled. "Don't ye, or the gennlemun'll tell on ye."

Perkins grew red in the face as he noted the suggestive expression of the lawyer's face. "Who's goin' to hit ye, ole fr'en'?" said the Supervisor, softly; and then, fearful of further consequences, he led the visitor to the door.

It was all a magnificent event in the annals of the Doketown Poorhouse. But Perkins did not share the news with his neighbors, and much less with his charges. He

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moved about, his head in the air, figuring in dreamy contemplation upon the store the future held in fee for him. Winters, tottering upon the brink of the grave, had no next of kin. Here, alone in his hands, was a ductile subject, possessed of wealth and— The Supervisor whistled a lively tune, cut a pigeon-wing, and peered guiltily about. Then he went into the house to dinner.

Old Joe was missing from his accustomed place.

"The Duke has came," whispered Susie Williams, "only he's took ole Joe 'stead o' me. It ain't right, be it?"

Hetty nodded her head to soothe the woman. Old Joe was dining with the Supervisor and his wife. They had begun their task, self-appointed, already as stewards to his estate, and at his death—owners. The meal passed, old Joe came shambling forth in triumph. "I've hed pie'n cake'n reel coffee. They give me beefsteak, too, and Mister Perkins, he guv me this here seegar." He held the cigar between his flaccid lips, puffing luxuriously at the unaccustomed favor.

There was no explanation among the inmates of this unwonted occurrence. Something, surely, had happened, but what, none could tell. Meanwhile, in the sitting-room, Perkins and his wife planned far into the future. But in such a community a secret is shortlived. Ere a week had passed the town knew the business of the visiting lawyer, and the story of Winters's windfall had spread to the outlying farms. Perkins frowned darkly at the occasional visitors who came to congratulate the old man and also to remind him how good they had been to him in the past. The dotard accepted their congratulations and reminders dully—their reminders more dully than the congratulations, perhaps. But their presents of cigars and fruit meant more. He had lived long enough in the Poorhouse to digest the homily that something is never given for nothing, and from this he deducted that through some inscrutable means he had suddenly become of importance. Having this in mind, he grew obstinate and intractable, and the Supervisor and his wife were at their wits' ends to control him. On Saturday his affairs of earthly moment nearly came to a climax by an overindulgence in the cake, jelly, and cigars donated by new-found friends. At midnight he was believed to be dying, and while some one hurried for the doctor, the Supervisor and his wife busied themselves about his bedside. Their offices seemed confined chiefly to administering a stub pen and a sheet of foolscap that bore a legend beginning, "In the name of God, Amen. I, Joseph Winters, being of sound mind." The Supervisor guided the old man's palsied hand, while he signed this prescription, and Seth was produced as witness to the fact that the patient had taken his medicine. What was on this paper old Joe never knew, but, at the time, it was satisfactory to the Perkinses. But old Joe did not die, and the Supervisor locked up the sheet of foolscap, and chuckled as he did it.

On the following day the lawyer returned, gasping with relief that old Joe had not departed and taken his fortune with him. He had determined that Winters was the first-cousin and next of kin of the man killed in the Montana mine. That was explicit. Furthermore, he had learned that Joe had no living relative. Perkins smiled and rubbed his hands.

"The Duke has came back," said Susie Williams to Hetty. "He's askin' fur ole Joe. He's forgotten me—the child of his youth. I'll hev to wait for the Earl to claim me. The Duke's brought my fortune to ole Joe. I'm that vexed I c'd cry reel hard."

"Brought a fortune? Land's sakes, what ever air ye talkin' abaout, Susie?" cried Hetty, forgetting for an instant the woman's hallucinations.

"Yes, he's brung back the baronial estates took by the cousin. His name was Winters—Hodge or Podge, I disremember. Hodge-Podge Winters, I guess— Ow, Hetty, ye leave right go my arm!"

Hetty was quivering with excitement. "What's thet ye be sayin'?" she demanded; but Susie Williams, with an angry gesture, tore away from her grasp and fled with her tongue in her cheek to the stair.

"Aw—aw!" the madwoman mocked, "go'n ask the Earl!"

Hetty hurried forth. The lawyer was sitting in the porch, his feet upon the railing in conscious ease. Hetty, trembling with eagerness, confronted him. "What do you know of Hodge Winters?" she asked bluntly.

Hutchings took his feet from the rail and looked up at her. "Oh, one of the guests," he murmured, returning his feet to their former altitude.

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"What d'ye know of Hodge Winters, I say?" she cried, with a rising inflection that once more seduced his feet from their place of comfort. The lawyer was astounded, for her tone was peremptory and commanding.

"Why—why," he stammered, "lots."

He detected shrewdly at a glance that there was something more than idle curiosity in the mind of this tall, spare woman who loomed above him. "What d'you want to know for?" he asked curiously.

"'Cause," she answered, unprepared for this assault.

"A woman's answer," he laughed; but he told her, and with a rising suspicion marked the agitation that accompanied the details of his story. "Now," he bargained, when he had done, "you tell me why you want to know. Turn about's fair play."

"Not now," answered Hetty, and turning on her heel, she strode indoors and up the stairs to her room. "God forgive me," she wailed, falling upon her knees. From below came the voice of old Joe babbling a complaint. He had been lifted from his bed and carried into the sunshine. But the Supervisor, at the doctor's orders, if not from conscientious scruples, had denied him his cigars and cake and pie, wherefore the old man's peevishness had again reduced him to the verge of weeping. Hetty lifted her head and listened; she felt a deep pity, and was rising, when she heard the sound of wheels cutting into the gravel on the drive. It was more visitors, she thought dully, her mind fixed on her own agitating affairs. "Hodge Winters—Hodge—and dead!" She muttered the words with a great heart-pity both for him and for herself. "Hey, Miss Andrews," a voice cut in on her meditation. It was the Supervisor calling; and wiping the tears from her eyes, she walked to the head of the stairs.

"Be ye callin' me?" she asked.

"Some one to see ye," he answered, rather sharply, she thought.

Squire Smalley sat in his Concord buggy, one arm over the back of the seat, and a quizzical grin upon his face.

"Ye're that lawyer feller, hey?" Hetty heard him laugh.

"Sure pop," answered Hutchings. "I've found your man, too, Squire."

"Found my man?" exclaimed the old man, with an accent of puzzled inquiry in his voice. "Now I reck'n I warn't lookin' hereabouts for no man."

"Sure—old Winters, Squire. I got on to your 'ad' in Aureola City, and dusted East. I've found him all right. He gets the money, too."

"He gits what? Say, young feller, I'll be greatly obleeged to ye to talk the king's English. Who gets what money?"

"Didn't you find out while you were West?" Hutchings demanded sharply. The Squire shook his head. So far as he was concerned personally, he had accomplished nothing at all. There had been no answers to his advertisements, no result for his search, and he had come home dispirited and discouraged.

"Then I'm in first on the game," Hutchings ejaculated. "Winters over there is the man. He gets——"

"Ole Joe—what?" the Squire cried. "Why, I mean Hodge Winters—not him yon."

"Sure—Hodge Winters is dead. He's next of kin and gets the whole lump of——"

"Hodge dead!" roared the Squire, leaping from the buggy.

"I tell you he was killed twenty years ago in Aureola City."

Bursting through the doorway, the Squire rushed into the house.

"Hetty—Hetty!" he yelled.

She came out paler than ever, and the little old man, as brisk as a boy, dragged her to the porch.

"D'ye hear," he cried. "He's dead—killed twenty year agone."

"That's what I said," reiterated the lawyer, "and old Joe gets the money."

"Money—nawthin'!" roared the Squire. "It's hern. Have ye heard, Hetty?"

"Yes, I know," she answered, a thin little smile hovering upon her mouth.

"Ye know he's dead?" demanded the Squire. "Then, Hetty, I ask ye—*will ye*—now or never?"

In answer she laid her head upon his shoulder, and the Squire knew she was crying, but did not care. Two light fingers upon her cheek aroused her, and there was Susie Williams peering into her face.

"Is it the Earl?" she asked, a great hope in her eyes.

"Yes, Susie, an' yeer comin' to stop by with us."

"Oh, I'm reel glad," cried Susie, and burst into tears.

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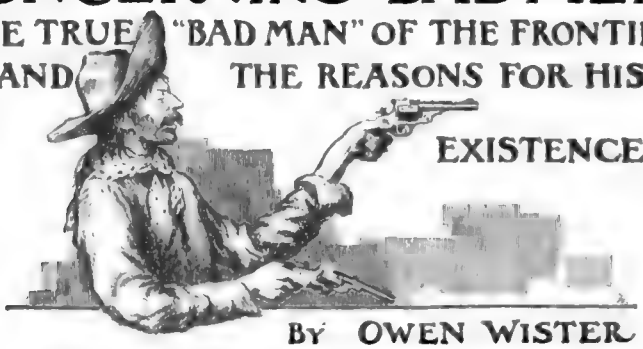
CONCERNING "BAD MEN"

THE TRUE "BAD MAN" OF THE FRONTIER, AND THE REASONS FOR HIS EXISTENCE.



BY OWEN WISTER

A STRIPLING of effeminate rosiness and neat attire sat in the corner of a frontier saloon, modest, silent, and as far out of the way as he could get. He had stepped from the train, and he was waiting for the stage. It was starched linen that he wore; the city showed quite plainly in his hat; and it is still in dispute whether any down was visible upon his lip. But he was old enough to be smoking a cigar with all the appearance of habit. This cigar, also, was not a native of the town. In fact, the young man had made no purchase upon entering the saloon; nevertheless, the proprietor could scarcely complain of him. The stranger had asked if he might wait here for the stage, and had thanked the proprietor for his permission.

Then he had sought his quiet corner, and lighted his cigar.

That was all. It seems harmless and proper conduct, does it not? You would not say that there was anything here to invite calamity: what offence had the youth given?

His trouble was that he had come to the wrong place. There are parts of the world where not to be indigenous constitutes in itself an offence; and this town was one of them. Of course nobody had been born there yet—no grown-up person, that is—and therefore you might say that nobody was indigenous. But there are also parts of the world where you can become indigenous in fifteen minutes; only this poor youth had no chance. Nor had he any wish save to sit in his inconspicuous corner and smoke his cigar in peace. With his neat clothes, however, and his white shirt, there could be no inconspicuousness in that town.

A citizen walked out of the back room and up to the bar. He had left a faro game; and the proprietor was friendly with him, but respectful: that sort of respect which is flavored delicately with just enough familiarity to bring it out. It is probable that the citizen had had more drinks than the one he now took. It is also likely that faro had not gone as well with him this morning as he considered his due. His dissatisfied eye fell upon the rosy youth and his cigar; and he took the glass from his lips and held it, considering the stranger.

At length, without removing his eyes, he inquired: "What Christmas tree did that drop off of?"

The proprietor hastened to take this view. "Its express-tag has fluttered away, I guess," he whispered, jocosely.

The citizen remembered his whiskey, swallowed it, set the glass gently down, gently drew his six-shooter, and shot the cigar to smash out of the young man's mouth.

Now I do not at all know what I should have done in the young man's place. Something sensible, I hope. What the youth did I know I should not have done. You will see that his behavior was out of the common. He stooped down, picked up his cigar, found it ruined, put it in the spittoon, got a fresh one out of his pocket, found a match in his waistcoat, slid it along the seat of his nice breeches, lighted the new cigar, and settled himself once more in his chair, without a word of protest, or an attempt at resentment. The proprietor

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saw him do it all, and told about it afterwards.

The citizen took the second cigar, smash! like the first. Perhaps he went a trifle nearer the youth's lip.

What were the card players in the back room doing at all this noise? They all lay flat on the floor like the well-trained, indigenous people that they were, minding their own business. For there was no rear exit.

The youth felt in his waistcoat pocket, but brought no match from it. So he rose with still another fresh cigar in his hand, and walked to the bar.

"I'll have to ask you for a match," he said to the proprietor, who at once accommodated him.

Once again he slid the match beneath his coat-tails, and bringing up his own six-shooter, shot the citizen as instantly dead as that can be done.

When the young man came for the match, I wanted to make him ask, not the proprietor but the citizen for it. You can see for yourself how thrilling it would be to have the citizen made the innocent contributor to his own destruction. That slight change would have made a fine, flagrant, unlikely thing out of it, good enough for a play. And it would be easy enough now to run on and pretend, say, that the proprietor immediately pushed the bottle of whiskey and the box of cigars towards the youth, urged him to help himself freely, loaded him with congratulations, told him that he had been just going to kill the deceased himself, because deceased was an outrage on the face of the earth, and the town had got tired of him. While this was going on, the town could gradually rise in instalments from the floor, and come in and get used to the news, and begin to remember things just like this that happened to it during the John Day excitement, or when it was prospecting on the Pecos, or raising prunes in the Big Bend, or, in short, practising any of its several previous industries. Then the stage could drive up, and the young man could get in and go away; and just as it was occurring to everybody that they would like to know his name and occupation, a dark-eyed girl could break through and fling herself upon the corpse with cries of love and vengeance. Or, if you please, the proprietor could fly from the saloon calling, "Murder!" and in two minutes we could have the doors barred and the young man standing a siege in the front room. Oh, yes, various sets of sequences might follow this beginning, and each of them be fair enough in the way of probability. But that is not the point.

The above incident is a fact, or was repeated as a fact to several people who found no reason to doubt it. If invented, it is invented along lines so characteristic of frontier possibility that its weak spots are no weaker than in hundreds and thousands of actual occurrences. It needs no sequel, to my thinking, to make it of complete interest. It stands independent upon its own legs, because it reveals some human nature.

Let us pick it all to pieces and see what we can find.

There's nothing significant until the first shot. The saloon is ordinary. The proprietor is ordinary, the displeasure of the citizen at the stranger's appearance is ordinary. As for that appearance, the stranger might have been wearing good clothes for half a dozen ordinary reasons—ignorance, vanity, intentional disguise, or because he had been travelling in Pullman cars, and was waiting to unpack and put on garments more fitting to his surroundings. You can get nothing from any of this, unless that the citizen judged too easily by appearances. Even the firing of the shot has been done by too many different kinds of men to tell us which kind this one was.

But the shot hits the cigar. That is not a fluke. If it had been a fluke, the marksman might have pretended it wasn't and looked indifferent about it; but the proprietor, as you have seen, was the calibre of man to give it away at once. Under the shock of the surprise he would have done something, or said something. But he was not surprised. So the citizen is evidently a good shot, and known to be so. This is our first significant fact.

Now we come to the boy.

You can be sure that he instantly drew the same important inference—that it was no blunderer who had shot his cigar out of his mouth. In the light of his whole conduct it is plain that he was gifted not only with impregnable coolness, but with an enviably prompt and perfect mind. He could judge people at sight. You see, if he had thought that first shot a fluke, he would never have given the citizen the chance to aim at a second cigar and—deplore the unfortunate consequences. If there was to

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be a funeral, he proposed to select the corpse himself. So sitting in his old position with a new cigar in his mouth was not such a tempting of Providence as it looks. They say, "Know yourself"; I say, "Know your man." The other may be the root of wisdom, but don't you think this is undoubtedly the apple?

There is some very bad tempting of Providence in the next move of the adventure. Why on earth, after such an exhibition of nerve as the apparent tenderfoot had given, did the citizen try it again? We cannot follow the working of the citizen's mind with any certainty, because it was not a good mind. If a man's brain is inferior, it is like any imperfect instrument, like a watch that loses or gains: it is only of the perfect watch that you can be sure it will point to twelve when twelve is the hour. The citizen's whole performance looks like that of a man who has not even intellect enough to observe inaccurately. And we can be sure that he was not a nice man. You yourself would have been won over by such gallant reception of your onslaught.

That brings us to the second shot.

It was as good as the other. The boy now had a proof of his first conclusion, that the citizen knew how to shoot. For the same reasons that we know it, he also must have now known that the citizen was a fool. The nature of the citizen's heart did not probably interest him; but at this repetition of the insult, he must have become four or forty times more deadly in every fibre and molecule of his being. The only thing we can't be quite sure of is, did he intend to kill the citizen from the start? Might he merely have plotted to "get the drop" on the citizen, and then take a revenge more playful? I'm sorry I can't work this out. But everything else goes as straight as a demonstration in geometry. His plan sprang whole to life in his brain almost with the first pistol flash. It may be that in picking up his cigar, examining its ruin, and dropping it into the spittoon, he was giving his critical faculty time to run over the work his creative faculty had just struck off; but you see that couldn't take long; he mustn't be suspiciously deliberate; the citizen was watching him, with a weapon already drawn; and at this stage he could not be sure how much of a fool the citizen was, but only that he was a good shot. So a minute, or less, finds him sliding that match along the seat of his breeches, with his plan endorsed by his critical faculty, and already in operation. It wouldn't have done at all, you see, for him to walk up at once and play this match-striking game with the proprietor, for that might have been seen through. No: he must establish this match-striking as a line of harmless conduct in the minds of the others, and under its cover strike his blow. So he submitted to having his cigar shot at again. It was very masterly. And it does look a little as if he had intended death from the first; but we can be certain only that he did intend it now. So should I; and so would you, I believe. You may not like to acknowledge yourself capable of killing a man by so coldly reasoned a process. But it was only the youth's reason that remained cold, you may be sure; another proof of its splendid quality. Most of us, if we were not by this time clammy and limp with fright, and our reason clammy and limp like the rest of our system, and therefore useless, would be a great deal hotter than white-hot with rage, and our reason would be hot like that, too, and therefore just as useless as if it were clammy and limp; so that we should do something blind and foolish. But this boy's reason was as unshaken by the transient passions of his body as is the law of gravity by the east and west wind. He was in an implacable fury, and it did not move him a hair's breadth. So he goes on with his plan. He gets out a fresh cigar. He feels for another match. The other man is doing just what he wanted him to. If he was in the habit of feeling intellectual joy, these moments must have been great pleasure to him. Then he walks up to the bar and makes his request of the proprietor.

We must go back to the citizen now.

Conceive of his standing idle while a rosy-cheeked stripling in a starched shirt, whom he had taken to be a sort of fragile, inexperienced orchid, behaved himself like this. Would not such a portent have set you thinking?

Walk into any piano shop. After the dampers have been lifted from the wires of the pianos, let somebody strike a bass note on one of them, and then listen how its neighbors hum and echo to that sound in their sensitive insides. We are like musical instruments in one another's presence. When the dampers are lifted, if any note is struck, that corresponding note vibrates in

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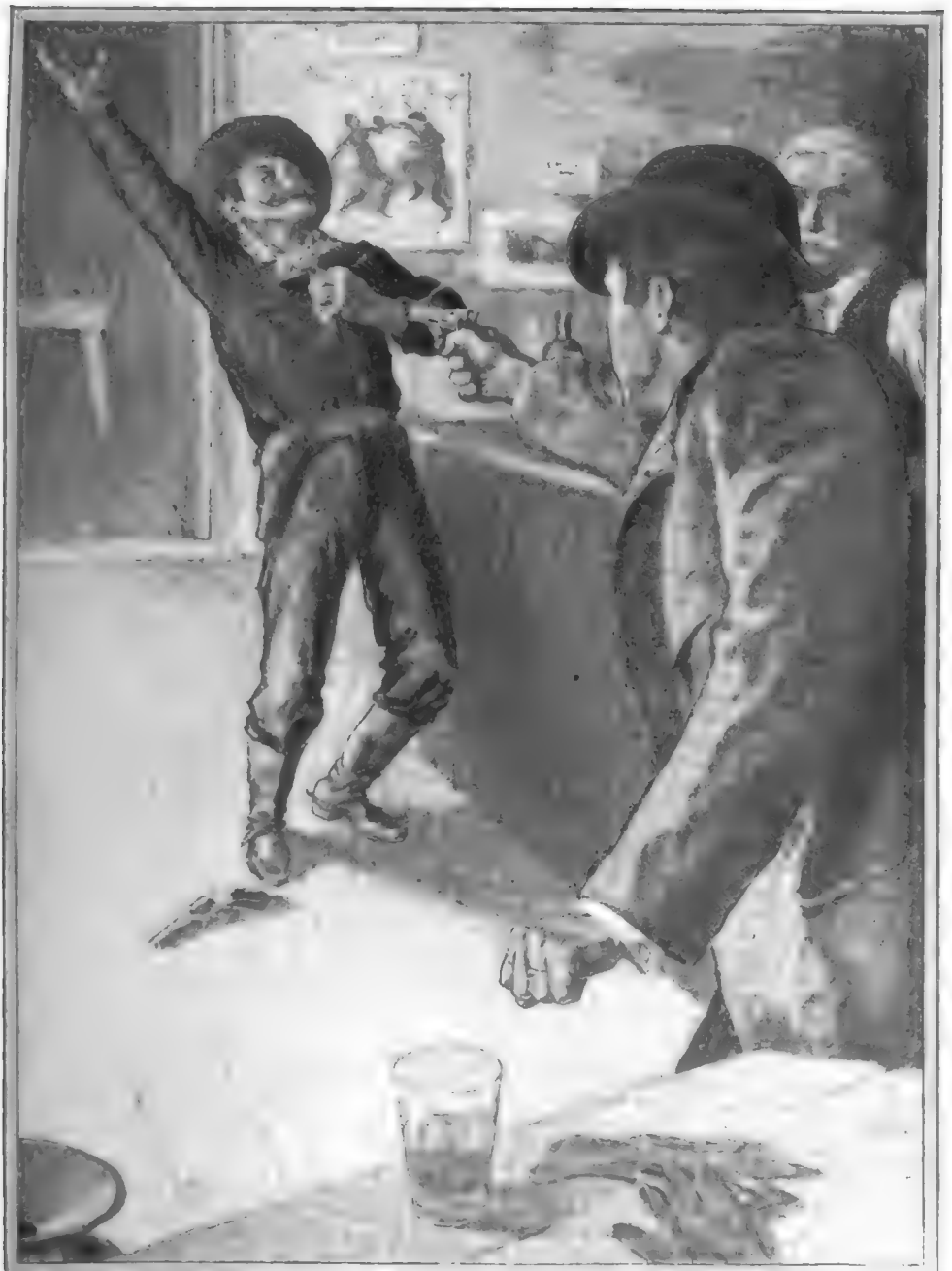

"BRINGING UP HIS SIX SHOOTER, SHOT THE CITIZEN . . . DEAD."

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us also—if we possess it. If it's a brain note, people call us wide awake, and if it's a heart note they call us sympathetic. Now the citizen stood in the neighborhood of a brain that was going like a dynamo; and his own brain ought to have buzzed busily in response. There's no question of dampers here: everybody was attentive. But the citizen had no brain that could buzz.

And how about his heart? Why, that was dumb and despicable, too! If it had contained a spark of generosity or a fibre of real courage, it would have warmed up surely now. Its courage would have vibrated and answered to the courage in the boy. The citizen would have dropped his persecuting and have become a brother. He might have said something of this sort: "Friend, you have me beat. There's my gun. Don't do anything to me. You're the best thing I've seen in this country, and I ain't worth your powder." That would be a pleasant story, true to the best in the heart of man, and sure to bring down both gallery and boxes. It has often been a temptation to tell it thus. But you'll agree that such facts are far better left as life gave them. Romance shall not decorate that citizen. He was stirred by no appeal, intellectual or human. His nature stuck in the mud. He was in truth an ugly beast, and we need not be sorry for him at all.

We get a side light on the proprietor in his handing the boy the match so immediately. I think the proprietor had become frightened. The proprietor had some brains, or he would not have been running a successful saloon.

And here let us criticise the story's weak point. It is not the boy. Brain power of his kind found a wide arena and a ready market on the frontier, both on the side of law and order and against them. The boy was an old head with a young face. It is the citizen whose excellent shooting and dense brain do not match well. Good shots are apt to have sharp wits. Still, these sharp wits need not be observant of character. They may be only good judges of distance. We must suppose—and it is not difficult or improbable—that the citizen's brain all went to target practice and showing off; this very cigar-shooting may have been partly to exact his tribute of admiration from the latest arrival. The citizen is not hard to swallow when he is explained. His skill and his stupidity were like a team that will not pull together, and they wrecked the vehicle to which inscrutable nature had harnessed them.

Now the youth places that last match behind his hip, as if to light it as he had lighted its predecessor.

You will notice that his plan of attack bears the final test of perfection: it can be abandoned at any moment that the enemy, or circumstances, make this advisable. Should the citizen become suspicious and cover the boy with his weapon, all the boy has to do is simply to go on and light the match. He will have committed himself to nothing, and have revealed nothing. It is a very fine plan.

But the citizen stands innocent and utterly hoodwinked, and the boy's triumphant hand lays hold of his pistol. He knows that his game is won and that he has the citizen at his mercy. At his mercy? In you and in me and in most people, surely it would be so. By this time the rage in us that meant killing would have had time to cool down to that point where true proportions rise again into sight, and it would have come home to us that, after all, the tormentor did not deserve destruction; any amount of humiliation, any amount of brutal horse-play you please, but not destruction. Cover him with your pistol, show him up to the bystanders, tell him in their presence what you think of him with every term of vitriolic ridicule that your invention can devise; or, do it the other way; compliment his marksmanship and apologize for having deceived him by your appearance; admit that you were culpable in coming to town dressed in such a way, and invite him to drink with you. Why, the very pleasure of your triumph would have helped to make you merciful, if not good-humored. But mercy was not in the boy's make-up; so he shot the citizen dead.

Through that act we reach the final piece of knowledge in this enlightening story.

That the citizen's was not a life worth preserving has nothing to do with the heart of the boy. He had as bad a heart, and as cold, I think, as is humanly possible. Sometimes, though rarely, it seems as if nature attempted to produce a pure Satan, a Satan unmixed and flawless; and specimens like this boy come very near to what are called in business contracts the specifications. In fiction it is not well to have many such per-

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fectly symmetrical characters; characters where no counter impulses of goodness defeat the main design; for though such natures are occasional facts, they lie outside the general outline of truth. Shakespeare has given us but one. But as a fact, such a boy as this is valuable in an examination of the true nature of the "bad" man; and here for a while we will leave him and look at another case.

This next story is also true, and it comes much closer to the writer's personal experience. He was not present during any part of it, but he was not far off; and one of the chief actors narrated to him the whole occurrence.

A doctor was sent for to a ranch some twenty miles from the town where he had established his office. The round-up was hard by at the time, and the doctor slept in the bunk-house, which was full of highly animated cow-punchers. These indulged in some athletic scuffling, and one puncher, perfectly friendly, hit the doctor with a pillow. The doctor, equally in joke, sprang up and threw him. A bout, half of wrestling and half of sparring and also perfectly friendly, followed on this, and the doctor easily had the best of it. For, besides being probably quite as muscular as the cowboy, he had science to help him. But he was new in the country, and did not observe what was happening. During their scuffle round the room, as they were passing the puncher's bed, the man seized up his pistol from it. But another cowboy caught his hand in time, and the bullet went into the floor by the doctor's feet. This was the first intimation which the doctor had that he and sudden death were sporting together. The play, which with him had gone on as it began, innocent and good-humored, had progressed into earnest, and then into a wild intent to kill, in the cow-puncher. All of us have seen sparring matches where temper has been lost and the true game a little forgotten; but few, I imagine, have seen anything like this. The doctor had a sensation. After a little while, when the cowboy became cool again, he was very sorry—honestly sorry. He asked to shake hands, and owned that he had been "hasty." And so in time they all went to sleep, as innocent and satisfied as children; and next morning the cow-puncher rode off early to town to get his mail.

If this story ended here, perhaps it would not have been worth telling. But it does not end here.

Town was also the doctor's destination this morning, and in due time he arrived there. Entering his office, a not unusual thing awaited him—a corpse laid out. In this town they always brought dead people to the doctor's room. He inquired who this was, for the head had been shot beyond identification. It was the cow-puncher; and they told him what had happened. The man had ridden into town, got his mail, taken it to the room of a girl where he always stayed when he came to town, read his letter there, and shot himself on finishing it. They never knew why. He had torn the letter into scraps.

The lesson given to the doctor by such an experience was this: never play with people who care nothing for their own lives. They may not care for yours.

But the story teaches other things. You will readily see how tempting are these facts to make fiction from. Here was this cow-puncher—this poor, unhappy fellow, as he will always seem to me—riding about the sage-brush, roping cattle, living along like his lusty, careless brothers, with something steadily eating his heart out and steadily killing his mind all the while. If you pause and think of him, keeping up appearances day after day in that huge rough world of space and sunshine and hilarity, hail-fellow-well-met with his companions day and night, yet really shut up in a black box with his misery, really lonely and gradually drowning, with no one to help him swim, in a life that was too much for him, is it not a tragedy? You wonder what the whole story could have been, and imagination sets to work. But these few raw facts are better left alone. As he stands, with one day of his life glaring to the sight and all the rest veiled, this cowboy is more striking as a piece of actuality than he could ever be in romance. Indeed, had I ventured to put him in romance, do you know what would have happened? You would have laid the story down wearily, and said how you wished that these dime-novelists would now and then tell you something you could believe, instead of insulting your intelligence with stagey impossibilities. And you would have been right. Truth is never stranger than fiction; but fact often is: many facts would be entirely impossible if they had not happened. These have no business in fiction.

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And now, about the cow-puncher. Was he a "bad" man? You know he was not. Yet he tried to kill a man who was playing with him. He tried to do exactly what the other boy did do—and with far less provocation. No one had shot cigars out of his mouth. Concrete death, concrete murder, substantive crime would have resulted from his act, just as it did from the other. Let us see this clearly. Suppose his pistol had not been diverted, and he had killed the doctor—a very valuable life in the community. Naturally they would have taken him prisoner in the bunk-house, and thence to justice, let us suppose. The plea of self-defence would have been false. The plea of insanity hard to establish. The plea of "hasty," his own apology, would have been the only true one, and in that country it might have been sufficient to save him from hanging. But he would have had—if law were not defeated—a heavy sentence, and have gone to prison. Yet, knowing everything, do you think prison was the right place for him? Personally I do not—nor an insane asylum either. It is hard to say where he properly belonged. Prison seems to be the only place for him that we have. We have a wholesome rational right to demand that our fellow-citizen shall not be "hasty." In this particular case, destiny worked it out. The grave was the best place for him. But not a felon's grave. None of us honestly think suicide a crime. It may sometimes be; but more often it is only the sad conclusion of much preceding sadness. The doctor never called the cowboy a "bad" man.

Two men were playing cards. They had a discussion which appeared (to one of them) to be amicably ended. This one rose to go, the game being finished and the evening late. As he walked away towards the door, the other from behind fired at him. The bullet ploughed a parting in his hair, but it was little more than skin deep. I saw it when it was practically healed. And now comes the significant part of this story. The wounded man asked me, Was there a way to escape being a witness when you had been subpœnaed? His assailant had been duly arrested, and the trial was imminent. My friend had been summoned to testify, and did not wish to. Why? Well, you could never guess; and his reason will be full of freshness to you, unless you know the various workings of the frontier mind better than I did at the time this conversation took place. It seems the wounded man had been carried to bed in a room near by. Next morning, before breakfast, before anything, the other man had come to inquire for him.

"And he blamed himself that thorough, and apologized in such a spirit," said my friend, "that I couldn't feel myself a gentleman if I harbored any feelings."

For a while I suspected him of trifling with my innocence: what game equals the tenderfoot? But he seriously meant what he said, and grieved at learning there was no legal escape from his subpœna. "Damned lawyers," was his final expression.

Now it is not every frontiersman, to be sure, that would pass over with such clemency an attempt to shoot him in the back. Nevertheless, here is an extreme instance of a typical frontier attitude. It was not much to my friend that the man had tried to assassinate him—his hurt was small. The real weight in the scale was that he had chosen to accept the apology. This little affair between gentlemen was settled. What business had the "damned lawyers" to be meddling? Do you perceive how naturally this would be the frontier reasoning?

For what is the frontier but a modern moment of an earlier universal epoch? —the way we all lived before each man had handed over his right of personal vengeance to the law, in exchange for legal protection? What is a policeman but our official deputy whose club relieves us from the necessity of using clubs ourselves? Take away the policeman, and we must all carry clubs again. Now when people left cities and went to live in the Rocky Mountains, they could not pack the policeman with them; and so they had to take a club. You looked out for yourself; there was nobody else to do it for you. And soon, very soon, your primitive nature, that nature which the cradle of convention at best can never do more than lull into a sleep so light as to be scarcely deeper than a doze, waked up with something like a shout of joy. It was so good to take care of your possessions with your own arm and courage! To make a man perform his obligations to you by means of your levelled weapon, instead of by an action for breach of contract! It was so good to carry your life in your hand once more, instead of having it grow stale in the policeman's pocket! So you and

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your heart and your brain leaped straight from the nineteenth century back to the days of Charlemagne and the Paladins. They used spears, and you a revolver; but this was the only difference. It needed scarce one season to shake you out of your shell of civilization. You lived exercising man's old right of personal vengeance; you had to—or vanish. You lived dealing justice without law; you had to—or vanish. Therefore you lived hand in hand with death, and your eye grew used to death, and your heart fearless of it; so that you held life only a means instead of an end, and you valued other things more, paying your life for them if necessary. And after living so, then to see a fence across the wilderness, to hear of law-suits, to feel civilization creeping westward on your heels was hateful, and savored of the prison.

Hence my friend ran away from the trial to another county. He had been shot; he had forgiven the man; no "damned lawyers" for him!

He embodies the whole frontier. That is the way they felt. I hope it is clear to you that such a code was not only natural and inevitable, but that it did them honor. That New York must have a different code, and that New York must ultimately prevail, does not touch our question. But such a code—and this is the trouble with it—is a strain that human nature cannot stand. It is taking the bridle off and leaving poor human nature to keep the road by itself. The frontier was not really wickeder than you and I and all our acquaintances. Do you doubt this platitude? Then I can only congratulate you upon your unique virtue and your virtuous circle. You don't know anybody who has embezzled? You never heard of a wine or linen merchant labelling things "foreign" that weren't? *Bah!* When I think of some of the people I meet at dinner, I can see them on the frontier, without their bridles. Out there they wouldn't be cheating you in the shop, but at the card-table; they wouldn't be escaping punishment by means of legal machinery, but by killing the sheriff. Possible "bad" men shake hands with you every week. And you yourself—have you never for a few seconds felt like killing somebody? On the frontier you would have done it. Thank your stars for the bridle!

And so at last we reach now our generalizations.

In our three anecdotes we have got at the code of the frontier, the looking after yourself and the light value for human life, and we have met a number of characters. Some of them were hateful, and some not at all so, just as it is in New York. . Only their qualities, good and evil, found unbridled expression: that is the difference. Now, how many of these people merely did bad things under pressure, and how many were the genuine article, the "bad" man, the man whose pleasure is to injure you, or whose pleasure involves deliberate injury to you, and whose moral and mental equipment is equal to getting this pleasure successfully? That is the man we are looking for. I find myself hoping you are ready to anticipate and agree with me along the whole line.

Where do you find the bad man? Not in my forgiving friend. But how about the man who shot him in the back? No, not so far as we know him. He came next morning to make what amends he could. An unsafe party to win from at cards; capable of cowardice when enraged; but capable of facing the consequences; a poor shot, not much brains apparently, and with symptoms of decency. He will not do. And certainly the cowboy who tried to kill the doctor will not do. His brain was bad, his heart was good, his nerves unsteady; it is quite likely he never meditated harm in his life; it is probable that, according to his light, he was generous and honest; but life found out his weak spot, and he went under. I have told you about him and the murder he would have done, because the act typifies so many deeds of violence upon the frontier, and exacts the discrimination that must always be made. An Eastern judge said to me quite recently: "There is a vast difference between a criminal act and a criminal disposition." And he went on to say that in his experience of many years, criminal acts were much more common than criminal dispositions. East or West his word is true. He had seen hunger and cold drive decent men and women to theft, sometimes to consequent assault; he had seen old hands inoculate young ones with larceny and burglary, the young hands aware only of the excitement and the compliment of being chosen confederates; he had seen accidental intoxication in a usually sober fellow cause him to do all sorts of mischief. East or West, the causes of a criminal act may be legion; and among that legion, cold, delib-

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erate depravity is probably the rarest. I will venture to call the commonest cause excitement—that is, on the frontier. To those men death was often so near, and pistols always so familiar, that environment would breed recklessness in all but the strongest character; thus a visit to town, a game of cards, a horse race, entered upon in the purest friendliness, might end with a burial where nobody was so sorry as the guilty man, and all the rest were sorry for him. Some of the stories, where the case is of a good, fine man whose pistol leaped before it looked, are among the most tragic that I know. I will venture another generalization: it is not among the chief population of the frontier—namely, the ranchmen, the cow-punchers, the prospectors, and the trappers and huntsmen—that you will usually find the "bad" man. The crimes they commit are almost always of the order that our cowboy would have committed had his arm not been caught in time. The real "bad" man, the perfect specimen, will be among the gamblers, or the stage, bank, and train robbers. Even some of these gentry do it from love of excitement rather than for plunder, just as is the case among Eastern burglars. But if you are predatory, you run a fine chance of growing into a "bad" man, even if you did not start so. And what does it depend on? Why, the qualities of your heart and brain, of course. And now we have our hand on the true "bad" man.

He is in the first anecdote. Not the barkeeper. Not the citizen who could hit cigars so well. He was an unlovely creature, to be sure; and he had one essential piece of the bad man's machinery: his heart was mean enough. We saw that clearly when he failed to respond in the least to the splendid coolness of the boy. The earth was well rid of him. But he was not gifted sufficiently to fill the character; he was too stupid to be dangerous. The boy, however, that rosy, well-clad stripling, meets every demand. He had good manners. He loved peace when not engaged in business. He was mild and clean to see;—some "bad" men are not, and their hats and coats and jaws make you suspicious; and then—but truly the boy compels admiration! Think of him once more, with his cigar shot away, instantly devising that diabolic plan and carrying it out. Change his heart, give him kindness, and you would find him high up among Wells Fargo's most valued shot-gun messengers. But you see he had the heart of a demon; and so he practised—we cannot guess precisely his trade, but that he had a trade and was no apprentice at it, we can be sure; whether he dealt cards, or employed dynamite in some connection, matters nothing. He was equal to anything.

One geographic generalization, and we have finished. If you would see the "bad" man to-day, go to the Southwest. It is there he has most flourished, and most survived. There you will find him lower and uglier in depravity than anything I have chosen to tell you. The Northwest has more nearly got him under. The climate and industries there invite more good citizens, and these have their way to a greater extent. The good citizens of Arizona and New Mexico do not have their own way much. Barefaced evil still triumphs there because those deserts favor birds of prey and drive honest men elsewhere. Moreover, Arizona and New Mexico have a special inheritance—the scum from California, Texas, and old Mexico. With this, decency wages a one-sided battle. The tale of train robbery alone in Arizona, and of jury acquittals in recent years when the robbers have been captured, is a black record. One would be neither astonished nor sorry to see vigilantes arise in Arizona and sweep clean the valleys of Sulphur Springs and San Simon.

So here is the end of our quest. We have found some old facts and looked them over anew. Could we hope in reason for more, when it was only human nature we dealt with? We reach the knowledge that the frontier is just ourselves expressed in unbridled terms; that there, as here, average people do bad things and even good people do bad things; that there, as here, the successful fiend is a rarity, because his profession exacts such unusual endowments. For though some are born bad, more achieve badness, or have badness thrust upon them. But we have had a sight of the true "bad" man in the stripling boy with his quiet cigar and his murdering bullet. There he stands in all his symmetry: the clothes of a gentleman, the nerve of a veteran, blooming with adolescence, in cruelty implacable, and perfect in brain. If there is a hell, he will go to it. And so let us take our leave of him.

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THE WOLF HUNT.

By Charles Major,

Author of "When Knighthood was in Flower."

Illustrated by Mary Baker-Baker.

IT was a bright day in August.

The whispering rustle of the leaves as they turned their white sides to the soft breath of the southwest wind; the buzzing of the bees so ostentatiously busy; the lapping of the river as it gurgled happily along in its everlasting travels; the half-drowsy note of a thrush, and the peevish cry of a catbird seemed only to accent the Sabbath hush that was upon all nature.

The day was very warm, but the deep shade of the elms in front of the cabin afforded a delightful retreat, almost as cool as a cellar.

Tom and Liney Fox had walked over to visit Balser and Jim; and Sukey Yates, with her two brothers, had dropped in to stay a moment or two, but, finding such good company, had remained for the day.

The children were seated at the top of the slope that descended to the river, and the weather being too warm to play any game more vigorous than "thumbs up," they were occupying the time with drowsy yawns and still more drowsy conversation, the burden of which was borne by Tom.

Balser often said that he didn't mind "talking-parties," if he could only keep Tom Fox from telling the story of the time when he went to Cincinnati with his father and saw a live elephant. But that could never be done, and Tom had told it twice upon the afternoon in question, and there is no knowing how often he would have inflicted it upon his small audience, had it not been for the interruption of which I am soon to tell you.

A bustling old hen with her brood of downy chicks was peevishly clucking about, now and then lazily scratching the earth, and calling up her ever-hungry family whenever she was lucky enough to find a delicious worm or racy bug.

Balser's bear-cubs were stretched at full length in the blazing sun, snoring away like a pair of grampuses, their black, silky sides rising and falling with every breath. They looked so pretty and so innocent that you would have supposed a thought of mischief never could have entered their heads. Mischief! They never thought of anything else. From morning until night, and from night until morning, they studied, planned, and executed deeds of mischief that would have done credit to the most freckle-faced boy in the settlement.

Will you tell me why it is that the boy most plentifully supplied with freckles and warts is the most fruitful in schemes of mischief?

Tom Fox, by the way, enjoyed the reputation of having a larger number of freckles, in proportion to the size of his face, than any individual, large or small, in the Blue River settlement; and as for warts, he was the envy of every boy he knew. He said that "freckles ran in the Fox family, but 'lowed he was better peppered with them than any of the name that he knowed."

Liney had not a freckle on all her fair, rosy face, and when Tom's attention was called to that fact as contradicting his theory that freckles were a family trait, he said he believed that Liney did not belong to the Fox family anyway.

Tom had no idea how near he came to telling the truth when he said that Liney did not belong to the Fox family; for Tom's father and mother were not her parents, although no one but Mr. and Mrs. Fox knew it, not even Liney herself.

But I am getting far away from my story.

"MISCHIEF! THEY NEVER THOUGHT OF ANYTHING ELSE."

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A flock of gray geese and snowy ganders was floating on the placid surface of the river, opposite the children, where a projection of the bank had caused the water to back, making a little pool of listless eddies.

Suddenly, from among the noiseless flock of geese came a mighty squawking and a sound of flapping wings, and the flock, half-flying, half-swimming, came struggling at their utmost speed toward home.

"Look, Balser, look!" said Liney in a whisper. "A wolf!"

Balser looked in time to see a great, lank, gray wolf emerge from the water carrying a gander by the neck.

The bird could not squawk, but he flapped his wings violently, and thereby somewhat retarded the speed of Mr. Wolf.

Balser hurried to the house for his gun, and with Tom Fox quickly paddled across the river in pursuit of the wolf. The boys entered the forest at the place the wolf had chosen. White feathers from the gander furnished a distinct spoor, and Balser had no difficulty in keeping on the wolf's track. The boys had been walking rapidly for thirty or forty minutes, when they found that the tracks left by the wolf and the scattered feathers of the gander led toward a thick clump of paw-paw bushes and vines which grew at the foot of a small, rocky hill. Into this thicket the boys cautiously worked their way and, after careful examination, found, ingeniously concealed by dense foliage, a small hole or cleft in the rocks at the base of the hill, and they at once knew that the wolf had gone to earth, and that this was his den.

Foxes make for themselves and their families the coziest, most ingenious home in the ground you can possibly imagine.

They seek a place at the base of a hill or bluff, and dig what we would call in our houses a narrow hallway, straight into the hill. They loosen the dirt with their front feet, and throw it back of them; then with their hind feet they keep pushing it farther toward the

opening of the hole, until they have cast it all out. When they have removed the loose dirt, they at once scatter it over the ground and carefully cover it with leaves and vines, to avoid attracting unwelcome visitors to their home by an unusual mound of dirt.

When the hallway is finished, the fox begins to dig upward into the hill, and there he makes his real home. His reason for doing this is to prevent water from flowing through his hall into his living apartment. The latter is often quite a cave in the earth, and furnishes as roomy and cozy a home for Mr. and Mrs. Fox and their children as you could find in the world. It is cool in summer and warm in winter. It is softly carpeted with leaves and grass and feathers, and the foxes lie there snugly enough when the winter comes on, with its freezing and snowing and blowing.

When the fox gets hungry, he slips out of his cozy home and briskly trots to some well-known chicken-roost; or perhaps he finds a covey of quails huddled under a bunch of straw. In either case he carries home with him a dainty dinner, and after he has feasted, he cares not how the wind blows, nor how the river freezes, nor how the snow falls, for he is housed like a king, and is as warm and comfortable and happy as if he owned the earth and lived in a palace.

Wolves also make their dens in the earth, but they usually hunt for a place where the hallway, at least, is already made for them. They seek a hill with a rocky base, and find a cave partially made, the entrance to which is a small opening between the rocks. With this for a commencement, they dig out the interior and make their home, somewhat upon the plan of the fox.

The old wolf which Balser and Tom had chased to earth had found a fine dinner for his youngsters, and while the boys were

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watching the hole, no doubt the wolf family was having a glorious feast upon the gander.

The boys, of course, were at their rope's end. The dogs were not with them, and even had they been, they were too large to enter the hole leading to the wolf's den. So the boys seated themselves upon a rock a short distance from the opening, and after a little time adopted the following plan of action:

Balser was to lie upon his breast on the hillside, a few yards above the opening of the wolf-den, and Tom was to conceal himself in the dense foliage, close to the mouth of the hole; so they took their positions accordingly. Both were entirely hidden by vines and bushes, and remained as silent as the tomb. They had agreed that they should lie entirely motionless until the shadow of a certain tree should fall across Tom's face, which they thought would occur within an hour; and then Tom, who could mimic the calls and cries of many birds and beasts, was to squawk like a goose, and tempt the wolf from his den so that Balser could shoot him.

It was a harder task than you may imagine to lie on the ground amid the bushes and leaves; for it seemed, at least so Tom said, that all the ants and bugs and worms in the woods had met at that particular place, and at that exact time, for the sole purpose of "drilling" up and down, and over and around his body, and to bite him at every step. He dared not move to frighten away the ants and bugs, nor to scratch. He could not even grumble, which to Tom was the sorest trial of all.

The moment the shadow of the tree fell upon his face Tom squawked like a goose, so naturally that Balser could hardly believe it was Tom and not a real goose. Soon he uttered another squawk, and almost at the same instant Mr. Wolf came out of his hall door, doubtless thinking to himself that that was his lucky day, for he would have two ganders, one for dinner and one for supper, and plenty of cold goose for breakfast and dinner the next day. But he was mistaken, for it was the unluckiest day of the poor wolf's life. Bang! went Balser's gun, and the wolf, who had simply done his duty as a father by providing a dinner for his family, paid for his feast with his life.

"We'll drag the body a short distance away from the den," said Balser, "and you lie down again, and this time whine like a wolf. Then the old she-wolf will come out, and we'll get her too."

Tom objected.

"I wouldn't lie there another hour and let them ants and bugs

"BALSER LOOKED IN TIME TO SEE A GREAT, LANK, GRAY WOLF EMERGE FROM THE WATER, CARRYING A GANDER BY THE NECK."

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chaw over me as they did for all the wolves in the State."

"But just think, Tom," answered Balser, "when the wagons go to Brookville this fall we can get a shilling apiece for the wolf-skins! Think of it! A shilling! One for you and one for me. I'll furnish the powder and shot if you'll squawk and whine. Squawks and whines don't cost anything, but powder and lead do. Now that's a good fellow. Scratch yourself where the bites hurt worst, and then lay down and whine a little. She'll come out pretty quick."

Tom still refused, and Balser still insisted. Soon Balser grew angry and called Tom a fool. Tom answered in kind, and in a moment the boys clinched for a fight. They scuffled and fought a while, and soon stumbled over the dead wolf and fell to the ground. Balser was lucky enough to fall on top, and proceeded to pound Tom at a great rate.

"Now will you whine?" demanded Balser.

"No," answered Tom.

"Then take that, and that, and that. Now will you whine?"

"No," cried Tom, determined not to yield.

So Balser went at it again, but there was no "give up" to stubborn Tom, even if he was on the under side.

At last Balser wiped the perspiration from his face, and sitting astride of his stubborn foe said:

"Tom, if you'll whine I'll lend you my gun for a whole day"

"And powder and bullets?" asked Tom.

"Well, I guess not," answered Balser. "I'll lick you twenty times first."

"If you'll lend me your gun and give me ten full loads I'll whine till I fetch every wolf in the woods, if the bugs eat me up."

"That's a go," said Balser, glad enough to compromise with a boy who didn't know when he was whipped.

Then they got up, and were as good friends as if no trouble had occurred between them.

Balser at once lay down upon the hillside above the wolf-den, and Tom took his place to whine.

The boys understood their job thoroughly, and Tom's whines soon brought out the old she-wolf. She looked cautiously about her for a moment, stole softly over to her dead mate, and dropped by his side with a bullet through her heart.

Tom was about to rise, but Balser said:

"Whine again; whine again, and the young ones will come out."

"BANG! WENT BALSER'S GUN, AND THE WOLF . . . PAID FOR HIS FEAST WITH HIS LIFE."

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Tom whined, and sure enough out came two scrawny, long-legged wolf whelps. They at once went to their mother and began to suck.

The boys then rushed upon the wolf pups, and caught them by the back of the neck, to avoid being bitten, for the little teeth of the pups were as sharp as needles, and could inflict an ugly wound. Balser handed the whelp he had caught to Tom, and proceeded to cut two forked sticks from a tough bush, which the children called "Indian arrow." These forked branches the boys tied about the necks of the pups, with which to lead and drag them home.

"CAUGHT THEM BY THE BACK OF THE NECK."

Tom then cut a strong limb from a tree with his pocket-knife. This was quite an undertaking, but in time he cut it through, and trimmed off the smaller branches. Then the boys tied together the legs of the old wolves and swung them over the pole, which they took upon their shoulders, and started home leading the pups. They arrived home an hour or two before sunset, and found that Liney and Sukey had arranged supper under the elms.

The boys scoured their faces and hands with soft soap, for that was the only soap they had, and sat down to supper with cheeks shining, and hair pasted to their heads slick and tight.

"When a fellow gets washed up this way, and has his hair combed so slick, it makes him feel like it was Sunday," said Tom, who was uneasily clean.

"Tom, I wouldn't let people know how seldom I washed my face, if I were you," said Liney, with a slight blush. "They'll think you clean up only on Sunday."

Tom, however, did not allow Liney's remarks to interrupt his supper, but continued to make sad havoc among the good things on the log.

There was white bread made from wheat flour, so snowy and light that it beat cake "all holler," the boys "allowed." Wheat bread was a luxury to the settler folks in those days, for the mill nearest to the Blue River settlement was over on Whitewater, at Brookville, fifty miles away. Wheat and the skins of wild animals were the only products that the farmers could easily turn into cash, so the small crops were too precious to be used daily, and wheat-flour bread was used only for special occasions, such as Christmas, or New Year, or company dinner.

Usually three or four of the farmers joined in a little caravan, and went in their wagons to Brookville twice a year. They would go in the spring with the hides of animals killed during the winter, that being the hunting season, and the hides then taken being of superior quality to those taken at any other time.

Early in the fall they would go again to Brookville, to market their summer crop of wheat.

Mr. Fox and a few neighbors had returned from an early trip to market only a day or two before the children's party at Balser's home, and had brought with them a few packages of a fine new drink called coffee. That is, it was new to the Western settler at the time of which I write, milk and water sweetened with "tree-sugar" being the usual table-drink.

Liney had brought over a small gourdful of coffee as a present to Mrs. Brent, and a pot of the brown beverage had been prepared for the supper under the elms.

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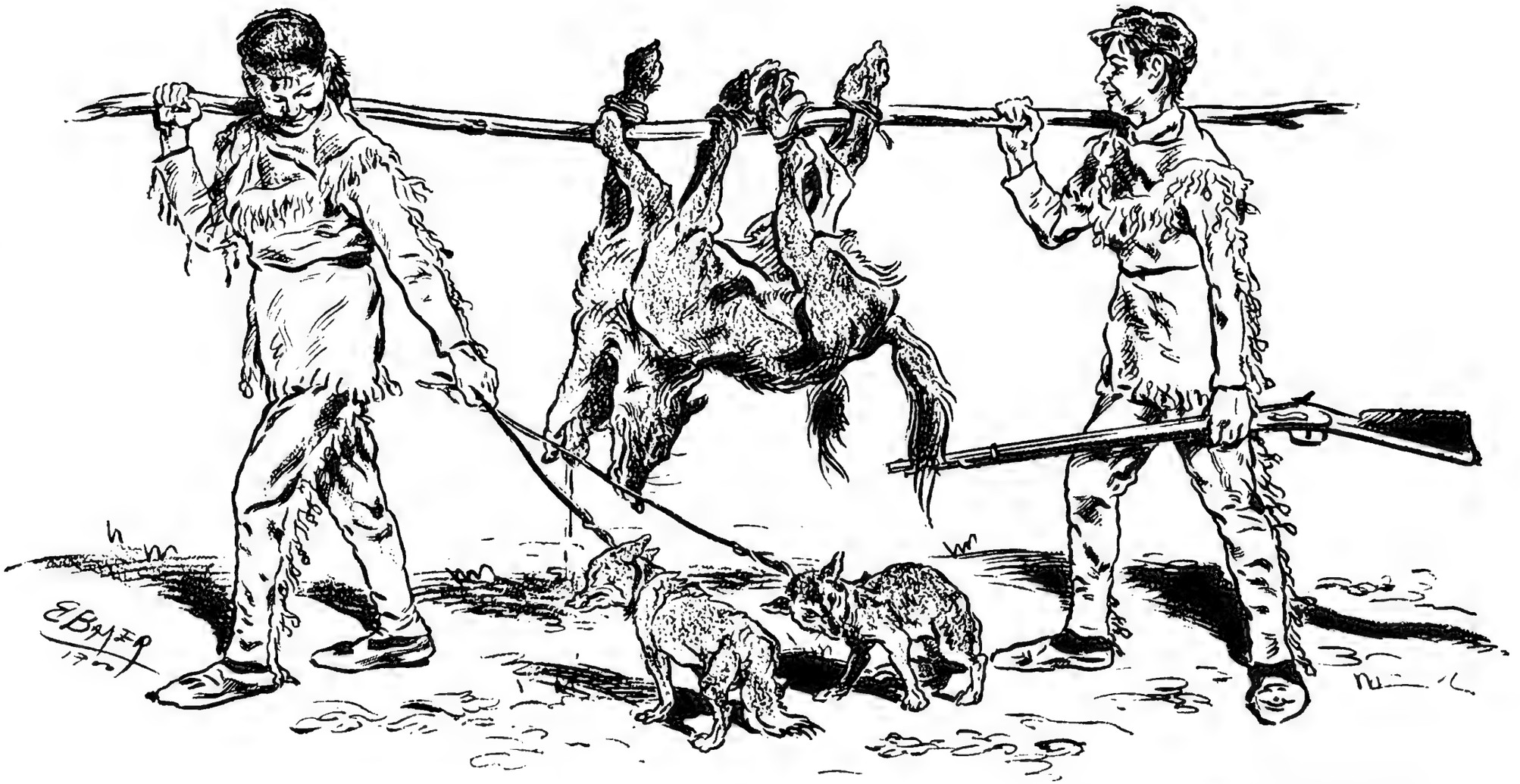

"THE BOYS TIED TOGETHER THE LEGS OF THE OLD WOLVES AND SWUNG THEM OVER THE POLE . . . AND STARTED HOME LEADING THE PUPS."

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The Yates children and Tom were frank enough to admit that the coffee was bitter, and not fit to drink, but Liney had made it, and Balser drank it declaring it was very good indeed. Liney knew he told a story, but she thanked him for it nevertheless, and said that the Yates children and Tom were so thoroughly "country" and green that she couldn't expect them to like a civilized drink.

This would have made trouble with Tom, but Balser, who saw it coming, said:

"Now you shut up, Tom Fox." And Balser had so recently whipped Tom that his word bore the weight of authority.

Besides the coffee and the white bread there was a great gourdful of milk with the cream mixed in, just from the spring-house, delicious and cold. There was a cold loin of venison, which had been spitted and roasted over a bed of hot coals in the kitchen fireplace that morning. There was a gourdful of quail eggs, which had been boiled hard and then cooled in the spring-house. There were heaping plates of fried chicken, and rolls of glorious yellow butter just from the churn, rich with the genuine butter-taste that makes one long to eat it by the spoonful; then there was a delicious apple pie, sweet and crusty, and floating in cream almost as thick as molasses in winter.

They were backwoods, homely children, but the supper to which they sat down under the elms was fit for a king, and the appetite with which they ate it was too good for any king.

During the supper the bear-cubs, Tom and Jerry, had been nosing about the log table, begging each one by turns for a bite to eat. They were so troublesome that Jim got a long stick, and whenever they came within reach he gave them a sharp rap upon the head, and soon they waddled away in a pet of indignant disgust.

For quite a while after Jim had driven them off there had been a season of suspicious quietude on the part of the cubs.

Suddenly a chorus of yelps, howls, growls, and whines came from the direction of the wolf pups. The attention of all at the table was, of course, at once attracted by the noise, and those who looked beheld probably the most comical battle ever fought. Tom and Jerry, with their everlasting desire to have their noses into everything that did not concern them, had gone to investigate the wolf pups, and in the course of the investigation a fight ensued, whereby the wolves were liberated. The cubs were the stronger, but the wolves were more active, so the battle was quite even. The bears being so awkward, of course were in each other's way most of the time, and would fall over themselves and roll upon the ground for a second or two before they could again get upon their clumsy feet. The consequence was that the wolves soon had the best of the fight, and being once free from the cubs, scampered off to the woods in half the time that it takes to tell this, and were never seen again.

When the wolves had gone, the cubs turned round and round, looking for their late antagonists, but failing to find them, sat down upon their haunches, grinned at each other in a very silly manner, and then began to growl and grumble in the worst bear language any one had ever heard, so Jim said.

Balser scolded the cubs roundly, and told them he had taught them better than to swear, even in bear talk. He then switched them for having liberated the wolves, and went back to supper.

The switching quieted the bears for a short time, but soon their spirit of mischief again asserted itself.

After another period of suspicious silence on the part of the cubs, Jim put a general inquiry to the company:

"What do you s'pose they're up to this time?"

"Goodness only knows," responded Balser. "But if I hear another grunt out of them I'll take a stick to them that'll hurt, and off they'll go to their pen for the night."

The settlers frequently caught swarms of bees in the woods, and Balser's father had several hives of bees near the house. These hives were called "gums," because they were made from sections of a hollow gum-tree, gum being the best wood for the home of the bees. These hollow gums were placed on end upon small slanting platforms, and were covered with clapboards, which were held tightly in their places by heavy stones. There was a small hole, perhaps as large as the end of your finger, cut in the gum-wood at the base of the hive, through which the bees entered, and upon the inside of the hive they constructed their comb and stored their honey.

I told you once before how bears delight

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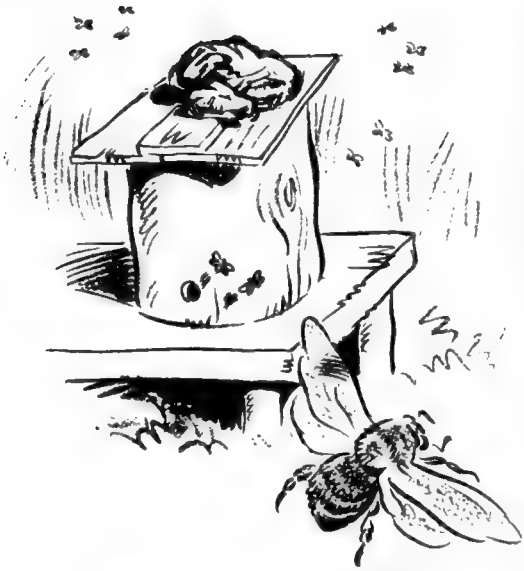

"THESE HIVES WERE CALLED "GUMS.""

to eat fish and blackberries. They are also very fond of honey. In fact, bears seem to have a general appetite and enjoy everything, from boys to blackberries.

Hardly had Balser spoken his threat to send the cubs to their cage, when another duet of howls and yelps reached his ears.

"Now what on earth is it?" he asked; and immediately started around the house in the direction whence the howls had come.

"Geminy! I believe they've upset the bee-gum," said Jim.

"Don't you know they have?" asked Balser. By that time the boys were in sight of the bears.

"Well, I know now they have, if that suits you any better. Golly! Look at them paw and scratch, and rub their eyes when the bees sting. Good enough for you. Give it to 'em, bees!" And Jim threw back his head and almost split his sides with laughter.

Sure enough, the bears had got to nosing about the bee-gums, and in their ever-hungry greediness had upset one. This, of course, made the bees very angry, and they attacked the cubs in a buzzing, stinging swarm that set them yelping, growling, and snapping in a most desperate and comical manner. All their snapping and growling, however, did no good, for the bees continued to buzz and sting without any indication of being the least merciful. A little of this sort of thing went a long way with the black mischief-makers, and they soon ran to Balser and Jim for help. The bees, of course, followed, and when the boys and girls saw the bees coming toward them, they broke helter-skelter in all directions, and ran as fast as they could go. The bears then ran to the river and plunged in to escape their tormentors.

When the gum had again been placed in position, and the bees had become quiet, the cubs, thinking the field clear, came out of the water dripping wet. Then they waddled up close to the girls, and out of pure mischief shook themselves and sprinkled the dainty clean frocks with a shower from their frowzy hides.

That sealed the fate of the cubs for the day, and when Balser marched them off to their pen, they looked so meek and innocent that one would have thought they had been attending bear Sunday-school all their lives, and had no mischief in them.

They went to bed supperless that evening, but had their revenge, for their yelps and whines kept the whole family awake most of the night.

By the time the bears were put to bed darkness was near at hand, so the supper-dishes and gourds were washed and carried to the kitchen. Then the visitors said good-night, and left for home.

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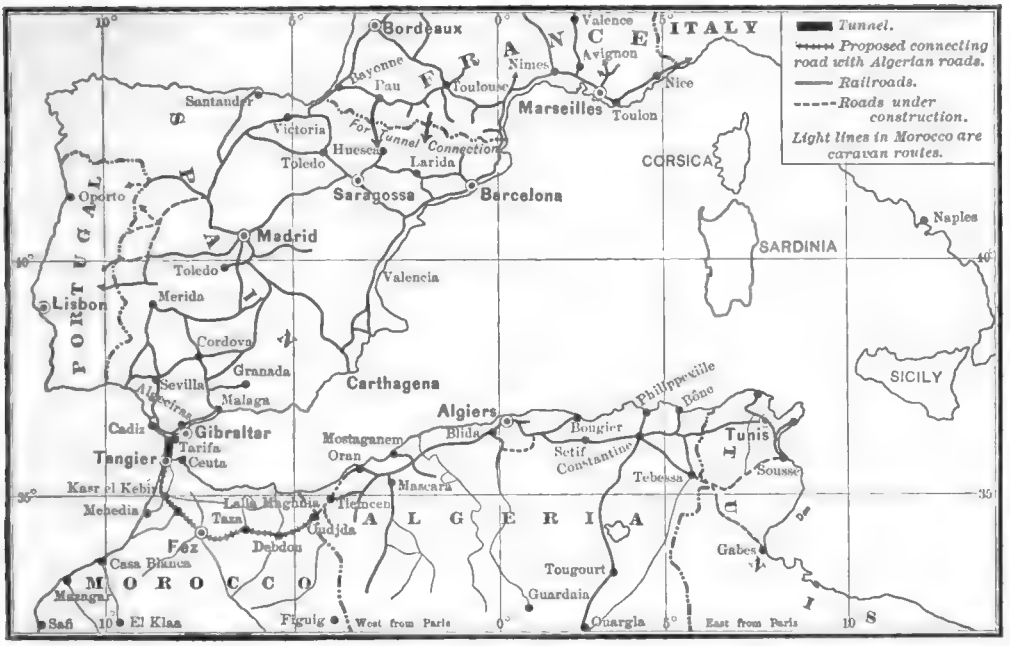

THE RAILWAYS OF NORTHERN AFRICA AND EUROPE.

(Showing the connecting links necessary to bind the African continent to the trade arteries of Europe and Asia.)

A MONSTER TUNNEL UNDER THE OCEAN.

AN INTERVIEW WITH M. JEAN BERLIER, WHO PROPOSES TO CONNECT EUROPE AND AFRICA BY A TWENTY-FIVE-MILE TUNNEL UNDER THE MEDITERRANEAN.

By Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

IN Paris there is a civil engineer, a suave man of great works, who has a new-century resolution all mapped out for his country. The contemplated gigantic achievement, whereby France and Frenchmen are to shame the Old Hundred Years, means railroading under the ocean; that and nothing less. To start with, this engineer is going to dig a tunnel under the Strait of Gibraltar, down through the live, solid rock, below the fishes. He will delve from Europe and come up in Africa. Twenty-five miles of burrowing are to splice the two continents. The traveller can take through cars from Spain to Morocco. He can have dry land from Hamburg to Timbuctoo.

Capital says that this piquant idea looks like "good business." There is a golden country in prospect, Morocco, where forests cover mineral-laden ranges—money; where cattle abound on the plains—money; where the virgin loam of the valleys is black with promise and plenty—again money. But the sorcerer who wins this enchanted land must wield a talisman to correspond. He must find his way there under the sea. Even fairy tales scarcely put tasks like that on their heroes. And yet a prince for the occasion steps forward. He is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He is this Frenchman, M. Jean Berlier, who smilingly adjusts his glasses and places his index finger on a drafted plan.

One should at once disconnect this fairy tale from fiction, because M. Berlier has drawn plans before, and those plans are now

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replaced by the realities. The Gibraltar wonder promises to be no exception. The Government of Spain has granted a concession. A more powerful nation, France, is in sympathy, and the men with the money are ready and willing. Only a word from the Sultan of Morocco is lacking.

The tunnel will in all probability lead to quarrelling, perhaps to cannon-thundering squabbling, to war. It will mean a changing of maps—and meddling with maps is as precarious as balancing a chip on the shoulder. France will covet Morocco. Others will covet Morocco. But what is perhaps yet more embroiling, France will be undermining the prestige of Great Britain, who holds Gibraltar, the key to the Mediterranean. If the tunnel neutralizes Gibraltar, Great Britain will wake up, and then——

With what he urbanely calls the French tenacity, M. Berlier has worked on his project for ten years. And now, as a result, he expects to begin the actual digging within a year, and within eight years to say, "*Voilà*, it is finished." The only difficulty now is that stubborn potentate in Morocco. But M. Berlier has overcome too many checks already to let this one crush him. His representative is now in Fez, the Sultan's capital, and he believes that the concession is forthcoming shortly, not only to build the tunnel, but railroads as well, in that wilderness where there are now no more than camel paths.

To a layman one little barbarian king seems a small obstacle beside the physical difficulties in drilling through forty-one kilometres of rock under the sea, but these last M. Berlier dismisses with an easy, off-hand confidence to make one gasp in admiration. "Yet how?" one may ask. And the blithesome answer is, "*Eh bien*, I'll take a pick and a shovel, and I'll dig." Asked for details, he refers to the present methods employed in building other tunnels, particularly that of the St. Simplon in the Alps, now under construction. Here steel drills of about the diameter of one's fist are used. With them holes about a yard deep are bored into the rock, which are charged with dynamite cartridges, the cartridges being then exploded by electricity. When the laborers return they find a whited chaos of pulverization, which they set to work to square into the ordered course of the tunnel. Each drill has a solid steel shank or stem, which is turned by powerful machines sending water against it under a pressure of one hundred and fifty atmospheres. The irresistible force of the water, which is projected by an ingenious mechanism behind the drill, gives the steel point a rapid and terrible rotary motion, and very quickly the rock is pierced. To prevent heat from the great friction, a constant stream of water is sent through the tubular drill. Both time and labor are saved by an electric crane at the mouth of the tunnel, which unloads the cars of *débris* automatically. Nearly two thousand men are employed at each end of the tunnel, and these men are divided into three shifts of eight hours each, so that the work goes on night and day. To overcome the intense subterranean heat, for the temperature increases one degree centigrade for each thirty-three metres (about one hundred feet), there is fortunately the late discovery of liquid air. But even under these improved conditions, the laborers on coming out would suffer from the abrupt change if they were not compelled to take graded shower-baths along the way to the mouth of the tunnel. At the last station they put on other clothes, and leave their working-garments behind, to be cleaned and disinfected by steam, and kept ready for them when they return.

As with the St. Simplon tunnel, M. Berlier intends to begin at both ends, thereby necessitating the most delicate of calculations, that the tunnel's course may not diverge a quarter-inch at any time, and that the two workings may meet cleanly there under the ocean.

It should be a dramatic moment when those begrimed toilers keep that rendezvous.

The St. Simplon, I believe, is longer than any tunnel yet built. The enterprise is described as being almost beyond human imagination, that of boring through a mountain. Yet the St. Simplon will be a little less than twenty kilometres long, while that at Gibraltar is to be more than twice as long, and, like the St. Simplon, it is to be through rock. But unlike the St. Simplon, it is to be under the sea. The ocean will be above. The ocean might leak through, so the ocean must perforce be kept out. Let the human imagination turn from the wonder in the Alps, and contemplate this monster prodigy under the Mediterranean. The new problem involved, that of prevent-

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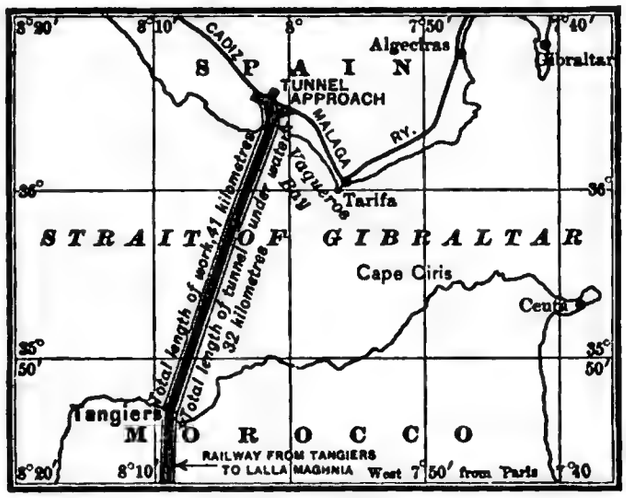
ing the flooding of the works, M. Berlier states he has solved.

"You appreciate," said he, "that the tiniest fissure, though at first letting in the water only drop by drop, would be the destruction of the enterprise? Well, I have a plan by which we can repair the slightest leak as soon as it occurs, and that, too, without even delaying our progress."

"How?"

For answer he smiled reassuringly. "You will have to leave that to me," he added, "for it is my secret."



THE PROPOSED TUNNEL UNDER THE MEDITERRANEAN.
(From a tracing over the plan of M. Berlier.)

Still, one can surmise, and here is a clue. M. Berlier has drawn plans for underground railways. For one, by the way, he was paid a half-million francs, and according to it the present line in Paris was built. But now he has drawn another, for a proposed line between Montparnasse and Montmartre, and this line must pass under the Seine. From the plan itself we learn that he proposes to line the tubular conduit with metal *boucliers*, or shields, which have already been used in similar roads for the support of large buildings under which they pass. The tunnel is to be only four metres under the river, but to keep the water back he will make use of compressed air.

In the *exposé* of his project M. Berlier outlines the provocation of his Titan project as follows: "Since being opened to civilization, the African continent has become the object of rivalry and envy among all the European peoples, who have there carved out for themselves states larger than their own home countries. But there yet remain the enormous riches, the immense resources which the regions not yet explored hold in reserve for the activity that devours the Old World." But to give value to this country there must be means of transportation, and then he proceeds to show the incalculable advantages to commerce that would result if the double reshipment of freight across the Mediterranean could be avoided.

A glance at the chart of the proposed tunnel will show that the shortest route possible has not been chosen; namely, from the Spanish coast to Cape Ciris, which is only 14 kilometres as against 41. "Yes, that is true," the engineer replies, "but the shortest route is much farther to land when you go straight down, more than 200 metres farther, and each metre on a grade means miles. The depth for the 14-kilometre route is about 600 metres, and would require an impossible grade; whereas by the route I have chosen, that is, from Vaqueros Bay, Spain, to Tangier, the depth does not exceed 396 metres, and the heaviest grade would be 25 millimetres to the metre (2½ per cent.), which is entirely practicable. This route is, of course, much longer, being 32 kilometres (20 miles) for the submarine part, and 3 kilometres for an approach on the Spanish side and 6.50 kilometres on the Morocco side, these approaches being necessary to keep the grade under 2½ per cent. That makes the tunnel 41 kilometres, or 25 miles long."

As to construction and methods, M. Berlier is much briefer than one would have him. Judging from soundings, he is certain that he will find compact rock under the Strait, which will assure a staunch wall the entire length of the tunnel. In the building he does not expect to encounter any difficulties greater than those of such subterranean ways as the Mount Cenis, Saint-Gothard, Arlberg, or the Simplon.

"If diplomacy offers no obstacles more arduous than nature," he concludes, "then success is certain."

Though he says he is sure of the capital required, M. Berlier yet lays greatest stress on that point and the profits to come, for conviction on just these two points means whether he will or will not burrow under the ocean. But either because France prefers that his project keep the status of a private enterprise, or because he is really without state backing, he confines himself to ad-

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dressing the pocketbooks of individuals. The cost will not be excessive, so he begins his argument, when one considers the colossal enterprise itself and the immense results to be expected. As a basis of estimating, he cites the cost of great tunnels that have been dug under the massiveness of mountains. For instance, the Saint Gothard cost 3,800,000 francs a kilometre, and was built in eight years. The Arlberg, 11 kilometres long, required four years and less than 4,000,000 francs a kilometre. A more modern example is the Simplon, 20 kilometres long, which will cost 3,000,000 francs a kilometre, and will require in all about five years to complete; which shows that as the processes are improved the work is quicker and the cost less—that being logic itself, as the Frenchman adds. From these he vouches for it that his own tunnel will not cost more than 3,000,000 francs a kilometre, and that by digging from each end simultaneously he can finish within seven years at the longest. The total cost therefore will be 123,000,000 francs, which is not large, since he expects from the moment of completion to handle the greater part of the traffic between northern Africa and Europe. As to effects, he maintains that his project can sustain comparison with the Suez Canal.

But Morocco does not want any railroads. And here enters that obstacle of diplomacy which promises to be more arduous than nature. Nevertheless, the road is a part of the project, and must be built. From the tunnel at Tangier it will pass through Kasr-el-Kebir, Fez, Taza, and Oudjda, to Lalla Maghnia on the Algerian border. The French Government has already decided upon a road from Lalla Maghnia to Tlemcen, and by it M. Berlier will be able to connect with the railway system of Algiers and Tunis. His own Morocco line would form the first western fragment of the Grand Central (of Africa), and create an absolute continuity between the two continents. But the daring promoter is yet more hopeful, for he predicts the building of a Trans-Sahara railway in the near future. In fact, this desert line has been carefully studied out by M. Duponchel, engineer-in-chief of bridges and causeways in French Africa. Its provisional terminus is to be Timbuctoo, thereby putting the very heart of the Black Continent a few days' journey from Europe. M. Berlier further prophesies that, as a result of his tunnel, roads will soon be crossing Morocco on to Senegal and the Gulf of Guinea.

Coming back to his estimates of cost, he takes as authority M. Duponchel, who knows thoroughly the question of railroading in Africa, and approximates the cost of a line from Tangier to Lalla Maghnia at 200,000 francs a kilometre, rolling-stock and interest on capital for two years included. Accordingly he sums up as follows: The tunnel, 123,000,000 fr.; the railway to the Algerian border, 118,400,000 fr.; the total, 241,400,000 fr., or, in round numbers, 242,000,000 fr. (about $48,500,000) for the entire project.

Next he takes up the question of what is to come of all this money-spending. His countrymen declare that he cannot divert the African commerce to his more expensive route, and that the said commerce would not justify the cost anyhow.

For convenience in the argument, M. Berlier divides his project into two parts, the terrestrial and the submarine, since each would require a different tariff. Considering the railroad-half first, he holds that there he would have a money-making proposition equal at least to the most profitable lines in Algeria, and figures accordingly. For instance, the average net profit annually of the line from Philippeville to Constantine in Algeria is about 14,000 francs a kilometre. With this as a basis, his road, 591 kilometres long, would earn 8,274,000 francs a year. As to the tunnel, he takes as a conservative estimate a daily traffic of 600 passengers and two trains of freight, or 700 tons. He wishes it understood, however, that he takes into account the present conditions only, since for the future he looks for an improvement beyond calculation. As to returns in sight, then, he proposes to fix the special tunnel tariff so as to give a net profit of 20 francs per passenger and 10 francs per ton of freight. Therefore the yearly tunnel earnings would be 15,209,000 fr. (over $3,000,000).

The financiering of the project is disposed of in a few words and figures. The 242 millions of expenses will be divided into two parts, half of bonds, half of stock. Interest at 4 per cent. on the bonds will be 4,840,000 fr. annually, which, subtracted from the yearly earnings, 15,209,000 fr., will leave 10,369,000 fr. to divide among the shareholders, that being an interest of 8½ per cent.

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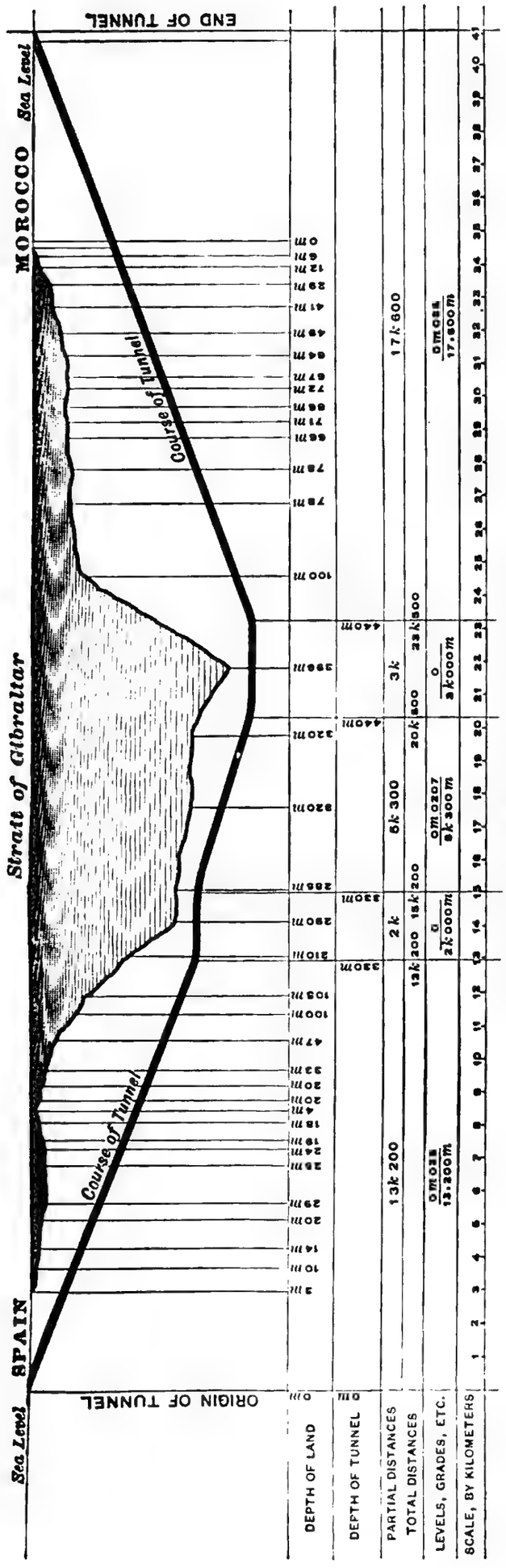

A PROFILE VIEW OF M. BERLIER'S PROPOSED TUNNEL.
(From the engineer's working plans.)

But besides this pleasant-looking rate of interest, there is yet another temptation awaiting the shareholders. The new road will naturally give an enormous accrued value to the lands passed through. These are to-day vast stretches without value, and they can be secured from Morocco in lieu of subsidy or interest guarantees, since Morocco would the more willingly fulfil her obligations in this fashion. M. Berlier accordingly believes that the Sultan will readily grant to the constructing company such territorial concessions as will result in inestimable profits.

Looking after his interests at the Sultan's capital he has a diplomat and engineer combined; namely, Moustapha J. L. de Couten, who was formerly the Sultan's captain of engineers, and who was also engineer of the railroads of Lower Egypt. Lately arrived in Fez, which required a two weeks' journey on a camel's back, he has prepared a report of Morocco, which is interesting in that it gives some idea of the magic country doomed to invasion. Only a few steps from Europe, situated between two seas, this region occupies one of the most privileged positions of the hemisphere. He cites the author of "Unknown Africa," M. A. Mouliéras, who says that there is nowhere in the immensity of the continent a country more magnificent, more varied, more rich. "The healthfulness and gentleness of its climate are proverbial among the Arabs. Its fertility is incomparable. A few handfuls of grain cast on a soil hardly scratched by the native plough yield superb returns. The numerous and grand mountains, some high to eternal snow, are covered with great forests." As to mineral wealth, there is abundance of gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, antimony, sulphur, marble, granite, and immense coal deposits. Unfortunately, the local government is opposed to development. Other authorities, those found by the writer, and having no tunnel project in mind, support the claims here made, and are even more enthusiastic. The soil is capable of three crops a year, and under cultivation Morocco might be

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made the granary of Europe. There are some surprising statistics, for the plains now support 40,000,000 sheep, 5,000,000 goats, 4,000,000 cattle, and 5,000,000 horses. Some of the latter are of the finest strain in the world, only the Sultan prohibits their exportation. In fact, Morocco is practically a closed region, given over to fanaticism and brigandage. The absolute monarch cannot suppress these armed thieves, with all his army of half a million men. The inhabitants are the Berbères, or aborigines, who live mostly in the mountains, and the Arabs, descendants of the conquerors, who hold the plains. This same race whose forefathers, in great part, were the possessors of Spain, is jealously holding to its African prize, instinctively, fearfully conscious that there is preparing for them an invasion in turn, a retribution after a dozen centuries, which will come from that very coast of Spain which they ravished so long ago.

After finishing his tempting picture, the Moustapha deplores that it cannot be yet attained because of the lack of railroads. He grieves over the camel and mule paths, which are the only means of communication with the interior. In fact, the cost of freighting by caravan is so great as to prohibit the trade in many articles from the more distant regions. It appears, though, that there is a camel route across the desert south to Timbuctoo and to the Soudan, whereby salt, iron, lead, cotton goods, cloths of all kinds, guns, daggers, sabres, hardware, sugar, spices, candles, tobacco, etc., from Morocco are bartered for rubber, ostrich plumes, ivory, and gold. The trade with France represents about 40 per cent. of the general commerce of Morocco. The exports include raw wool, medical spices, dried vegetables, wax, bones and hoofs of cattle, and resin; the imports, sugar, raw silk, cereals, medicines, textiles, pottery, paper, and tools. At present the cattle exportation is the most important, and is improving all the time. This, however, is restricted to the port of Tangier. The interior transportation is entirely at the mercy of the weather. In summer, when the roads are at their best, camels can go in ten days from Tangier to Fez; but in winter, when the torrents make the way all but impassable, two months are needed to cover the same distance. Due to such precarious conditions, freight rates vary from five to ten francs per fifty kilos (four to eight cents a mile). Considering all these things, the authority adds, a railroad in Morocco would be most enthusiastically welcomed by the commercial interests. And for proof, he can produce appeals from numerous business houses of Morocco ports.

As to the concession, Moustapha de Couten says that it can be easily secured, provided that it have the support of some European government, and that the man who undertakes to secure it be not only a diplomat, but also one who knows well enough the language and customs to avoid bruising the religious susceptibilities of the fanatical sheiks. He must convince the Arabs that their customs are held in the most profound respect by the prospective *concessionnaires*. As the right of way would cost practically nothing, it is recommended that the money thus saved might be employed to advantage among the high officials in the Sultan's court.

M. Berlier's *résumé* is assuredly an apt climax, at least from the standpoint of capital. "The construction of the Suez Canal has been the most important work of the nineteenth century. It has given results unlooked-for by maritime transportation interests as well as by the shareholders. But," he says, "the tunnel under the Strait of Gibraltar, and the Morocco railroad, these two together, which will bind Europe to all parts of Africa, should be the greatest work of the twentieth century. The Suez Canal has proved a bonanza for the first subscribers; yet this tunnel and railway will give yet grander results, because they will mean the industrial and commercial exploitation of that immensity called Africa, whose riches are exhaustless."

It is always the business idea in the project that M. Berlier clings to. He is curiously reticent as to the political phase—as to that phase under which lurks a possible war. He does declare, though, and that right stoutly, that France must take the right of priority there, because she more than all others has the keenest interest in the realization of the project. The reason he gives is that the French province of Algeria would then develop southward, to regions hitherto unexploited. It is strikingly noticeable that he refrains from predicting that the same province would grow westward, too, that it might come to include Morocco. Yet that must be a vital point

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why France should take the lead, be the sole patron of the enterprise; but for that very reason, perhaps, it is not whispered out loud by men of state. Yet there is beyond doubt a still more vital point, and that concerns the Rock of Gibraltar. Any rock-synonym of a fortress and belonging to Great Britain is of the last supreme vitality to the French mind. If thereby the same can be rendered useless, then the French can be depended upon to build all manner of tunnels whatsoever. In case of war with England, which is a pleasing contingency ruminated upon to the verge of monomania by the French nationalist—in case of war, then England can now by her sea power, with Gibraltar as a base, cut France off from her colonies across the Mediterranean. Transport ships, supply ships between Marseilles or Toulon to Bona or Algiers, would be easy prey. But a tunnel under the Strait might make Gibraltar, that key to the Mediterranean, as useless as old iron engulfed in salt water. And that is the hope—that the tunnel will engulf the rock. Men and arms and food and coal could pass under the sea, and the King's navy would be there above, helpless to prevent. The French campaign in Europe and Africa would be a unit. Such, briefly, are the fond Gallic hopes for M. Berlier's commercial enterprise.

In that description implied by the word "commercial" the engineer persists, and when questioned point blank, he smiled vaguely. "Has England taken no steps to prevent the tunnel?" was the query. "England cannot move. Moreover, she has not seemed to notice," was the answer. He laughed a little then, but it was easy to see that he was not altogether at his ease about the foe across the Channel. He would perhaps be better pleased to have some indication of England's policy. His hand may be stayed from throwing out one shovelful of dirt. For instance, in the unfinished tunnel between Calais and Dover the shovels are now rusting where they were dropped.

"All the hindrances so far have come from Germany," M. Berlier added, "for Germany, you know, has her eyes on Morocco, and she does not wish France to get such a foothold there as my tunnel would give." As to what these obstacles were, the promoter would not say. He dismissed them with a shrug; they had not proved very embarrassing so far.

Another gentleman, one concerned in French colonial affairs, in Africa particularly, proved more satisfactory in outlining the political situation as regards the proposed tunnel. With a Frenchman's love of system, he classified the question as follows:

"In Morocco, an independent state, though nominally a vassal of the Sultan at Constantinople, four influences more or less conflicting prevail:

"First, that of Germany, who furnishes her arms and army instructors; who also is in friendly relations with Turkey, Morocco's suzerain.

"Second, France, who pursues a vigorous policy in the Touat, or that part south of Morocco which she conquered only a year ago as a consequence of incursions into Algeria from Figuig, on the southeastern border of Morocco.

"Third, England, who seeks a monopoly of trade with Morocco, and who neutralizes French influence.

"Fourth, Spain, who trades with north Morocco, and possesses several of the coast towns.

"Now, then, with these points in mind, one can see that the French interests in the proposed tunnel are of the first importance:

"First, in case of war between France and England, Gibraltar would be neutralized, and the English squadrons could not prevent France from supplying Algeria with troops and supplies.

"Second, Spain's interests would be to maintain friendly relations with France, for the greater part of the freight from the Maghreb (Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis) would pass over her territory.

"Third, Morocco, till now hostile to foreign invasion, would permit French capital to build railroads and exploit her resources."

Though this student of colonial affairs doubts that Morocco can become a French colony in the near future, yet he holds that the building of a railroad there is a necessary preliminary to gaining possession. That, of course, includes the building of the tunnel, too. But as all the Powers are now pretty well bound by more pressing affairs, the project, after all, remains a private, commercial enterprise, with M. Berlier and his capitalists as its sole immediate hope.

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ELECTRICITY AS A DOMESTIC.

By George Iles,

Author of "Flame, Electricity and the Camera."

QUITE properly, the electrician announces himself at home by touching the button at the street door. In days of old the mechanical door-bell had moving wires which turned their corners by means of swinging iron elbows. If a caller, impatient for a response, or a mischievous boy, stout of muscle, gave the handle a rough jerk, it was apt to be torn from its fastenings, with damage to wall and ceilings. To-day, thanks to electricity, the wire is motionless, and may have a dozen bends and twists without hindering its summons. A single cell, such as a Leclanché, supplies current without trouble for a year or more, and at nominal cost. Push-buttons are used with advantage in many places other than at street doors.

A small house may have but one bell or two in its hall or kitchen. When the house is large this modest service is replaced by an annunciator such as, in its amplest proportions, attracts the eye at great hotels. This contrivance drops or exposes dials marked "Reception Room," "Parlor," "Library," and so on, with the advantage that if the servant is absent at the moment of a call the signal remains visible when he or she returns. In very large establishments where an attendant is always on duty, it is feasible to replace bells with tiny incandescent lamps which shine out instead of sounding their signals. This substitution, now common in telephone exchanges, makes for quiet, although it enforces an unfailing attention not always at command.

Thirty years ago it was deemed a great improvement when, in the better kind of houses, speaking-tubes were freely introduced; but now, provided with a long, flexible, metallic cord, a telephone is much preferable to the old-fashioned tubing. To an invalid who may move from his bed to an easy-chair and back again a telephone may, indeed, be indispensable. To any member of the household, well or ill, there is manifest gain in being able to connect the instrument with the whole circuit of the town or the city. With specially sensitive apparatus it is easy to speak over the long-distance wires for a thousand miles or more. An eminent New York engineer is constantly travelling throughout the Union, supervising the investments of a great company. At noon every day his mother, in her armchair at home, has a minute or two's talk with him.

The modern man enters his street door, touches a little knob, and instantly the hall, the staircase, even distant rooms are brilliantly lighted. You may illuminate a floor, or a room, before you enter it, dispensing with matches, fraught as they are with the constant risk of fire. For general use a bulb of sixteen-candle power is preferred; lamps of eight-candle power are quite sufficient for back stairs, cellars, and attics. The lights for lavatories are now usually controlled by door switches, and are turned off automatically when no longer required. Night lamps of moderate intensity are in demand for nurseries and sick-rooms; ordinarily they shine upon the dial of a small clock—with its intimations for the due service of medicines. Out of doors, where there is a special risk of breakage, the lamps are commonly guarded by a second bulb of extra thickness and strength. Within doors the flexible cord gives the lamp all the portability of a candle, without a candle's liability to cause fire. The bulb which a moment ago shone above a desk, is now fastened behind a reading chair; in five minutes it may be illuminating the dressing-table. In the kitchen the same adaptability enables the cook to thrust an Edison lamp into the oven, with no contamination of the viands by fumes such as issue from a gas-jet. In drawing-rooms and picture galleries, electric lights lend themselves to exquisite effects in decoration. A sparing use of bulbs in color adds much to the range of this new art. When ruby glass in fairly large fragments glows with electric radiance, it simulates the vividness of embers in a wonderful way.

From one point of view it is to be regretted that electric lamps throw out so

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little heat. For many household tasks heat is demanded, and far beyond the electrician's ability of economical supply. Twelve lamps of standard size, each of sixteen-candle power, require for their maintenance one horse-power. Clustered together, these twelve bulbs would ask one minute in raising a pint of water through forty degrees of the Fahrenheit scale. Clearly enough, their heat would never suffice to broil a steak or roast a chicken. And in the production of electric heat no device is one whit more effective than the incandescent lamp. What, then, is the secret of this costliness, prohibitive as it is for all but minor and casual uses? Let us adjourn to a central lighting and power station, and all will become clear. The boilers and engines, although the best to be had, are wasting nine-tenths of the heat purveyed to them. Part of this wasted heat is thrown out into the boiler-house and engine-room, a much larger fraction goes up the chimney in gases highly heated, but much the largest loss of all appears in the exhaust steam as it pours forth from the engines. Thus it is evident that if the electric current, as fast as produced, were then and there converted into heat once more, only about one-tenth as much would appear as that originally applied in the fuel under the neighboring boilers. If we can suppose an electric company generous enough to charge no interest for its invested capital, nothing for its outlays in wages, repairs, and other expenses, the heat producible from its electric current would still be much dearer than the heat to be had from a good, well-stoked furnace or stove.

When, however, we want a little heat, and want it so much that the question of cost is secondary, we may touch the button which admits a current into a coffee pot, a chafing-dish, a set of curling tongs, or a smoothing iron. Heaters for baths and for small rooms are quietly becoming popular. Heating-pads for application to the body are used instead of hot-water bags; they are much preferable because their temperature is maintained without variation as long as one pleases. Every other appliance of the kind slowly loses its heat and becomes at last stone-cold. In the charming art of pyrography much may be done, and at trifling expense, with tools tipped with steel and heated by electricity.

If electricity may not itself provide the warmth for a house in winter, it may control that warmth with gain to health and a saving in outlay. A simple temperature-regulator, or thermostat, enables one to keep the living-rooms constantly at, say, 70 degrees, while the halls and attics are at 60 degrees or lower. With the stoker's propensity to save himself trouble by overloading his fire, this device is an unfailing corrector. When the thermometer unduly rises, the furnace-draft is checked; when the temperature falls too low, the draft is quickened. Where gas is the fuel, this automatic control is particularly satisfactory. In a few fortunate localities, as at Niagara Falls, vast water-powers, busy in summer for transportation lines, are in winter out of harness and idle. Then arrives the opportunity to buy a current at a rate so moderate that it may be employed with economy for warming a building. Just so soon as inventors abolish the present wastes attending the conversion of heat into electricity, we may expect to see this most delightful method of warming repeated in millions of households throughout the land. As we watch the world-famous plunge of Niagara we are offered an impressive lesson as to the small value in heat of much motive power. In so far as the descent is perpendicular, so that the water leaves the foot of the falls with comparatively little current, the effect of the concussion is simply to warm the water through but one-sixth of a degree Fahrenheit. To heat the water as much as one degree, the Falls would have to be 777 feet in height.

The earliest use of the electric current in houses was the common push-button for street doors. To-day a variety of contrivances on the same principle enable the householder to protect his property from the spread of fire, from damage by an overflowing tank, from the explosion of a boiler whose water level has fallen too low. Of like design are the alarms which sound continuously when a protective wire is tampered with, when a door or window is wrongfully opened, or a mat is trodden upon by a marauder. All these telltales may ring a bell at a distance, at a police or fire station, if required, and summon aid in the nick of time. Less important, but still useful enough, are the electric clocks which, at any desired hour, day after day, for a month or a year, will call a sleeper. To avoid calling anybody else, the alarm sounds at the head of a bed, and continues its appeal until

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the victim gets up and switches off its current. Clocks without alarms, and electrically actuated from central stations, are steadily gaining favor in household use.

Shrewd observers of the inventive progress of the time do not expect in the near future to see creations as revolutionary as the dynamo, the telephone, and the incandescent lamp. What they look for is the popularization of these and other electrical devices which, thus far, have gone little beyond the factory, the huge hotel, or the costly mansion. As the income of the average American household steadily rises, as the widening market for electrical devices constantly lowers their prices, we may look for a general acceptance, by all but the poorest families, of the gifts electricity stands ready to bestow. Now that electric motors are cheap to buy, cheap to run, and simple to operate, there is no good reason why they should not be forthwith installed in a million of our homes. A Diehl motor, using one-tenth of a horse-power at a cost in New York of one cent an hour, runs a sewing-machine with ease, inuring to the health as well as the comfort of the operator, and enabling her work to be turned out both quicker and better. A continuous, not an alternating, current is required. A motor of double this size, of one-fifth of a horse-power, rotates a washing-machine, and then, with electrical versatility, turns a wringer or a mangle. In summer a motor as small as you please drives a fan, and refreshes air otherwise motionless and muggy. If the house contains a workshop, another motor turns the lathe, or the pottery wheel, or actuates a loom, a set of carving tools, or a lens-grinder. In many of his tasks the amateur mechanic or artist is aided by instruments which unite for his hand both an electric motor and a tool. Of late years a diversity of automatic pianos and organs have been placed upon our markets. Some of them require the constant working of a treadle to give what is called "individuality" to the rendition. When the perforated rolls which bear the musical notes come to be impressed also with the "individuality" of a good performer, many of us will be glad to attach an electric motor to the paper and listen to the opera or the symphony without further exertion.

In cities electricity offers a new premium to residences built for several families, whether as expensive apartment-houses or simple flats. When ten or twenty families divide among them the outlay for an electric elevator it may fall comfortably within their means. In elevators of new and approved design the control is automatic. One may, by pressing a button, bring the car to any floor, and by pressing another button, stop at any other floor; an open door, however, prevents the movement of the apparatus, so that accidents, as far as possible, are avoided. In apartment-houses, as in hotels and office buildings, electric pumps are in very general use; they start and stop automatically, controlled by the height of water in the tank. With a view to electric services of all kinds, present and future, builders to-day are providing their new structures with "permanent ways" for electric wiring, making sure that the wires shall always be freely accessible for examination or repair.

In country houses electricity is fast finding a new field, and a field of unbounded area. Telephones in many villages of the Western States are circuited through the wire fences; in dry weather such lines are serviceable for ten to fifteen miles. Much better results are had, in wet weather or dry, when wooden poles are used. A Farmers' Company, the Bainbridge, in Geauga County, Ohio, has a hundred subscribers at the low rental of $12 a year, payable in advance. Windmills and water-powers in many country places run to waste for more than half of every twenty-four hours. If they are harnessed to storage batteries, the waste ceases, and electricity is on tap for light, for heat in moderate amounts, for power to actuate washing and sewing-machines, churns, and lathes. Here and there an electroplater or a chemist asks for the current that he may effect the unions or partings of the laboratory. With electricity conveniently purveyed at a fair price, it becomes feasible to operate the most delightful vehicles ever constructed, the electromobile and the launch, both brilliantly lighted at night by the same energy that turns the wheels or the propeller. The wheelman shares in the bounty of the electrician. An incandescent lamp, fed by a portable cell of little weight, is by far the best illuminator he can use. A lantern of identical form is much the safest ever devised for barns or outhouses, those scenes of uncounted fires from matches and oil-lamps.

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THE MAKING OF A COUNTRY HOME.

By J. P. Mowbray ("J. P. M."),

Author of "A Journey to Nature."

CHAPTER III.

THE HOUSEHOLDER.

THE next morning John Dennison made a careful and long examination of the stone house and the grounds. Mr. Swarthout, who accompanied him, was astonished at his deliberation and particularity. He did not understand that John was measuring the possible while examining the actual house. He saw him pace the length of the wooden paling in front, and heard him say, "It is about two hundred feet." The house stood sixty feet from the road and faced northeast. Its length was about fifty feet. There were six trees between the door and the gate: three chestnuts of ample breadth, a beech, and two elms. On the south of the house was a bunch of cedars, another elm, and a mass of shrubbery. The house itself was a massive, unadorned structure, with a door in the centre opening into a square hall or vestibule, on the south of which a partition divided the breadth of the house into parlor and dining-room. On the north were two similar rooms, one of which had been used as a kitchen and the other as a bedroom; intermediate were stairs, hallway, and closets. The walls, of red sandstone, were eighteen inches thick and twelve feet high to the eaves.

John mounted the stairway and found two bedrooms, over the parlor and dining-room, that were lathed and plastered. They were twelve feet square, and there was space at the northern end of the floor for two more. The vines were so thick about the windows that they darkened the rooms, and a thousand bees were humming against the panes. The dust lay half an inch thick in corners, and the cobwebs were pendulous from the ceiling. John measured the spaces with a two-foot rule, marking the results on a pad. He poked his fingers into the shingles at the eaves to see if they were rotten. He gave the old man an improved opinion of his keenness.

Then they walked over the grounds, going down the long slope through the clover and the June grass, where at one time was a path still clearly defined by the lilac, syringa, and witch-hazel bushes on either side. Between them the wild pinks, the dandelions, and the red clover were matted inextricably together. The boundary line of the property on the north was marked by a heavy stone fence three feet thick and four feet high. John waded through the grass and inspected it curiously. Its lower line of stones was made up of large boulders, some of them as big as a barrel, and their faces were covered with lichen and moss. He knew instinctively that several generations of farmers had pulled them out of the adjoining fields and piled them up there. The picturesqueness of the sturdy breastwork, a thousand feet long and embroidered with blackberry vines, did not occur to him then. He was thinking of it as a quarry.

"You wouldn't object, I suppose, if I took the upper end of that down and put a wire fence in its place? It would look better from the road," said John.

"Never object to anybody's buryin' a stone wall," said Mr. Swarthout. "If he can stand it, I kin."

"I don't suppose there is any drain from the house?"

"No, sir. We didn't build drains when that house was put up."

"How far is it to the river?"

"I calkilate about a thousand feet."

"Five-inch drain-pipe," said John reflectively, "at twenty cents a length—cost me about a hundred dollars."

"What will?"

"A good drain."

Mr. Swarthout himself considered. "A man at one-fifty a day will dig fifty feet of drain a day, and fill in a hundred a day. The way I figure, by leavin' the pipe out, it would cost you forty-five dollars. I wouldn't throw money away."

"No, I don't intend to—at least not on doctors."

"You ain't goin' to do any manufacturin' business, aire you, in that place?"

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"I expect to live in the place if I buy it. I am trying to make up my mind if it will be habitable."

"Say, look here, I don't know what your tastes aire, or what kind of business you might want to carry on," said Mr. Swarthout, "but there's another place about half a mile further up the road that might suit you better. 'Tain't so exposed as this, and ye ken hev it fer half the price. I've got my horse out there; s'pose you jump in and take a look at it."

"Very good," said John, climbing into the wagon. "I might as well see all your goods."

John was then taken up the road, and when they arrived at a wild piece of timber Mr. Swarthout hitched his horse, and they made their way through the underbrush to the bank of the stream, where there stood one of those extemporized houses that tourists and sportsmen sometimes throw together for temporary use. It was a story-and-a-half house with battened sides, and a chimney in the middle of its peaked roof. It was enveloped in foliage and weeds, and had been used the year before as an outing-box by a party of anglers, who came up for trout fishing.

"I think," said John, "that you might throw that in if I buy the other place. I could use it as a smoke-house."

"Well now, see here, my friend, this is a good, quiet spot. With a little draining and filling in, and grubbing out a few trees and bushes, it wouldn't be such a goldarned bad place, after all, if a man wuz lookin' fer quiet and wanted to improve."

John looked into the house and fancied that it smelt fishy. It then occurred to him that the wily old man had brought him there to enhance the value of the other place by contrast, which he thought was not such a bad idea, after all, and he might work it himself with Lucy. They then started back and resumed their inspection of the former place, John desiring to see the property from the foot of the hill.

When they reached the bottom of the declivity they were among the alders and dogwood that were interspersed with some heavier birches and chestnuts that shaded the bit of meadow. It was a very pretty, sylvan spot, upon which the buttercups, forget-me-nots, wild pinks, and oxalis were in full bloom. The little river, twenty feet wide, moved sluggishly through sunshine and shadow along the level among the trees, fringed by herbaceous growths, through the openings in which one could see the cattle grazing on the opposite slopes or lying partly hidden in the meadow-fescue. A cool, damp air, fragrant with flowers and hay, swept by the two men lazily, but they gave no heed.

"Mr. Swarthout," said John, "I have made a pretty good estimate of your place. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you fifteen hundred for it, one thousand down, and five hundred to remain on bond and mortgage for five years at six per cent."

"You think of improvin' it, don't you?"

"I certainly do. It isn't exactly what I wanted, and is hardly fit for my wife in its present condition. But if I buy it, it will be for a home. What do you say?"

"Well now, I'll tell yer. I like to help a man who goes in fer improvements, and if you don't want to pull on your capital, I'll take half down and let it run for three years."

"No. I've made my calculations to a cent. You've heard my offer. Five hundred is all I want to carry. It will take two or three thousand dollars to put the place in shape."

"Hev you figgered to spend that?"

"The roof leaks. The well runs dry in October. The bedrooms are unfinished. The boards in the back porch are rotten. The front fence has to be straightened. The ground is overrun, and the house has no drainage. The only things about it that recommend it are its site and its solid walls, but I suppose there are plenty like it, if one could hunt through the county."

"Yes, that's so, young man; but you won't find anybody that's agoin' to throw in half an acre of garden planted. You see I calkilated to rent it this summer, and so I hed that garden sot out."

"I'll take a look at it," said John. He found an ample kitchen-garden laid out with a row of raspberry and currant bushes along the stone wall facing the southwest. The result of this investigation put him in a good humor, and he went back with the old man to his home and there the agreement was made.

"I shall go down to the village," said John, "have the title looked into, make a deposit, and sign the papers as soon as the lawyer can make them out and my wife arrives. You see, I've got a two-weeks

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vacation, and intend to finish up the matter while I am here. I shall sleep in the house to-night, if you don't object. I saw a cot there and a blanket. Perhaps you can tell me of a good man that I can hire by the month for general work on the place."

"You can't hire 'em in hayin' time, unless you pay 'em more'n they're worth."

"Then I'll pick up a man in the city," said John; "it's full of men."

The next morning about half-past four he woke up just as the sun, like a spark, was burning through the eastern trees. He sat a moment on the edge of the cot in his own house, and felt that he had taken a desperate step. The first question that he asked himself was: "What will Lucy think of this? Well, I've taken the fatal plunge, and I guess I've got to make it all right. A woman expects a man to bring her a scheme under way, and not do any of the extra hustling herself." That conclusion reassured him, and he proceeded to make himself a cup of coffee in the fireplace. While he was thus employed, he heard the cornet-voice of the Norwegian maid outside, and the next moment her stalwart form and good-natured face appeared in the doorway, a generous picture of innocent astonishment.

"You live at here?" she inquired.

"Yes, I buy him," said John, unconsciously adapting himself to her idiom.

"So? You hire me?"

"Yes. Do you work by the day or the week?"

"I work so I get the most money."

"What is the most?"

"One dollare a day."

"All right. What's your name?"

"Tilka."

"I'll hire you for a week on trial. I want somebody to help me get this house to rights so I can bring my wife."

"So? Goot."

"Open all the windows and the cellar door. Scrub all the floors. Carry all the rubbish outside, and tell me where I can get a man to cut the grass."

"You buy me a scythe, I cut it myself."

He looked at her with admiring awe. "You'll have enough to do," he said. "Can you cook?"

"You bring some food, you shall see. Mabbee you hire my man."

"Oh, you have a man. What can he do? Can he take care of a horse?"

"So well as if he was born in a stable. I can myself take care of him."

"Can he plough?"

"He can that plough almost so well as myself."

"Where is he?"

"Mine Gott, he works in the hay for one dollare and a half a day for three days, and then he waits three months for notting, because one dollare and a half a day is too much. It is better, I think, to work steady for not so much, ain't it?"

"Much better," said John. "Bring him here to-night so I can see him."

As he swung off down the road he saw her looking after him, with her hands on her hips, a lusty figure, that made him think of one of Rubens's pictures that he had seen somewhere. The three-mile walk at that hour was a delight. The river accompanied him the greater part of the way, now brawling and plashing with a pleasant noise, and now spreading out hushed into shadowy pools, flower-fringed. He strode along with an exhilaration that was new and unaccountable. When he thought of it afterwards, he was amazed at the amount of work he did that morning. But it is so with all of us. When a creative emotion takes possession of us, our faculties surprise us with new energies, and events imitate the rapidity of our thought.

John was now mainly intent on preparing a surprise for his wife. Instinctively he felt that it was his duty to accomplish instead of theorizing any longer, and he proposed to himself to take the initiative and show Lucy his dream in full swing. Something told him that she was beginning to regard his scheme with doubts, and had too much affection for him to tell him so. This consideration more than any other, perhaps, influenced and piqued him that bright morning, giving him an urgent and slightly authoritative air that he thought of afterwards with some amusement.

It was nine o'clock when he found the office of the lawyer to whom Mr. Swarthout had recommended him. As the gentleman was not yet attending to business, John went over to the railroad station and looked at the time-table. There was a train at ten-thirty. That would get him into New York somewhere about noon. It would take him an hour to go to the bank, get his lunch,

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and an hour to get back. He would be in the cottage again by three o'clock, prepared to do business. He walked to the largest store, found that their delivery wagon would be going up the road early in the afternoon, bought some groceries and ordered them sent to the cottage. Then he hunted up the lawyer in his office, a Mr. Braddock, a comfortable, middle-aged person with gray-white side whiskers and a beaming face. He was engaged with a toy, trying to get three or four globular little pigs into their pen. He greeted his visitor pleasantly, offered him a wooden chair, and, without relinquishing the puzzle, listened indifferently and amiably. "I've searched the title of that property three times within two years," he said. "There's an abstract of it in that pigeon-hole. You can have it for five dollars," and Mr. Braddock smiled as if legal business were in some way a practical joke that he occasionally indulged in. "Think of buying the place?"

"I have bought it," said John. "Mr. Swarthout will be here to-day to have you make out the papers."

A pleasant smile spread over Mr. Braddock's face as he turned the puzzle in his hand. The humor of making out papers appeared to be a pleasant memory.

"Coming up here to live?"

"Yes—hope to."

Mr. Braddock hunted the pigs a moment reflectively. A mild recognition of the pleasantry of coming up here to live seemed to flit across his face, as if it were one of those plaintive joys that are pleasant to dwell upon.

"I want to catch a ten-thirty train," said John. "If you will give me that search I will pay you. I expect to be back here at three o'clock to make a deposit, and have the papers ready for my wife's signature when she arrives."

Mr. Braddock took the search out of the pigeon-hole. It was neatly folded and indorsed, but rather dusty. He handed it to John, after knocking the dust off, put the five dollars in his vest pocket without looking at it, very much as if it were an allowable interruption, and said:

"Have you seen this new toy? It's quite ingenious."

"No," replied John. "I'll study it when I have more time. You don't know of anybody who has a cheap horse to sell, do you?"

Mr. Braddock walked smilingly and leisurely to the door of an adjacent office, stood there a moment turning his pigs over, and then said incidentally as he looked at the toy: "Benton, did Sully get rid of that horse he was trying to sell?"

"Guess not," said a boy's voice in the next room. "Saw him driving it yesterday."

Mr. Braddock came back to his desk, took a card and wrote on it, "Salem Sutton, horse for sale," and handed it to John, with a superior and complacent irradiation that made the whole transaction look like an amiable indulgence.

At two-twenty John was back from the city at the depot, and not long after three o'clock he and Mr. Swarthout were bowling along the road in the latter's box-wagon. As they came along John said: "If you can pick me up a cheap horse somewheres that will not be too disreputable to take me to the depot, and not too proud to plough, I'd like it. What ought I to pay for a makeshift brute?"

"Better wait till fall," said Mr. Swarthout. "That's when they git rid of 'em so as not to hev to feed 'em all winter."

"But I can't wait—must have any kind of an animal at once," and he pulled out the lawyer's card. "Do you know that man?"

Mr. Swarthout could not read it without his glasses, and John read it for him.

"Sale Sutton. Oh, yes, I know both animals. How high do you want to go?"

"Don't know. I suppose I can get a horse at one of the car stables in the city, a little foot-sore, for fifty dollars; that will answer my purpose for a while."

"Better lemme buy Sutton's horse for ye. He'll soak it to yer."

"Very good," said John. "I'll leave it to you."

About an hour later, and just as John was washing himself in a pail of well-water preparatory to sitting down to an extemporized dinner that the girl had prepared for him, Mr. Swarthout drove in with Sutton's horse hitched to a rather dirty and wobbly box-wagon, and John had to go out and inspect the animal. It was a gaunt and gothic, dirty-white specimen of equine architecture, thick about the ankles, large in the hoof, slightly corrugated in the flanks, and a little harness-worn on the shoulders. John looked at him in dismay, for he had nour-

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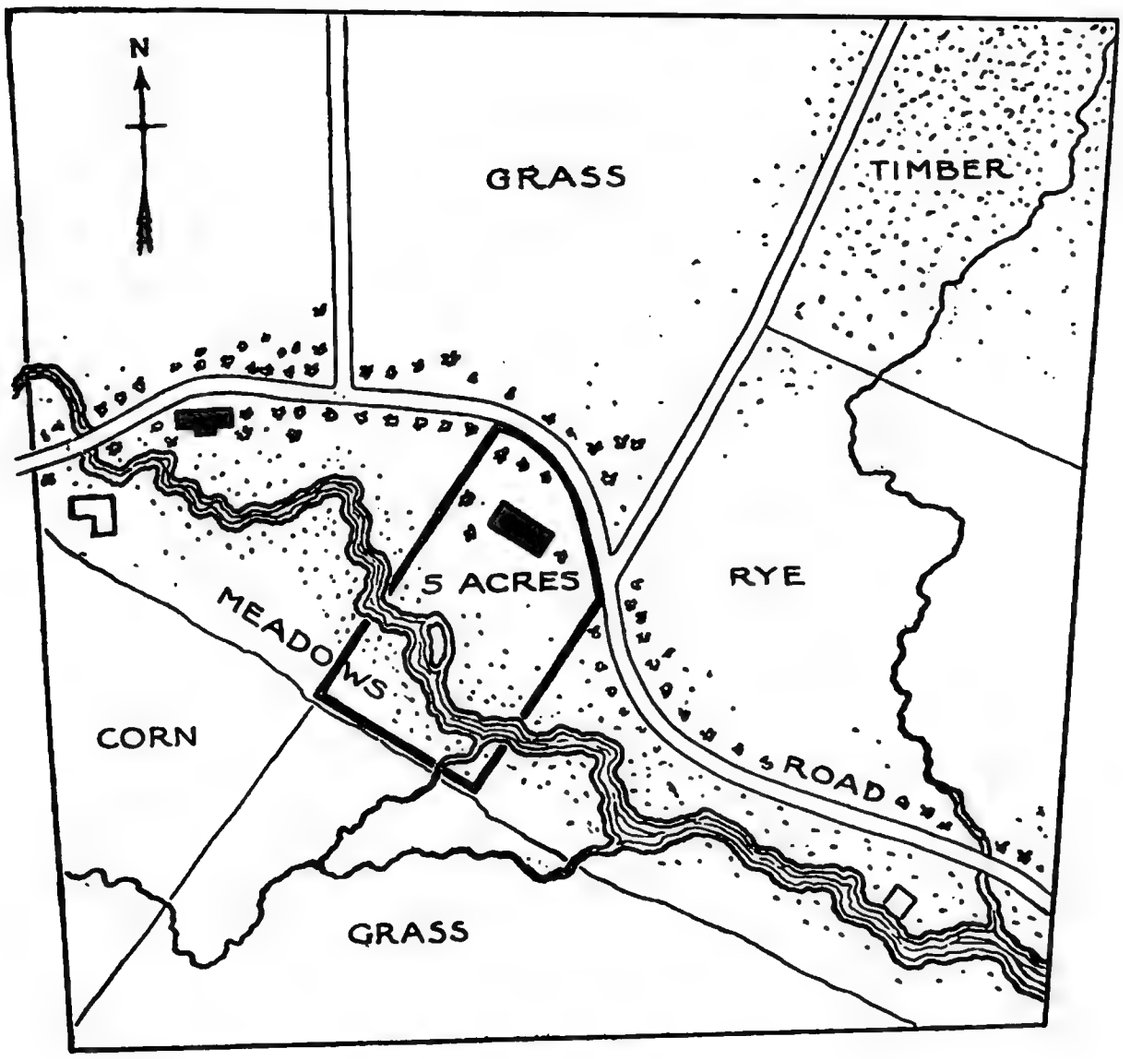

ished a picture of a pony in a chaise with a woman in a lawn dress driving in a sprightly manner to the depot to meet her husband. Mr. Swarthout interpreted his disappointment very correctly.

"You want a horse that's good for three or four years' hard work, don't you, and that will feed up respectable when he gets where there's oats, and you don't want to pay over fifty dollars? Now, that animal ain't no thoroughbred, and Sutton sprained his off hind leg draggin' ice up the mountain last winter, but there's five hundred dollars' worth of work in him with good treatment, and he's yours for thirty-five dollars. You take my advice and buy him. He's only nine years old. I know when he was foaled."

Somewhat against his inclination, John agreed to buy the horse, and then Mr. Swarthout suggested that the harness, with a stitch or two in the breeching, was well worth five dollars, and as for the wagon, it was sound in spoke and axle, and, if there were new washers on the wheels and a bit of paint, it would make a serviceable runabout and was well worth twenty-five dollars. "If I wuz goin' in fer improvements," said the old man, "that's just the kind of jumper I'd snap at."

As John stood there considering, he saw Tilka's broad face at the window, and she beckoned to him earnestly.

"Wait a moment," he said, "till I come back."

When he was in the house Tilka said: "How much he sell you for, that wagon?"

"He wants twenty-five dollars for it," said John.

"Mine Gott, I could buy him yesterday for fifteen dollares."

"All right," said John, "you buy him. I'll give you a dollar. Here, I give you sixteen dollars."

"I don't want the wagon," said John, coming out. "I'll take the horse and the harness for forty dollars. But I've got a girl in there wants to buy a wagon."

"I buy him, I buy him!" shouted Tilka, rushing out and shaking her money.

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"Why, what will you do with the wagon, Tilka?" asked John.

"Mebbe I go into piziness wid my man. I could buy him yesterday for fifteen dollares."

"Well," said Mr. Swarthout, "you give me the fifteen dollars. I can't afford to send down here to take it away again."

When this bargain was completed, Mr. Swarthout coolly told John that he had made five dollars on the operation, for he had got the horse for thirty dollars. "But," said he, "you don't object to that, when you've got a bargain?"

"Well, I'll tell you, neighbor," said John, "you expected to make ten on the wagon? But you ought to look into a man's mouth as you do into a horse's when you try that kind of business. If you'll look into mine, perhaps you'll see that I've got my eye-teeth cut."

This seemed to tickle old Swarthout, and he went away shaking with quiet satisfaction.

"Tilka," said John, as he sat down at the table and admired her stalwart form while she stood between him and the fireplace, not unlike a beaming caryatid, he thought, ready to uphold the whole scheme with her sturdy shoulders, "how much of the house did you clean?"

"I clean him all," said Tilka. "I clean two houses like this in one day. You do not send me a scythe so I shall cut some grass this evening."

"No," remarked John; "I don't want such a jewel as you are cutting grass. Where's your man?"

"He come right away. I give him his supper here—you don't care?"

"Does he know anything about a garden?"

"He knows almost so much as I do myself."

"Does he drink?"

"Shust some beer when he can get. That is notting, I guess. I drink some myself."

Half an hour later, as John was sitting on his back porch, smoking his pipe and surveying his domain, Tilka's man made his appearance, and John then remembered to have seen him in Mr. Swarthout's hay-field. By the side of Tilka he looked a little dwarfed and submissive. He was undersized, sunbrowned, and unkempt, but sinewy withal, and suggested, as so many of the field hands do in that part of the country, that all of the natural juices have either been evaporated by exposure or concentrated somewhere out of sight.

"What's your name?" asked John.

"They call me Mart up here. I guess that will do for everyday use. Martin is what it was in the first place."

"He is that ashamed of his name that is foolish," said Tilka. "I think it is Martin Luther Smidt, when I was to him married then."

"Very well, Martin Luther," said John, "eat your dinner and then come out here, and I'll tell you what kind of a reformation I have in my mind."

It was very pleasant out there just then. The western glow gave a golden radiance to the wild stretch. The swallows were darting in the evening air. A heavy odor of flowers hung about the place, and the stillness was soothing. Presently Mart came out and stood with his hat in his hand. "I want," said John, "to get the place thoroughly cleaned up at once; the grass cut; rubbish burned; fence-posts straightened; stable cleaned and patched up; garden attended to; horse cared for; supplies brought from the town, and, between time, all the help you can give here in the house. Can you plough?"

"He can plough so good like I can myself," said Tilka.

"How about gardening?"

"It is so good a garden as you will not see in a mile. I make him myself," replied the girl.

"You want all this done in a week, boss?" asked Mart.

"Yes," said John; "I'm not going to hire you for a year at a dollar and a half a day. You can make up your mind to that. I'm hiring you for a week on trial, because I like your wife. If the prospect scares you, say so at once, and I'll look out for some one else."

"I guess he will that do as I think," said Tilka. "It is much petter, I guess. He can that work so much petter as he looks; but he talks not so mooch as me."

Tilka's exuberant vitality was a constant wonder to John. She had an unfailing fund of strength that nothing exhausted, and it always manifested itself with a copious good humor that was admirable. Her husband was not unlike a domestic *protégé* that had come obediently under her executive wing,

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"LILAC, SYRINGA, AND WITCH-HAZEL BUSHES ON EITHER SIDE. BETWEEN THEM THE WILD PINKS, THE DANDELION, AND THE RED CLOVER WERE MATTED INEXTRICABLY TOGETHER."

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"THE BOUNDARY LINE OF THE PROPERTY."

and was quite content to let her take all the credit for his methodical toil, as it saved his breath.

"I suppose you can milk?" John said to Tilka.

"I milk four cows every morning before breakfast for two years," said Tilka. "I think you keep not more as one."

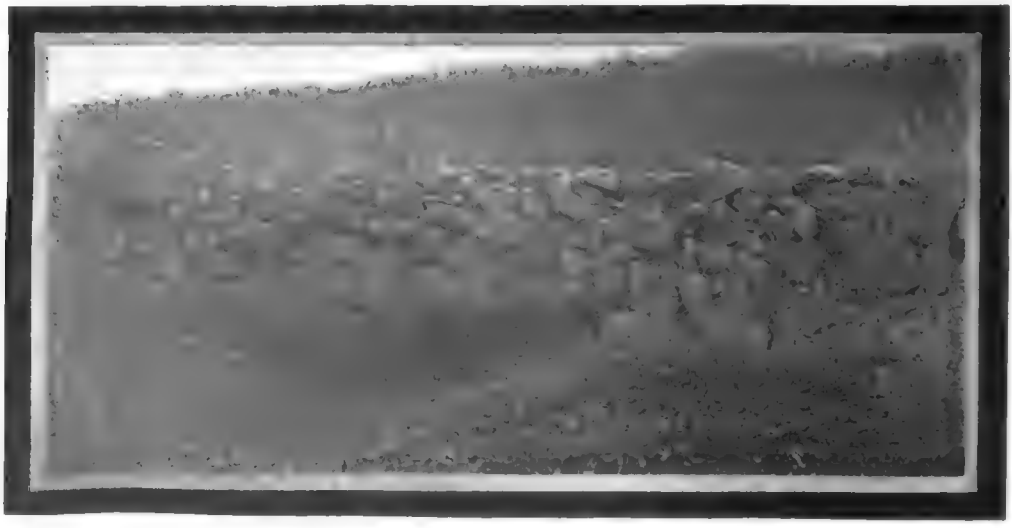
"Well, Mart," said John, "I've hired your wife. Suppose we consider you thrown in for a week for a dollar and a half a day?"

Mart laughed silently, and waited for his wife to answer.

"I guess," she said, "he is so good as hired," and then she laughed, too.

Contrary to appearances, John found that Mart had considerable character of his own, which he took good care never to put in the way of his wife's lusty and exuberant egotism. It was an understood arrangement, apparently, that she was to make her vitality represent the firm. But the moment Mart began to swing a scythe, John saw, in the steady gait and dexterous rhythm, that he knew his business. "How much grass is there on this place?" John asked.

"I cut a ton and a half last year off it,"



"THE PICTURESQUENESS OF THE STURDY BREASTWORK . . . DID NOT OCCUR TO HIM THEN."

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TILKA.

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said Mart. "I guess it's about the same this year."

"What's it worth?"

"Ten dollars a ton."

"Fifteen dollars," said John to himself. "Why, I'm a speculator. How long will it take you?" he asked.

"I can cut an acre and a half a day," said Mart, "if you push me. I can borrow another scythe, and my wife can help me, if you're anxious."

"No. We'll take it easy and clean up the top of the hill. The garden's the main thing. What do you want for that?"

"It's got everything in it but tomato, egg-plant, cauliflower, and late cabbages. You can get the plants in town. There's peas there ready to pick now, and lettuce and radishes."

"What, ready to eat?"

"Yes, and they ought to be tended to. The pie-plant ought to hev been pulled a week ago. You'll have strawberries there tomorrow."

"Strawberries?"

"Lots of 'em. The patch was only set out last year. Do you think of gardening?"

"That's the proper thing in the country, isn't it?"

"Do you expect to sell?"

TILKA'S "MAN."

"Can't sell much off five acres, I guess."

"Not such an awful deal," said Mart, "but the lower part of that field is pretty good soil, when the rest of the hill goes dry. I think I could squeeze out a couple of hundred dollars on celery there."

"I'll think about it," said John, as he walked away.

The next morning he let Mart drive him to town in the old wagon. He stopped at the wheelwright's. Some new washers and a new whiffletree improved the conveyance considerably, and the wheelwright suggested that a coat of paint would make it a very respectable wagon. As for the horse, several cleanings and a bag of oats had surprised him into a state of activity that was encouraging. When they came slowly back the wagon was fairly loaded with an extraordinary freight, the necessity for which had never before entered into John's calculations. He looked at the bill with some dismay. There were fifty items on it for preliminary trifles that his two confederates declared were absolutely necessary. Among other things he had bought himself a pair of overalls, a blue flannel shirt, and a stout pair of working shoes. Thus equipped, he went about his outdoor task with a good will, somewhat surprising Mart, who was evi-

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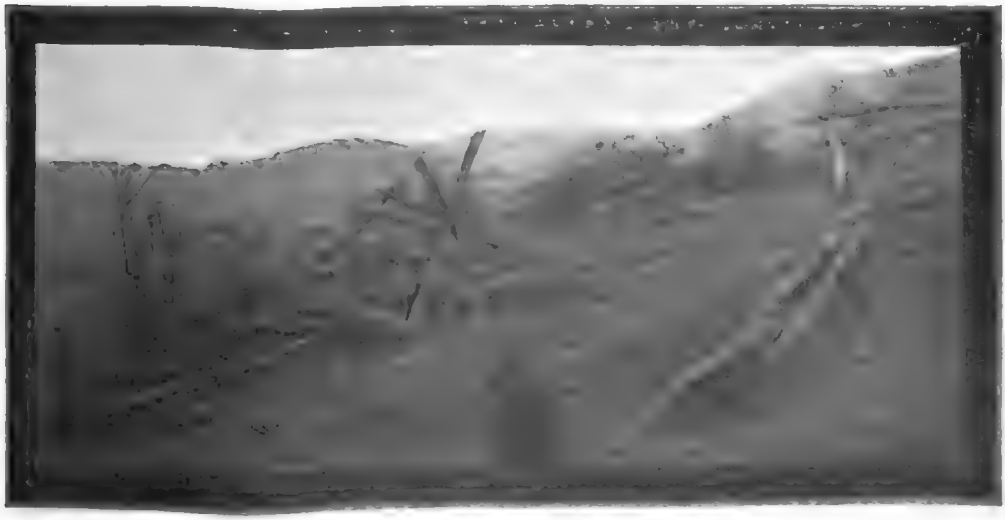
"THE RIVER ACCOMPANIED HIM THE GREATER PART OF THE WAY."

dently studying his employer keenly, and trying to arrive at some kind of estimate of his resources and status.

By Friday an enormous amount of work had been accomplished, and John set off in the afternoon for the city to bring his wife. He lingered a moment at the front gate to look at the place, and felt that, squatty as it was, it now bore the appearance of a veteran whose beard had been shaved and hair trimmed.

The hour's ride on the train gave him time to reflect, and he began to study his memorandum-book. He was rather appalled, when he saw the sum-total, at the amount of money he had already spent. The items were innumerable, and the page looked like this:

Paid on Property	$1,000	00
" Lawyer	5	00
" for Horse	35	00
" " Wagon	15	00
" " Harness	5	00
" " Tools	5	00
" " Horse-feed	1	15
" " Provisions	4	80
" " Nails, tacks, wire, etc		60
" " Lime, soap, soda, etc		45
" " Washers and whiffletree	1	80
" " Pails, brushes, etc		95



"THE LONG SLOPE THROUGH THE CLOVER AND THE JUNE GRASS, WHERE AT ONE TIME WAS A PATH."

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Paid for Window-glass and putty	$0 48
" " Bucket and rope for well	1 55
" " Overalls	60
" " Heavy shoes and shirt	3 50
" " Wall-paper and hanging	9 50
" " Barrel of kerosene	6 00
" " Coal	5 50
" " Buggy hire and car-fare	3 80
" " Tilka	1 00
Due for help	15 00
Miscellaneous items	5 00
Total	$1,126 68

Under the general term of "Miscellaneous" were included such necessary trifles as curry-comb, stable broom and fork, matches, screw-driver, scythe and sickle, and wheelbarrow.

Having studied this grim setting-forth to his heart's content, he consoled himself with the idea that he had bought everything in the world that he could think of, and, pushing the book into his pocket, he went into the smoker and began to calculate the effect of it all upon his wife. He arrived in the city about seven o'clock in the evening. On the ferry-boat he met an old artist acquaintance of his wife whom he had not seen for a year, and who was returning, he said, from a tramp out in Jersey. It was a fine opportunity for John to ventilate his new proprietorship and see how it worked. "By Jove," he said, "the country is beautiful. I've just come down from my place, and I had to tear myself away."

"Your place? Are you living in the country?"

"Why, certainly. You must run up this fall when the autumn foliage is right. I'll have my wife drive you around. She will be delighted to see you. Fresh vegetables and milk will set you up, old fellow. You really must come up."

"Sure," said the artist. "You can depend on me. Where is your place?"

"It's in Rockland County. All you have to do is to come to Suffern, and let me know when you're coming. I'll meet you with the team."

This sounded so fine to John that he was tempted to carry the experiment a little beyond bounds, and had to restrain himself.

He found his wife sitting in dishabille at an open window, fanning herself, with her face set in a reproachful expression of injured innocence. He bravely put his arm about her, gave her an unceremonious kiss, and proceeded at once to explain and apologize.

"You see," he said, "I wasn't coming back this time without something to show. What you want, my dear, are results, and you want them before the summer is over. Well, you are to get up early to-morrow, and take the boy, and tell me if I have found the thing of which we are in search. Did you ever hear of the Mahwah? I never heard of it myself until a few days ago."

"No," said Lucy. "What is it, a river?"

"Yes, the most beautiful little river you ever saw."

Lucy looked out of the window and merely asked:

"Is it connected with the Gulf Stream?"

(To be continued.)

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AT ANCHOR.

(From a gum-print in india ink on rough drawing paper.)

By Alfred Stieglitz, 1894.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART.

II.—ALFRED STIEGLITZ AND HIS WORK.*

By Charles H. Caffin.

THERE are few, if any, who will not concede to Alfred Stieglitz the first place among American exponents of pictorial photography. It is his own, both for what he himself has done, and also for what he has encouraged and enabled others to accomplish.

His influence upon the progress of the art has been so widely diffused that it is difficult to estimate it accurately. We have to consider him as an artist, following his own ideal, and reaching certain definite results of personal expression, but as much more than an individual factor; by his training and affiliations a connecting link between the photographers of Europe and of the United States as a man of international influences; then, again, as a vitalizing force in the betterment of the art in this country, one whose wide knowledge and large sympathies have ever been at the call of those who are earnest workers, and always with an ardor entirely unselfish. In fact, he has been the incarnation of the movement—artist, prophet, pathfinder.

He is an American by birth; born in 1864. In 1881 he went to Germany to study mechanical engineering in the Polytechnic Schools at Berlin. His object up to this time was purely scientific. However, the famous scientist, Professor Vogel, Chief of the Photo-Mechanical Laboratory, suggested

By Alfred Stieglitz, 1900.

GOING TO THE BEACH.

(From the "Photographic Journal of a Baby.")

* This most interesting series was begun in the last number with a general discussion of the place photography has won for itself as a fine art. The next article will treat of the work of Mrs. Gertrude Käsebier.

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a course of theoretical photography as of practical value in engineering. Mr. Stieglitz was one of those who fell in with the idea and had the benefit of working under the professor while he was developing his invention of ortho-chromatic plates and reducing his results to a commercial possibility. The object of these "corrected color" plates was to counteract the tendency of certain colors in nature to assert themselves at the expense of the others; to discover, in fact, a solution which should render the plates sensitive to all the colors in their balanced relations, translating them into a truthful equivalent of black and white. Thus for two years Mr. Stieglitz assisted in the experiments, photographing all kinds of subjects—landscapes, flowers, portrait paintings, and so forth, and he was probably the first amateur to use these "color-sensitive" plates in his own work. During this period the passion for photography asserted itself over his original intention of being an engineer. It satisfied alike his love of science and a natural instinct he found he possessed for art. After two years of close scientific study he started, camera in hand and his wallet filled with these ortho-chromatic plates, for a tour through Italy in search of the picturesque. He seems to have looked for it and found it, particularly in its relation to the out-door life of the people. One of the first of these Italian studies was "A Good Joke," which he sent to a "holiday work competition," organized by "The Amateur Photographer" of London. It was awarded first prize, the judge being Dr. P. H. Emerson, subsequently well known as the author of "Naturalistic Photography," who said of the print that it was the only spontaneous work in the whole collection. I shall return to this picture presently. Apparently its recognition confirmed Mr. Stieglitz in his devotion to photography, and, very characteristically, he returned to Germany and entered upon the study of chemistry, meanwhile keeping up a correspondence with the leading photographers of Europe, writing on the science for German periodicals, and winning prizes at many exhibitions. In 1890 he returned to the United States, continuing his scientific investigations; sending pictures to exhibitions all over the world; being elected a member of the famous "Linked Ring" in England, and winning nearly a hundred honors of various kinds; acting for a time, without remuneration, as editor of "The American Amateur Photographer," and stimulating through the country a higher standard of aim and accomplishment; for some time filling the position of manager for a photo-engraving company; helping to organize the Camera Club, and assuming the responsibility for and editorship of "Camera Notes," the most dignified, and probably most influential, of all photographic journals; finally taking a leading part in the establishment of the Philadelphia Photographic Salon, and holding to-day a unique position of leader, counsellor, and encourager, to whom the only introduction needed by other amateurs is that they also have the interests of pictorial photography at heart.

In this elaborate web of energy two qualities are clearly perceptible; the scientific and the artistic temperament. They represent the warp and woof; and, if one is to assign their relative positions, I am inclined to believe that the foundation threads of his purposes are scientific, and that into these he has woven the artistic woof. But the two are so closely matted that their discrimination is of little practical value; the main thing being that they are adjusted to a most admirable balance, and that the enthusiasm which is characteristic both of the scientific and of the artistic temperament is in him united. In this dual interest we discover the secret of his own personality as an artist, and of his influences upon the purposes of photographic art.

There is no inherent antagonism between science and art, as some people rashly imagine; regarding the former as fastened down to measured footsteps of accuracy and logic, while art proceeds by leaps and bounds. Our great artist, John La Farge, for example, has reached his splendid results of color, both in painting and stained glass, by making science his handmaid; Pissarro, Monet, and Sisley, the most famous of the "Impressionists," have done the same, the first named attributing his earliest inspiration to the scientific discoveries of Professor Rood of Columbia University; while architecture is largely an adjustment of artistic motive to scientific possibilities. But the alliance seems even closer in the case of photography; for it has its base in chemistry and physics, and only upon these can one rear an artistic superstructure, independent of the other

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By Alfred Stieglitz, 1899

MORNING.

arts. It is impossible, therefore, to overestimate the value to this new art of having had a champion fully equipped in both directions; one who could comprehend the artistic possibilities, and reach them through scientific investigations, making himself not merely a prophet of ideas, but a pathfinder toward their realization. Moreover, Mr. Stieglitz has been perpetually a counterpoise of sanity, resisting the tendency to run after strange gods, to indulge in "faked" effects, and to consider that the end always justifies the means.

"Faked effects" may sound a strong term, but with what other can one describe the old so-called "moonlight" scenes which were taken in *full daylight* with the camera pointed at the sun, occasion being chosen when a passing cloud veiled the intensity of its glare? An effect was obtained which unquestionably suggested moonlight; but failed entirely to render the mystery of night, the subtle pranks which the lights and shadows play. In fact, it was not a picture of moonlight, but of something that

By Alfred Stieglitz, 1899.

NOON.

to the thoughtless and easily satisfied might seem to be "just as good"—not a record of nature, but a fake. Very often it was an extremely pretty one, and to a great many people prettiness represents the limit of their comprehension in art. So these "moonlights" pleased, and the discovery that they were faked lent a further zest. The "Who'd have thought it?" followed on the "Oh! my, how pretty!" and that curious trait of human nature, recognized by Barnum, was satisfied. But an artist is not satisfied with prettiness; he searches for beauty, and, in his study of nature, finds it through truth to nature. The only moonlight picture that could begin to satisfy him was a picture of moonlight. Experimenting in

By Alfred Stieglitz, 1899.

GOOD-NIGHT.

(All three from the "Photographic Journal of a Baby.")

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Reproduced from a platinotype. *By Alfred Stieglitz.*

MOTHER AND CHILD.

(From the "Photographic Journal of a Baby.")

this direction, another artist, Mr. William A. Frazer, succeeded in obtaining moonlight landscapes at night with an exposure of some ten minutes. This, of course, precluded the introduction of moving objects, and Mr. Stieglitz pushed his investigations further until he was able to take a rapid picture of a street at night, animated by vehicles and pedestrians. He has made a present of this discovery, as of his other ones, to the photographic world; for he is an amateur in the strictest sense of the word, impelled only by a love of his art and a desire for its advancement; devoting any money that remains from the sale of prints to further research, the results of which in time become public property.

In this connection, allusion may be made to the propaganda he has maintained by voice and pen. His correspondence with photographers throughout the world and contributions to periodicals, apart from his editorial work, have been continuous and influential. His writings are terse and to the point; backed with so much knowledge and so disinterested that they command respect even from those who are disinclined to accept his views. There are heartburnings among photographers as among co-workers in other lines, and Mr. Stieglitz has received a full share of knocks from opponents, but I doubt if there is a single one of the latter who does not heartily respect him even while he thumps him. He, also, is an accomplished thumper; delivering his blows with telling directness, the effect of which it is difficult to explain away. For it cannot be said that he has any private ends to serve, or that he is merely an artistic visionary, or, on the other hand, that he is only a scientist with no feeling for art. So he is a troublesome antagonist, and even those who resent his *de facto* leadership among American photographers are bound to admit that he has not sought the honor, but that it has grown around his personality through his

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qualifications, fitting so admirably the circumstances and needs of the time. Moreover, it is not only by direct exertion of his talents that he has reached his position. People approach him in various ways; to secure his pictures at exhibitions and himself as a juror; to have him lecture; and to seek his advice in problems with which they are wrestling. Thus, he has forced upon him the rôle of spokesman and counsellor, and in both capacities is actuated simply by what he conceives to be the best interests of the art to which he has devoted his life.

It was mentioned above that he has always combated the doctrine that the end justifies the means. His attitude upon this subject is that the photographer should rely upon means really photographic; that is to say, upon those which grow out of and belong to the technical process. For example, he objects to the "touching up" of a negative by brushing in high lights with Chinese white or deepening shadows with Indian ink, because this imparts a foreign element. The operator ceases to rely upon the actual scientific process and is "getting around" the deficiencies of his plate or of his own skill by what is, after all, a subterfuge. He does not deny that in certain cases a beautiful effect has been obtained, but, detecting the trick, feels a jar. The picture is not exclusively a photograph. On the other hand, he advocates and practises the fullest control of the result, both in the way of emphasizing certain parts, and of reducing or eliminating others. The gist of his argument consists in the fact that through the modern improvements in developing and printing, the operator not only has almost unlimited control over the result, but even can metamorphose the original. One sees photographs, for example, which look as if they were charcoal drawings, etchings, or wash-drawings; the photographer with brush or needle having simulated these effects. Of these Mr. Stieglitz would be disposed to say: "Yes, they are beautiful as pictures, but do not ask me to regard them seriously as photographs. If a man wishes

By Alfred Stieglitz, 1897.

AN ICY NIGHT, NEW YORK.

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By Alfred Stieglitz, 1898.

A STUDY IN TWO COLORS.

(Reproduction from a glycerine print in two colors—the process introduced by Messrs. Stieglitz and Jos. T. Keiley.)

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By Alfred Stieglitz, 1900.

THE AFTERNOON VISIT.

(From the "Photographic Journal of a Baby.")

to get a charcoal effect, let him use charcoal; why burden himself with the restrictions and difficulties of the camera, when he can accomplish his purpose so much more readily and effectively with a bit of burnt wood?" His friend might reply: "I am seeking certain results; the means are immaterial; I use photography as the readiest to my hand, but do not regard her as a mistress with divine rights, but as a servant to do my bidding." "But there are servants and servants," Mr. Stieglitz would rejoin, "Some learned in horses, some in the mysteries of the

By Alfred Stieglitz, 1896.

REFLECTIONS—NIGHT, NEW YORK.

(First night photograph made with the introduction of life.)

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By Alfred Stieglitz, 1894.

PORTRAIT OF A DUTCH WOMAN.

toilet, others in the cooking of cutlets—and reason would suggest relying upon their individual capacities. The arts equally have distinct departments, and unless photography has its own possibilities of expression, separate from those of the other arts, it is merely a process, not an art; but granted that it is an art, reliance should be placed unreservedly upon those possibilities, that they may be made to yield the fullest results."

As chronicler in these pages of our

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By Alfred Stieglitz.

THE NET MENDER.

leading photographers, I do not take sides in the controversy; preferring to adopt the non-committal attitude of the theological student who, when he was asked to distinguish between the "major and minor prophets," humbly replied: "Far be it from me to draw distinctions between such holy men." But, whatever may be the merits of the case, it must be admitted that this doctrine of photography for photographers, so ably and staunchly maintained, has been most opportune and useful. The art is new; its road is being gradually laid, "slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent," and the tendency of men, seeking for individual manner of expression, is to wander off the track. The influence of Mr. Stieglitz has been the conservative one of insisting upon the value of the main road, while his scientific knowledge and his own artistic productions have kept him in the van of those who are continually pushing it forward.

In common with all the best photographers, he lays great stress upon the mounting and framing of the prints. Size, shape, color, and texture of the mount and the color and character of the frame are all considered with a special regard for the color and character of the print, so that a complete harmoniousness may be obtained. In this respect the photographers as a body have shown themselves more artistic than the painters, who are gradually realizing the inappropriateness of most of the gilded abominations in which they frame their pictures. These are generally made in factories by artisans, skilful enough, but having no artistic sensibility, or, for that matter, any chance of displaying it if they possess it, since the frames are not designed for the pictures, but turned out in patterns which aim mainly at elaborateness of commonplace ornament and excessive glare of gilt. How often does one see such incongruity as the face of a maiden with

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sweet, wistful eyes, peering out of a frame bedizened with the vulgar trimmings invented in the ostentatious court of the Grand Monarch; or a tender landscape, whose delicate atmosphere is sucked up by the hot glare of gilt around it. Such inartistic anomalies are common enough in every gallery of paintings, but rarely seen in a photographic exhibition. The reason is that the photographers have more completely realized the beauty of *tone;* and this from the nature of their craft. For, whether they print their pictures in gray, black, brown, or some other tint, they are practically limited to one color and must obtain variety and harmony by playing upon subtle gradations from the darkest to the lightest parts. One may compare the virtuosity of the violinist who, in the sweep of his bow over a single note, can produce robustness of sound and a variety of differently modulated expressions, dying away into tremulous vibrations. We say he is extracting *tone* from his instrument, and by analogy apply the same word, tone, to the artist's management of his single color. Tone is equally applied to similar management of many combined colors. The photographer's feeling for tone does not stop short at the edges of the print; he tries to make the frame contribute to the effect by a harmony either of similarity or contrast; by making the frame form one of the gradations of tint, or by introducing into it another color that will by contrast enforce the picture within. It is no uncommon thing for a photographer to experiment for several months with the framing and mounting of a print; hanging it where he can see it frequently and study it with a fresh eye, gradually amending his original conception of the setting until it satisfies him.

As a key to the consideration of Mr. Stieglitz's own work as an artist, it may be repeated that his prominent characteristic is the balanced interest which he feels in science as well as art. Interwoven with the artist's enjoyment of beauty and the man's interest in human nature is the expert's delight in seeing in his work the evidence of scientific problems solved. He is by conviction and instinct an exponent of the "straight photograph"; working chiefly in the open air, with rapid exposure; leaving his models to pose themselves, and relying for results upon means strictly photographic. He is to be counted among the Impressionists; fully conceiving his picture before he attempts to take it, seeking for effects of vivid actuality, and reducing the final record to its simplest terms of expression. It will be remembered that Dr. Emerson said of the print with which he won his first distinction, that it was the only one in the collection which had spontaneousness. The subject of "A Good Joke" is a group of thirteen women and children standing near a water-trough in an Italian street. They are engrossed in doing nothing in a manner charmingly Italian, and a laugh is rippling from face to face, started, one may suspect, by the artist. It represents a vivid moment of actual life. So far it is impressionistic. But in this early picture there seem to be evidences that the figures were posed by the artist. If that be so, he has long abandoned the practice. He takes snap-shots, but does not touch the button until he has completely thought out the pictures, studied exactly the scene, conditions of light and position of the figures, and then bides his time until the conditions are possible, and then again waits for the figures, unconsciously, to pose *themselves*. The only chance upon which he depends is the one of eventually getting his figures in the place and pose that he desires. If that does not happen, neither does the picture. Another fault of that early picture is its lack of condensation. It brims over with interest, but the interest is too scattered. Each face is a capital study, and the eye wanders from one to the other; this very diffusion of interest interfering with a simple, unified expression of the whole group. In a word the scene is a literal transcript from nature, rather than an artist's pictorial impression of it. This is not a characteristic of Mr. Stieglitz's mature work, in which he invariably emphasizes the important facts of the scene, eliminating or moderating the less important, and bringing every detail into due subordination to a single effect of telling simplicity. A very fine example of this is shown in the reproduction of "Gossip—Katwyk." Before discussing it, however, it should be remembered, *apropos* of the illustrations in this and subsequent articles, that a "half-tone reproduction," no matter with what skill and care it be made, cannot render faithfully the delicate modulations of tone in the original print. The minute mesh of cross lines reduces the brilliance both of

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the whitest and blackest parts; tending to a general shrinkage in the range of tints or "values" and flattening the picture, with a resultant loss of distance and atmosphere. In "Gossip," for example, the sky has been deadened, the vibration of light is scarcely represented, and its suggestion of atmosphere and breeziness much diminished. Moreover, the crests of the waves, and particularly the caps of the women, do not present the vivacity of contrast which is noticeable in the original.

But to return to the "Gossip"—how simple it is and what impressive realism in the simplicity! The broad sweep of open sky, the strip of waves following one upon another, and the stretch of sand, over part of which the water slides, are racy of free, fresh vastness. You may feel the scene to be a little drear, yet what invigoration there is, echoed in the sturdy forms and energetic action of the two women and the blunt strength of the boat. Boat, ocean, and wives, and a sense of isolation—the life and romance of a little fishing village are admirably epitomized. The highest praise one can give the picture is to say that it reaches the heart of the matter with the same directness and sympathy that characterize the works of the Dutch artists Israels and Blommers. One distinguishes these qualities again in "The Net Mender" and the "Portrait of a Dutch Woman." They have the *intimate* feeling that usually Dutch artists alone can impart to Dutch subjects. In the case of the portrait most strangers would have unduly emphasized the ruggedness of the face or the delicate linen cap, and insisted, probably, on the woman donning her gala attire, and have elaborated what they are pleased to call her "picturesqueness." But in his desire to reach the humanity of his subject Mr. Stieglitz has controlled his effect most masterfully. The breadth of the figure is felt rather than seen; our notice being drawn to the long, powerful arm; just enough definition is given to the cap to suggest its freshness and homely elegance; nothing is permitted to interfere with the strong, sweet earnestness of the face. This, too, is kept in control; the weatherbeaten flesh and massive skull being softened to a mystery of tenderness by the shadows, so that looking forth from her eyes is the soul of a woman, wholesome, strong, and lovable. Nor let us omit the ample distribution of dark passages in the picture, knowingly diversified and spotted with the head and hands, the very pattern of black and white contributing to the expression of the woman's character. "The Net Mender" is a study of a type rather than of an individual, a familiar feature of the shore at Katwyk, seeming to belong to it as naturally as the tufts of grass, embodying even the spirit of the scene. The figure, notwithstanding its firmness, is supple and admirably adjusted to the spaces around it, and from edge to edge of the frame there is not an atom of jar upon the pensive tranquillity of feeling that breathes through the picture. It is one that Millet might have conceived.

I wish that others of these Dutch pictures could have been reproduced, such as "Scurrying Home" and "Waiting for the Boats," also other examples of the Italian and Swiss series besides "A Bit of Venice," for while this has considerable pictorial charm, it does not involve the human subject, and it is in his treatment of this in relation to outdoor scenes that Mr. Stieglitz has exhibited the most distinguished skill. Nor is he one of those who despair of discovering pictorial motive at home. The human nature which attracts him he finds most free from artificiality in the streets of cities. New York in its scenic and human aspects he has studied exhaustively, and one hopes that the results will some day be published, for they would give a record of city life without a parallel. Reproduced here are two of his famous series of night views of New York, one of them memorable as being the first night photograph made in which life is introduced. In both, the combined effects of brilliant and of diffused light are remarkable, and "An Icy Night" amply justifies his contention that a certain amount of "halation" (the muzzy halo surrounding some of the lights) is true to facts and pictorially pleasant. In this picture, also, one notes with what fine precision the reaching distances of the scenes are rendered. Considering the absence of light, the depth of the picture and the subtlety of its "values" are surprising. Another famous New York series is the one of snow scenes, of which a well-known example showed a Fifth Avenue stage ploughing through the newly fallen snow; a picture grand in composition and in its suggestion of solemn desolation, full of atmosphere and wonderfully true in the receding distances of the waste of snow. Like all his work, it represents a conception thought out

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and vividly realized before the camera was set in place. In connection with these snow pictures there is an amusing story. One night he was awakened by a blizzard, and, getting up and putting on many layers of clothing, crept from the house. He set his shoulders to the storm and worked his way backward up the street; at one moment having his camera swept from his hands and carried far by the wind, but eventually obtaining a picture. Soon after daybreak, when the storm had cleared, other photographers began to arrive, to whom the policeman, emerging from his shelter, remarked: "Ah! you fellers ain't the first; there was a d—d fool here in the middle of the night." With one accord they exclaimed, "Stieglitz!"

No picture has secured its author more deserved reputation than the "Portrait of Mr. R." One need not have known the subject to feel sure that it is a characteristic likeness of a most interesting personality; a man of mental power and tender qualities and, above all, of beautiful poise of character. One can read the last in the lean of the head and the carriage of the two hands, a pose at once spontaneous and reposeful; evidently habitual. Moreover, it is a handsome picture, rich in color-tone, with a noble simplicity in the distribution of light and dark and a gradation from the blackest to whitest that moves in a slow, impressive *crescendo;* the extremes of each meeting beneath the face and giving it additional distinction. The mingled firmness and mobility of the features and the soft luxuriance of the hair are exquisitely rendered. In fact, the more one studies the picture, the grander and sweeter it appears. It was achieved by the squeezing of a rubber bulb held *perdu* in the artist's pocket, for the subject did not know that he was being photographed. But it represents preliminary study extending over more than two years. The gentleman was habitually composed, but stiffened at once into unnatural self-consciousness at any suggestion of a sitting. Mr. Stieglitz cultivated his friendship and studied his characteristic, until one day, during a summer visit to Lake George, he laid his plans for securing a picture. The camera was in readiness, facing a background of trees; for, little as one would suspect it, the picture was taken in the open air. The artist invited his friend for a stroll, chatting meanwhile of a picture he proposed to take. On reaching the camera, he expressed a doubt as to how much of a scene he should include, and begged Mr. R. to stand for a moment that he might compare the scale of the figure with that of the landscape. Without a suspicion the gentleman placed himself, assuming his accustomed attitude, and the next moment his portrait had been secured.

Devotion to art is most charmingly mingled with the personal element in a long series of pictures, still growing, entitled, "The Photographic Journal of a Baby." Both the originality of the idea and the methodic completeness of its realization are eminently characteristic. The examples illustrated are not to be regarded as pictures; they are simply studies of baby life; artless, lovable incidents that had been watched and noted many a time before they were permanently recorded.

A word must be said of "Study in Two Colors." In the original the face is a pale nut-brown, a savor of the same being appreciable in the lace. It is an example of the improved glycerine process perfected by Messrs. Stieglitz and Joseph T. Keiley, which enables the artist to increase or retard the development of the print and to introduce a coloring pigment. The intention here is not to present the color of the flesh, but to infuse an accidental note into the harmony of black and white.

In final summary of this appreciation of Mr. Stieglitz and his work, I would reiterate that the personal qualification, which has made his influence upon pictorial photography so widely felt and valuable, is the rare balance in him of scientific knowledge and artistic feeling, joined to a character enthusiastic, powerful, and sympathetic. Regarding his pictures, one may end as one began with Dr. Emerson's word, "Spontaneousness." He excels in studies of human subjects, and in his best examples attains a realism that is no bare record of facts but the realization of a vivid mental conception. When he sets his figures in a scene they become part of it and one with it in spirit. He puts them there because he has seen that they belong to it. His sentiment, never degenerating into sentimentality, is always wholesome and sincere, and his pictures have the added charm of handsome arrangement and of simple and controlled impressiveness. In his hands the "straight photograph" is triumphantly vindicated.

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AN EASTER-CARD.

By Mary E. Wilkins.

Illustrated by Gustave Verbeek.

On the morning of the Saturday before Easter Lawrence Brooks put on his shabby overcoat, his shabby hat, also his shabby gloves—for, poor as he was, the instincts of a gentleman as to gloves survived within him—and set out for the post-office. The morning mail was due at nine o'clock. The air in the little country post-office was fetid with the throng of loungers in their old rain-soaked garments—there was a heavy rain falling—dripping umbrellas stood here and there in pools of wet. The back of Lawrence Brooks's green-black overcoat was dank with rain; he owned no umbrella. He had a careless shamble of gait, and a careless shamble of pose when he stood still; but no one for an instant would have mistaken him for anything but a gentleman. Intimate acquaintance with his own thoughts and the thoughts of others was written in every line of his face. People did not crowd him too closely as he stood before the letter-boxes, but left him, as it were, intact in a little circle of his own individuality. After all—though he was poor, though he was known to be idle, and a failure in life—he was Lawrence Brooks, the descendant of one of the best families in the village. His father had been a judge, and a member of Congress, and his mother a gentlewoman such as seldom lived in New England. Lawrence had stores of wisdom in that unkempt head of his, and a kindly smile as from an unlevelled height of superiority upon all who crossed his path. He was both sneered at and respected by others; as for his attitude toward himself, it was both condemnatory and indulgent. He watched his own shiftless shamble along his life-path with unconcern and a certain sadness. Sometimes it occurred to him that the principal trouble with him was a lack of interest in himself. It always occurred to him more forcibly on Easter morning, because he had then a temporary revival of interest, for it was then that the Card came. For a great many years there had been without fail an Easter-card in the post-office for Lawrence Brooks, and he had never the least idea who sent it. The Card had come first the Easter after that great disappointment of his life, which had, perhaps, been the cause of his more or less complete wreck on the rocks of destiny. The girl whom he had expected to marry had forsaken him for another man. It seemed that when the girl's interest in him waned the man's did also. He seemed to lie inert where the little thing, whose worst fault, after all, had been a gentle indecision and docility under the leadings of other wills, had thrown him. He had been put aside, and he remained there. He gave up his law-office after sitting idly in it for a few years; then he lived on his principal. The income of the old Brooks estate was not sufficient for his needs, which were frugal, as regarded his personal expenses, in everything except books. He would have books. Sometimes in these latter years he used to look with a sort of agony of anticipatory renunciation at his shelves of books. He knew that in time they must go to satisfy his creditors, for he was an honorable man. He often wished that he might not live to see the day when he must be separated from them. He also sometimes was distinctly conscious of a wish not to live to see an Easter Day when his Card should not come. This Card had come to mean an inconceivable amount to a man who was no longer a child. It represented for him all the outside interest in the world of his kind. Whoever sent it was a friend, and had him in mind; there could be no doubt as to that. Every Easter morning he stood, as now, before the tiers of letter-boxes, and watched the swiftly flying fingers of the postmaster and his assistant, with a tremendous sense of suspense. The pulses beat hard in his neck under his shaggy fall of gray-blond beard; his eyes were riveted upon his own box, 267. The mail was nearly distributed, and he was feeling cold and despairing, for he was not a man to have much faith in a last chance, when there was a dart of a swift, slim white hand and a sharp slant of envelope triangled the box,

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It had come. Lawrence pressed closely to the window, and, when it was slid open, said his box-number to the clerk, and got his Card. He put the dainty white envelope into his pocket to protect it from the rain, and set out for home. There was jubilation in his heart.

The infinite preciousness of being unforgotten filled him with radiance, and that happened which never failed to happen at these times—his interest in himself awoke, stimulated by this interest of another. He stopped at the market on his way home, and purchased a tender steak for his dinner; it was long since he had eaten a steak. He told the salesman, with a confident air, to put it on his bill, although he knew that the bill must be met by a sale of some of his beloved books. He also purchased some potatoes, and a pound of choice tobacco. Then he went home and cooked his dinner; he lived quite alone.

When the steak and potatoes were eaten, and he had settled down with his pipe over a hearth-fire, for the weather was cold though it was Easter, he opened the envelope which contained his precious Card. It was a very pretty card, delicately designed and executed: a cross with lilies and the usual "He is risen" in Old English text. The man, huge, unkempt, settling into his old chair with a heavy lounge of comfort, like some irresponsible animal, looked at it over his cloud of tobacco smoke with a curious delight, and then, as always, his dream began. A species of hypnosis induced by the suggestion of the Easter-card settled over him, and he lived therein to his complete self-delusion for the time. The room in which he sat had been a stately apartment in its day, but it was now hideous in spite of the valuable books with which it was lined. The books themselves were dust-laden, and seemed desecrated; the tops of their cases were covered with a medley of nameless rubbish; everything about the room was loose-hung and indescribably shabby and squalid; disorder had arrived at such a pitch that ease and comfort alike were sacrificed. Lawrence even shifted uneasily in his old chair on account of the broken springs; the ragged edge of his collar rasped his neck, the ceiling over his head hung perilously, threatening a fall. He stared fretfully at an old engraving, discolored and hanging awry, when the dream suggested by the Card came into full force.

Suddenly the picture was straight, the hearth swept, the brasses were bright, the precious books dusted, the tops of their cases ornamented with photographs and casts; there was even a vase of fresh flowers, roses—he could smell them. Instead of those torn traps for stumbling feet, in the old carpet, were rich rugs, his chair

"THE INFINITE PRECIOUSNESS OF BEING UNFORGOTTEN."

was a hollow of luxury, and as for himself, he had found his level. He no longer regarded himself with that strange mixture of indulgence and sadness, but with entire respect and approval. He lived up to his Easter-card. This little lever of human interest did a mighty work within him; he was not yet a dead-weight, he had the power of response to love and faith.

Sitting there holding the Card, he re-

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solved, as always, to engage his old law-office the next Monday, to reassert himself among his kind, to go to work, to let them see that he was not quite crushed. He had always resolved this, but had never done it. He had a whole drawer of his desk full of these Easter-cards, and upon every one he had reared an airy edifice; but the foundation was too fragile, and it had collapsed. He had settled back into his old ways. But the resolve always came, and always for the time it caused his elevation to his own true level. He insensibly straightened himself as he sat there, the loose lines in his face grew tense, his very hands, clutching his old pipe and his Easter-card, took on a different character. They looked as if they could not only grasp, but retain.

Then the door opened suddenly, and his one surviving relative, a second-cousin, entered without ceremony. She was much older than he, harsh-faced, strung up to the painful concert-pitch of order and thrift of New England. She had married a prosperous man. Her carriage was waiting at the gate, but he had been so absorbed that he had not noticed the noise of the wheels. She held on to her silken skirts with a firm hand, lest they come in contact with the dusty floor. As she tossed the plumes on her little jet bonnet, she surveyed the man before her and the squalid room with disgust, indignation, and something like triumph.

"Well, Lawrence Brooks, I've found out after all these years," said she, in a voice lower and sweeter than one could have expected from her face, but clear and pitiless.

"Found out what, Candace?" asked Lawrence, in a bewildered way, rising. "Sit down, will you not?" he went on.

The cousin looked with disgust, that almost amounted to nausea, at the chair.

"No, thank you," she said; "I didn't come to stop. I came to tell you; to expose her. I thought it was time. Of all the shameless——"

Lawrence colored. "You forget that I don't know what you mean, Candace," he said gently, yet with a certain dignity.

"What I mean is, I've found out the one who has been sending you Easter-cards all these years, ever since——"

The man before her actually quailed. "I never—" he began, but the cousin interrupted him.

"No, I know you didn't," said she; "but Emily Dickson's husband has been postmaster all the time, except during one administration, and I made up my mind I'd find out who did such a thing as to send Easter-cards year after year to an unmarried man. And now I have found out; Emily saw her put it in the box, and she made Jonathan tell. Emily came right over and told me, and I went over and told her to her face what I thought of it, and told her I was going to expose her."

"I don't want to hear any more, Candace," said Lawrence, brokenly. He was very pale; he felt as if some inner sacredness of his nature had been laid bare to pitiless scrutiny.

"Well, I'm going to tell you," said the cousin firmly; "it was——"

Then the door opened again and another woman came in swiftly. She was a slender woman, with red spots of excitement blazing in her thin cheeks. She was not pretty, she had never been that; but she was elegant, and unmistakably a lady. She threw back a long cloak which had protected her from the rain, and stood there an almost inconceivable figure in such a place, on such an errand. She was of such delicacy and dignified modesty that she seemed almost ascetic. Her soft gray hair was laid around her temples with the precision of a statue. Folds of white lace swathed her throat. She held out one little gloved hand with an imperative gesture toward the other woman.

"Stop," said she, "stop, Candace Mears; I will tell him myself. I am not in the least ashamed. I did it. I sent those Easter-cards every year, after Amy—after my cousin treated him so badly. I was the one; *I* sent them. You have worked all this time to find out, and now you have, and I hope you are satisfied. It seems to me that you might have found nobler employment for your time, but you succeeded; however, I will be the one to tell him."

"Margaret Abbot!" gasped the other woman. "Of all the——"

"Yes, I know, Candace," said the newcomer, "of all the shameless women to come and tell him! Well, perhaps I am shameless. I don't know. I feel no shame. All I wanted was—to do him a little good; that is all I want now. I have been seeing for some time that the cards weren't enough, that I ought to tell him."

The cousin stared at her with a vacant

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"HE WAS ACTUALLY TREMBLING LIKE A GIRL, BETWEEN THESE TWO FEMININE COUNTER-CURRENTS."

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look. Lawrence held to the back of his old chair. He was actually trembling like a girl, between these two feminine countercurrents. He was quite dazed with bewilderment over it all.

His cousin drew her silk skirt higher with a sudden twitch of decision.

"Well," said she, "it's time for me to be going. I'll wait till you haven't any other lady callers, Lawrence."

She placed a vicious emphasis upon the *lady*, then she was gone with a sharp rustle of silk. The door shut, and the carriage-wheels rolled out of sound. Lawrence still stood staring helplessly at Margaret Abbot.

He had known her ever since they were children; they had gone to school together. She was Amy's cousin, had lived in the same house; she had always left the room when he called on Amy. He had never thought anything about her, never anything at all; she had scarcely been more to him than a piece of furniture. But now a mighty change like that from the union of elemental affinities seemed to be taking place within him. A wonderful strangeness of preciousness was all at once in the appearance of this slight, plain woman. There is always a point of view wherefrom the jewel-lights of another individuality are evident, and Lawrence Brooks had gained one in the case of Margaret Abbot.

MARGARET ABBOT.

Margaret, standing before him, began to talk quite unshrinkingly.

"Candace is cruel; she always was," she said impartially. "She has been ferreting this out for years, but that has nothing to do with it. It was time I told you anyway. I have been thinking for some time that I ought; that I ought not to regard my own pride or even my womanly modesty, if I could do you any good. I have always loved you, Lawrence. I used to love you when you came to see Amy; I used to think there was nobody like you, and I think so now." She said it with the unswerving truth of a child

"Oh, Margaret!" gasped Lawrence.

"Yes, it is true," said she. "I always did. I had no right, you never cared anything for me, you hardly knew I lived; all you thought of was Amy. If you married her you would never have known how I felt, you would not have needed me. But when she treated you so, it almost killed me. I cared enough about you to want you to be happy, so it almost killed me. I have never forgiven Amy."

"I did, long ago," said Lawrence.

"She did not deserve it," said Margaret. "I will never forgive her one minute of suffering she caused you. I loved you so that it seemed to me I must do something; and it was Easter right afterward, you know, and so I sent a card, and I have ever since. I thought you might feel that somebody thought of you, that it might keep up your courage. I knew what kind of man you were, but I see now that has not been enough."

She looked him straight in the face with blue eyes like a child's. A wonderful possibility of beauty seemed to awake in her face, and the man gazed at her eagerly "You must not live this way any longer,"

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said Margaret. She indicated the wretched room with a comprehensive wave of her little gloved hand. "You must rent an office, and practise law. You must be different; you must be what you started to be. You have not enough interest in yourself to do it, maybe. You do not care enough about yourself; you have not since Amy"—Margaret said "Amy" with undying rancor—"but you can do it for the sake of some one else if not for yourself. You don't love me, you never did, you never will; but I love you with all my soul, and shall as long as I live, and love is worth something even if you don't love back. You must be different for the sake of the love, Lawrence Brooks."

She continued to look at him. No woman of her race had ever made such an unsolicited avowal before, but it seemed to exalt her instead of shaming her.

Lawrence crossed the room, opened his desk-drawer, and returned with his hands full of neatly tied packets of Easter-cards.

"You sent all these?" he said in a husky, tender voice.

"Yes, I did," said Margaret, "because I loved you, and wanted you to be the man you were meant to be; and now I have had to tell you. You've got to, Lawrence."

Lawrence looked at the woman's face, then at the topmost of a package of cards, whereon was pictured an angel with a bunch of lilies. It crossed his mind that she looked like the angel.

"I'll do my best, Margaret," he said.

Margaret drew her cloak around her, and turned to go. Lawrence stood staring stupidly after her, with the Cards still in his hands. When the door closed he went to the window and watched her going down the street. All at once a resolution mightier than any which he had ever known awoke within him; he seemed to see his own better-self at Margaret's side, keeping pace with her love for him, and to see also in her strangely new yet familiar guise the ideal of his life.

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HUSH.

By Howard Weeden.

Author of "Songs of the Old South."

Music specially written for "Everybody's Magazine" by H. T. Burleigh,

Baritone at St. George's Church, New York City.

Tenderly—not too slowly.

(♩ = 80.)

VOICE. In the place where they make all the drows - y things Like

PIANO.

sleep, and dreams, and the rest,..... It is said that the

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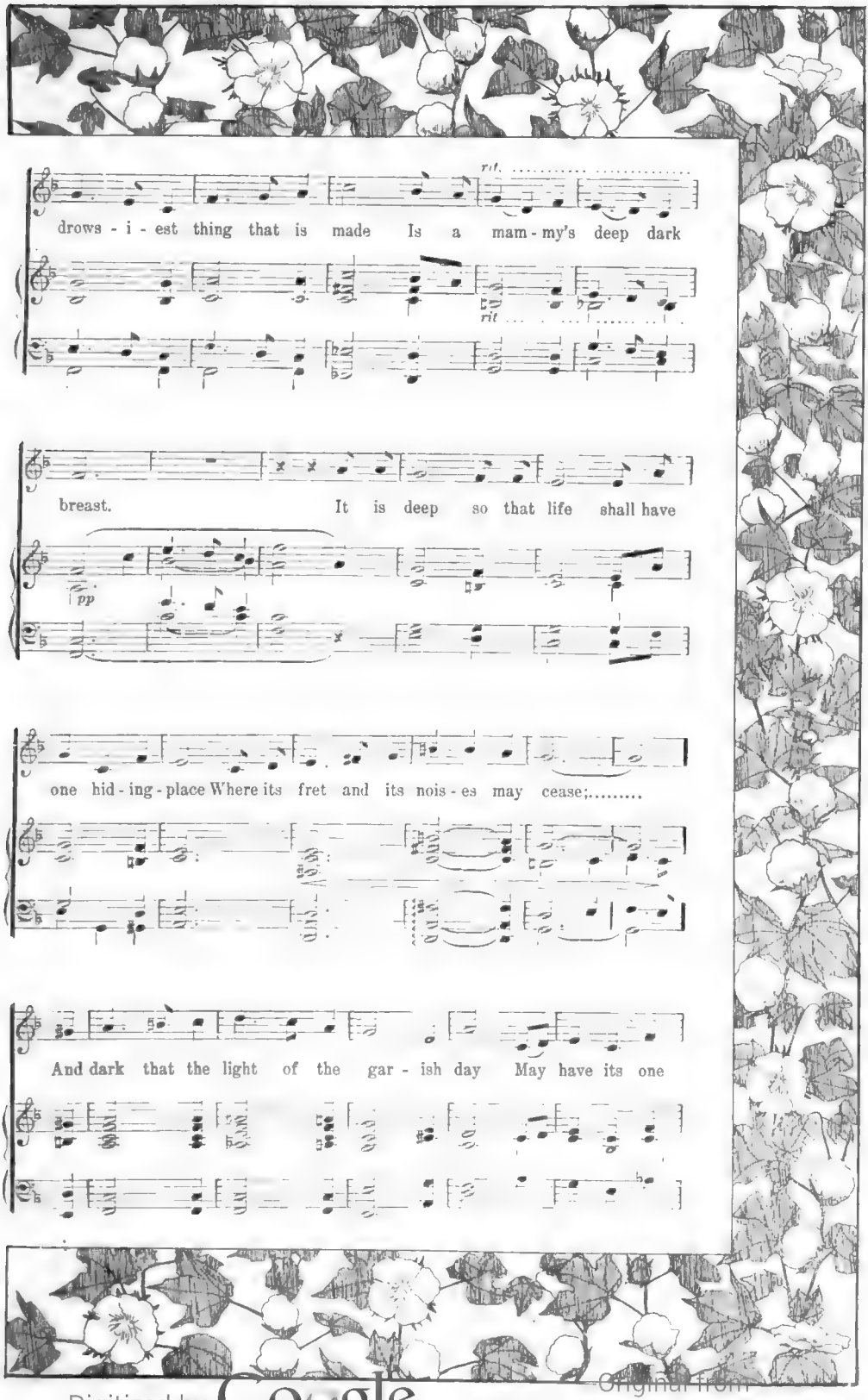
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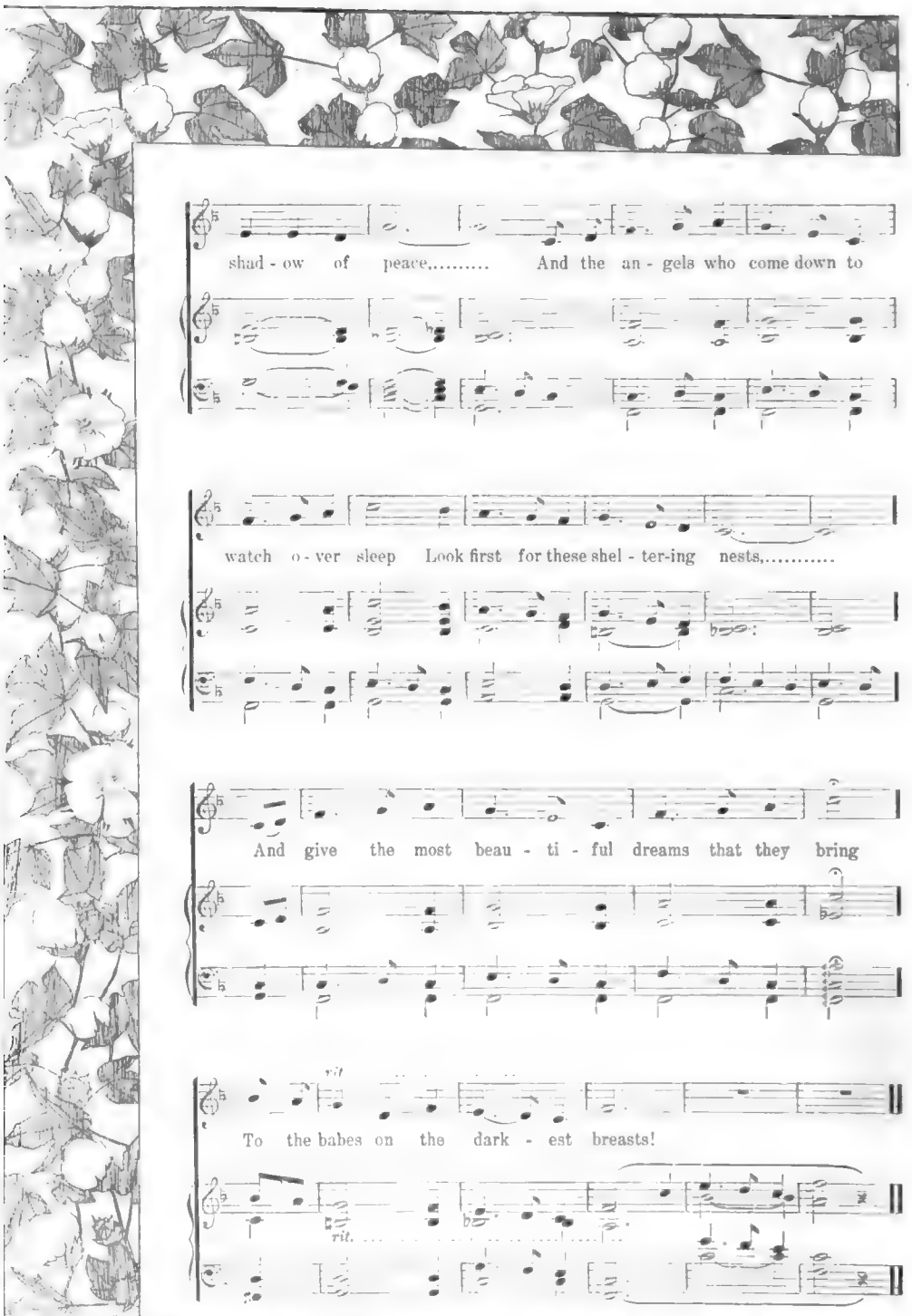
shad - ow of peace,..... And the an - gels who come down to
watch o - ver sleep Look first for these shel - ter-ing nests,.....
And give the most beau - ti - ful dreams that they bring
rit
To the babes on the dark - est breasts!
rit.

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"MARCH IS, . . . WITH US, . . . OFTEN MIDWINTER."

Photograph by A. R. Dugmore

NEWS FROM THE WOODS AND FIELDS.

THE AWAKENING OF SPRING.

By L. W. Brownell.

With reproductions of photographs by the Author and A. Radclyffe Dugmore.

SPRING'S HARBINGER—THE BLUEBIRD.

Although March is placed upon our calendars as the first month of spring, it is, with us in the vicinity of New York, often mid-winter, with the snow lying deep upon the ground, and the ponds and rivers still ice-bound. It is seldom that Nature commences to arouse from her long sleep of recuperation before the middle of the month, and it is often well toward the latter part before we begin to realize that winter is departing.

To the student of nature, however, the discomforts of March count for but little. He hears the awakening notes of spring in the air, and as he tramps abroad through the fields and woods the signs of the early approach of that, to him, most joyous season are everywhere visible.

What are these signs? One must learn to know them, else will they be passed by unheeded. A swelling of the buds on the trees; a tiny bit of green pushing its way upward from the cold earth; a single bird-note dropped from the sky; the smell of fresh, rain-soaked earth; an occasional note from some "peeper"; these and a thousand-and-one other indescribable but, to the initiated, infallible signs prove that winter is passing and that soon spring will be with us in all her glory.

March is the month for gathering sap from the maple trees, to boil down into sugar and syrup; for now the sap is running most freely, going to awaken the buds into active life. The trees, however, remain bleak and bare throughout the month: in fact, there is extremely little foliage of any kind to be found prior to April. The willows, though, brave the occasional frosts and put forth their soft, downy buds, which have come to be known as "pussy-willows," and here and there the graceful tassels of the black alder break the monotony of the bare branches.

In the swamps and wet, low places the

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ANGLE-WING BUTTERFLY—ONE OF THE EARLY SPRING VISITORS.

skunk-cabbage, the earliest of all our flowering plants, is pushing its light-green shoots through the black mould. The dark-red, malodorous flower of this plant is a boon to the early bees, as it is the only source from which these insects can draw their supply of pollen at this time of the year; while at any other time, owing to its fetid odor, they would pass it by, they now hail its advent as a timely friend. Toward the latter part of the month a close search in secluded, well-sheltered nooks will, in all probability, reveal to us a few dainty blossoms of the liverwort or hepatica, and the graceful, spotted bells of the dog-tooth violet. Other than these, there is nothing as yet to tempt the botanist into the country in this latitude, if he is looking simply for specimens.

About the middle of the month the frogs and tree-toads emerge from their winter's confinement, and seek the pools of stagnant water wherein to lay their eggs, and some fine, warm day, if we happen in the neighborhood of any low, swampy piece of ground,

BLACK ALDER TASSELS.

THE WOODFROG (FEMALE).

there will come to our ears the first chorus of frog-notes. The "peepers" or "tree-toads" are the first to commence "singing," but gradually the choir is reënforced by others, until the latter part of the month finds the chorus continuous and the sounds far-reaching. At this time one may collect the tadpoles of pickerings and the common hyla or tree-toad, the wood frog, cricket frog, leopard frog, bull frog, and the common green frog.

Prettiest and most interesting of them all is the wood frog, the little, slim, grayish-brown fellow with chocolate-colored markings, which one may find most commonly at any time during the spring and summer throughout the deeper woods. They are often confounded, by those who do not know, with the hyla. The female is about

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Photograph by A. R. Dugmore.

THE LAST SNOW OF THE SEASON—A COUNTRY ROAD.

(This fall of snow, deep as it looks, had entirely disappeared fifteen minutes after this photograph was made.)

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twice the size of the male, and attains an average length of from two to two and one-half inches. She lays a mass of eggs often as large as, or even somewhat larger than, a man's fist, held together by a transparent, glutinous substance. From these the young tadpoles escape in about a week's time.

Few other of the Reptilia are out as yet.

Photograph by A. R. Dugmore.

A LATE SPRING SNOW IN THE WOODS.

The snakes are still dormant in old rabbit-burrows or hollow cavities under rocks or old stumps, but occasionally, toward the latter part of the month, a few crawl out during the warmer, middle hours of the day, and then we may sometimes find a milk snake, garter snake, or blowing adder (hog-nosed snake) sunning himself upon a rock, or coiled about the lower limb of a tree. They are still more or less torpid from their long fast and sleep, however, and not until some weeks later do they engage in the more active duties of their lives. At this time, also, a few turtles appear, the spotted water-turtle being the first to come forth.

Among the mammals it is now the beginning of the moulting season, and, consequently, the fur-bearers are but little sought after by the hunter, as their pelts, presenting a ragged and moth-eaten appearance, are of but little or no value.

The raccoons wake from their winter's sleep and leave the hollow tree-trunks, where they already have a family of young ones, to seek the shores of streams and feast upon the fresh-water clams and mussels. Along the banks of a stream where these bivalves are plentiful, one can find many an old stump, which has served for some "coon's" dinner-table, covered and surrounded by the empty shells.

Gray squirrels, active all the year round, are becoming more so as the spring advances. They can be seen to the best advantage in the early morning or late evening, when they are out searching for their meals. They exist through the long winter months upon nuts which they have secreted in the fall, and in this storing of the winter's food occurs one of the mysteries of animal life: it is well worth mentioning. Watch a gray squirrel gathering his supply of nuts in the fall—if you can do so without being seen by him. He picks up a nut, carries it in his mouth, sometimes for a considerable distance along the ground, testing the earth here and there until he finds a suitable spot. Then, with incredible swiftness, he scoops out a shallow hole, places his nut in it, and covers it over again, packing the soil down with his fore paws. This operation he will repeat again and again, until he has a large supply thus buried. These nuts, which he buries in places often

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widely separated, will sometimes remain in the ground until late in the winter; but when the squirrel wants one of them, he can go with unerring directness to the exact spot and unearth it, even though, as very frequently occurs, it is covered with a foot or more of snow.

The red squirrel or chickaree, a cousin of the gray, at this season of the year feasts upon the sap of the maple trees, which he obtains by gnawing hollows upon the upper sides of the limbs, and allowing them to fill with the delectable fluid, to which he helps himself at his own convenience. The sap often overflows these cups, and, dripping from the limb, forms long icicles of "frozen sweetness," which these little imps of the woods know full well how to appreciate.

Both these species, during the month of March, leave the hollow trees in which they have made their homes during the winter and build cool and airy nests of leaves and twigs higher up among the branches, where they rear their young. These large balls of dead herbage are familiar objects to any one who tramps the woods at this time of the year. Later, when the foliage becomes dense, they are less easy to see.

That persistent enemy of the "small deer," the weasel, is abroad and very active these days, and is changing his winter coat of white for his brown summer covering. It is no uncommon sight, while walking through the woods, to see a lithe, slim body gliding up a tree-trunk and along the limbs with extreme swiftness, but making little or no noise, and we may be sure that he is stalking some prey. A minute later the sharp squeak of some unfortunate squirrel is borne to the ears of the listener, announcing the fact that the weasel has found his victim. It is almost certain death for a squirrel or chipmunk to come within range of a weasel searching for his dinner. They seem to realize this fact, for, while they make frantic attempts to escape, they, apparently, lose their heads and are, consequently, very quickly overtaken and killed.

Photograph by A. R. Dugmore.

THE LAST SNOW—WHERE WOODS AND FIELDS MEET.

The mice have better protection against this, the rodent's arch-enemy, as they can retreat to their burrows, which are too small to admit the weasel's body.

The smaller hibernators—the chipmunks, field-mice, etc.—are already attending to the wants of their first litter of young in their underground nests. They visit the outer world but little as yet, however, except upon the warmer days, when they can be seen, by any one watching for them, tak-

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GRAY SQUIRREL.

ing short airings in the immediate vicinity of their homes.

These little fellows store their winter's supply of grain and nuts in their underground granaries, and at intervals during their long sleep, when hunger forces them out of their lethargy, they eat sufficient to keep them from starvation and immediately drop off to sleep again. During this period their vitality is very low, and a small amount of food is sufficient to sustain it.

Among the avifauna, the winter residents are still with us, but have acquired an added liveliness. Take a walk through the country on some bright day during the early part of the month, and count the different species of birds you see. You will be surprised to find how many spend their winters with us. White-throated sparrows, in flocks of fifteen or twenty, are feeding upon the seeds of the grasses which the winds have not yet entirely shaken from their capsules. These birds are often invisible among the underbrush, and make their presence known only by rustling the dead leaves and an occasional clear, high-pitched "twee-e-e-t." With them will generally be found one or two fox sparrows, the largest and hand-

Photograph by A. R. Dugmore.

SKUNK CABBAGE SURROUNDED BY ICE AND SNOW.

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MARCH WOODS.

somest of all our sparrows. The tree sparrows are also abundant, and, like the foregoing, always travel in small flocks.

That omnipresent pest, the English sparrow, is everywhere abundant, and as early as the first of the month has commenced to carry straws for his bulky nest, although no eggs are deposited before the middle of April, as a rule. These birds, that have become such a nuisance as to have a price put upon their heads in some parts of the country, were imported from England in 1851, in order that they might aid in exterminating the hordes of inch worms (*Geometrids*) which visited this country in that year. They utterly refused to accept the worms as an article of diet, however, and by their rapid increase soon became as much of a pest as the caterpillars had been.

From the air above our heads come a few

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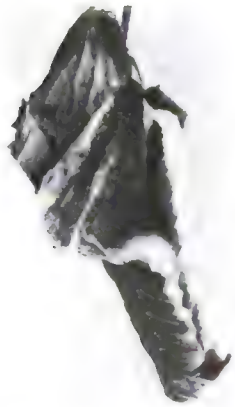
Photograph by A. R. Dugmore.

HEPATICAS AND BLOOD-ROOT.

faint but clear bird-notes, and upon looking up, we see that the branches of the tree immediately over us are fairly well occupied by a flock of birds which we have not noticed before. Sleek, quiet-looking fellows they are, sitting upright and entirely motionless, some one of them now and then giving voice to the faint "peep" that attracted our attention to them until, one taking the initiative, the whole flock suddenly spring into life and activity, and fly away to some other nearby roosting place. These are the cedar waxwings, so named from the red wax-like appendages to the wing feathers.



COCOON OF POLYPHEMUS MOTH.

A little farther along a white-breasted nuthatch is running up the trunk of a tree, searching for the insects hidden in the crevices of the bark, pausing every few minutes to give utterance to his harsh "ka-ka-ka-ka-ka," which sounds more like an ironical laugh than a bird-note.

From the woods comes the rat-a-tat-tat of the downy woodpecker, also searching for his food, the hibernating larvæ of beetles; and we can stop and watch for a while the acrobatic feats of the chickadee, swinging on the branches, the cheeriest bird of them all, never minding the weather, but always ready with his "chick-a-dee-dee-dee." He is a fearless little fellow, and will allow one to come within a very few feet of him.

Creeping in and out of a brush-pile we see a diminutive brown-coated creature; at first sight we are undecided as to whether it is a mouse or a bird, so quick are its movements. Looking closer, we see that it is the winter wren, that remains with us until his cousin, the house wren, returns from his southern sojourn.

The blue jays, those tyrannical scolds of the woods, are always at hand, and the crows, with their harsh, guttural voices, can be seen and heard at almost any time of the day.

The juncoes, or snowbirds (as they are commonly called), are numerous everywhere, but will leave us shortly to return to their more northerly breeding-haunts; rarely is

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one fortunate enough to see a true snow-bird or snow bunting.

Looking upward as we hear a faint "pee-eep, pee-eep," we see a few American gold-finches, in their winter plumage, swinging through the air with their long, dipping, distinctive flight. A little later the males will discard their present sombre coat and appear in all the splendor of a yellow-and-black courting dress.

A brown creeper is running up and down the trunk of a nearby tree, peering at us with his inquisitive, bright eyes, and Dame Fortune may favor us with a glimpse of a bright bit of vivid coloring flashing through the trees, to alight upon a branch for a moment—for a limited number of the cardinals, those gorgeously plumaged birds of the south, spend every winter with us.

Among the Raptores, the red-shouldered, red-winged, Cooper's, and marsh hawk are fairly common, flying low over the marshes, or, perched upon some convenient post, ever on the alert to snatch up some unwary mouse.

The owls keep close to the deeper woods during the day, prowling about on noiseless wings only at night, and, therefore, are but seldom seen. They are with us, however, and in greater numbers than one would suppose.

Later in the month comes the advance guard of the vast army of migrants. The bluebird, that ever welcome heralder of spring, and the hermit and Swainson's thrushes are among the earlier arrivals. The robins, which have been with us in small numbers all winter, become more numerous and commence to sing their matins from the topmost branches of the trees. The blackbirds arrive in flocks, to make the swamps and lowlands musical with their voices. The grackles, or crow blackbirds, can be heard scolding with their harsh, cackling voices, in the pine woods. The purple finch, a dainty little songster, pays us a short visit on his way to his breeding-grounds farther north, and by the first of April one can say that the migrations are fairly commenced.

The first sign of the coming birds to reach the ears of the lover of nature, however, is the song of the song-sparrow. This may sometimes be heard as early as the middle of February. His voice at this time of the year sounds somewhat hoarse, and has not all of the musical qualities which it acquires later in the season; but, nevertheless, it is a welcome sound, coming, as it often does, when the ground is still covered by a deep mantle of snow.

IN THE LATTER PART OF MARCH THE RED-SHOULDERED HAWKS BEGIN TO NEST.

Only a few of the more hardy birds are breeding as yet.

The great horned owl lays her eggs and raises her young during this month, often incubating during a heavy snowstorm. The eggs of the barred owls can also be found in the hollow trees where they build their nests.

The crossbill is the only one of the smaller birds that breeds so early as this. Their

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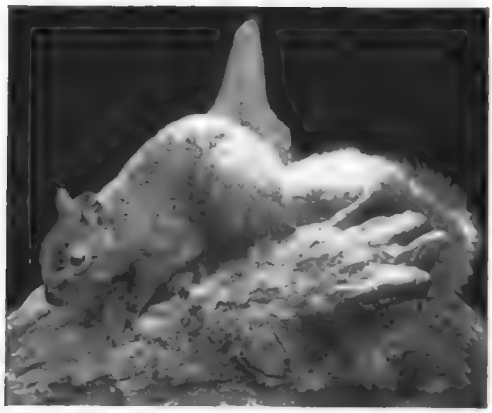

FOX SQUIRREL.

rather bulky nests of sticks and twigs can be found among the branches of the conifers, and are often well laden with snow, the female covering the eggs to keep them warm.

In the latter part of the month the red-tailed and red-shouldered hawks begin to prepare their nest to receive the eggs which will be laid about the middle of April. One pair of these birds will use the same nest year after year, until driven from that locality.

As the ice leaves the ponds and water-courses the ducks and geese commence to arrive from the south.

In the insect world the bees and wasps are the first to brave the cold, and emerge from their nests in search of the earliest flowers. In the streams and stagnant pools the water insects are awakening, and the ants again become industrious.

The larvæ of the Lepidoptera are still tucked away among the fallen leaves, in the crannies of the bark, under rocks, or swung from the twigs in their silken cradles.

When the warmer days approach, however, one may see a few mourning-cloak

Photograph by A. R. Dugmore.

DUTCHMAN'S BREECHES AND ADDER TONGUE.

butterflies (*Vanessa*) or angle-wings (*Grapta*) flitting through the woods or warming themselves on some sun-bathed leaf or branch. By the end of March spring is fairly with us.

MILK SNAKE SUNNING HIMSELF.

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TRANSATLANTIC TELEPHONING.

THE REMARKABLE INVENTION BY WHICH DR. M. I. PUPIN HAS REVOLUTIONIZED THE TRANSMISSION OF ELECTRICITY.

By William A. Anthony,

Former President of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers.

AT last the problem of telephoning over long-distance lines and ocean cables has been solved, and we may hope soon to be able to talk across the ocean and recognize the voice of a friend as he replies to us from London or Paris.

Dr. M. I. Pupin, of Columbia University, after years of patient labor, has pointed out the way where others had failed, and has accomplished what many had believed to be impossible.

To appreciate the importance of what Dr. Pupin has done, it is well to contrast the two problems of transmitting telegraph messages on the one hand, and of transmitting telephone messages on the other. In transmitting a telegraph message, the sender closes and opens a key that makes and breaks an electric circuit, sending to the line electric impulses that magnetize little pieces of soft iron, and so operate a lever in the receiving instrument in unison with the key. The alphabet is a combination of dots and dashes. When the key is closed for an instant only, a very short electric impulse travels along the line, causing a momentary attraction and depression of the lever, which is recognized as a dot. When the key is held closed for a little time the lever is held down for a corresponding period and records a dash. When the line is long and the electric impulses become weak, so that the lever responds feebly, a new source of current is introduced; a new "circuit" is established, extending on to the more distant point, and the lever of the receiving instrument in the first circuit is made to open and close this second circuit exactly as did the key at the beginning. So the message is given to the new circuit with renewed energy, and goes on again to produce a legible record at double the distance from the sending station. When the receiving instrument is made thus to open and close a new circuit, it is called a repeater, and, on a land line, such repeaters may be introduced as often as may be necessary to transmit the message as far as we please.

On an ocean cable, however, it is impossible to introduce repeaters, and the only thing to be done is to construct receiving instruments of extreme delicacy, capable of responding to the greatly enfeebled electric impulses. But the impulses on an ocean cable are not merely enfeebled. There is another difficulty more serious still. In consequence of what is called the *capacity* of the cable, the impulses are spread out or prolonged, so that a momentary impulse started at the sending end, reaches the receiving end much prolonged. It may help to an understanding of what takes place if we consider a case more in line with everyday experience. Suppose we try to transmit messages by sending puffs of air into a long tube. It is evident that we should succeed better if the tube be narrow, than if it be widened into a chamber of considerable capacity where the puffs sent into the tube would make little impression, and where they would find room to spread out and become not only enfeebled, but prolonged. An ocean cable is just such a chamber or reservoir for electric impulses. It has a large capacity for an electric charge. Such impulses as we use on land lines make little impression upon it, and such effects as are produced at the receiving end are so prolonged that they lose all their character as dots and dashes. It is possible, however, to adopt our sending to this condition. We can *wait*. We can allow a sufficient interval between the successive impulses to give time for each to produce its effect at the receiving end. On an ocean cable we can telegraph, but we must telegraph slowly.

Very different is the problem of transmitting speech. Every one knows that audible sound is the result of vibrations in the air. The differences that we recognize between

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sounds must be due to differences between these vibrations or sound-waves. To each sound must correspond its own sound-wave, distinctly different from all the others. It is wonderful, even when the air alone is the medium, that these distinctive differences should be preserved and that we should be able to recognize such a great variety of sounds. It is still more wonderful when we study the sound-waves and find in what small differences the distinction between different sounds consists. Far more wonderful still is it when we consider all that must take place in the several transformations between the speaker and the hearer when sound is transmitted by telephone.

We speak against a thin sheet-iron disk a little larger than a dollar. The vibration is communicated to the disk, and this, through a delicately adjusted mechanism, gives rise to electric waves which traverse the wire and, in the receiving instrument, produce vibrations in another disk, which communicates them to the air and so to the ear. Through these various transformations all the distinctive characteristics of the sound must be preserved. The vibrations of the transmitter disk, the electric waves that traverse the wire, the vibrations produced in the receiver disk, must retain all the elements that characterized the original vocal sounds. This must be, or we could not, as we do, recognize not only the spoken words, but the tone and modulations of the voice, and even the mood of the speaker. The imperfections of electrical conductors not only tend to enfeeble, but to distort the electric waves, and a little distortion is sufficient to change the character of the sound as it is reproduced, and render it unrecognizable. What is meant by a distorted wave may be seen from Fig. 1, where *a* may represent a wave as given to a telephone line, and *b*, *c*, *d* the same wave which has become distorted by a change in the relation of its elements during transmission; *d* would hardly be recognized as having anything in common with *a*.

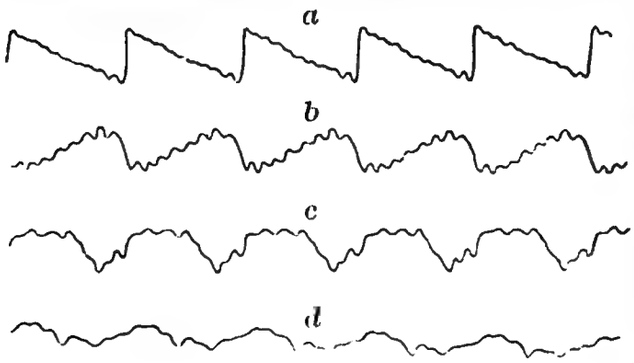

FIG. 1.

Let us consider a little further the effect of the conducting line upon the waves that transmit speech. Speak the words *soap* and *soup*, *mine* and *mean*. How do you make the distinction? By a little more or less opening of the mouth, and a little more or less pursing of the lips. Helmholtz has shown us in what respect the corresponding sound waves differ. It appears that it is only in the little waves superimposed upon the main wave, in the little ripples, so to speak, on the surface of the larger wave. The wave for the *ou* in *soup* might look like this:

FIG. 2.

And the wave for the *o* in *soap*, like this:

FIG. 3.

The ear distinguishes the difference between these much better than the eye.

The effect of the long telephone line upon these waves is something like this:

FIG. 4.

The little ripples that distinguish the sounds die out before the main wave. Such changes as these render repeaters useless on a telephone wire, for no repeater can restore characteristics that have already been lost. On an ocean cable this dying out occurs more quickly than on a land line; and, besides, the main wave is distorted and flattened so as to lose its identity altogether.

This was the situation in long-distance telephony when Dr. Pupin attacked the problem six or seven years ago. While tramping through Switzerland in 1894 he improved his spare moments by reading Lord Rayleigh on the theory of sound. That part relating to the vibration of strings led him to consider the telephone problem. Suppose a long string attached to a mechanism

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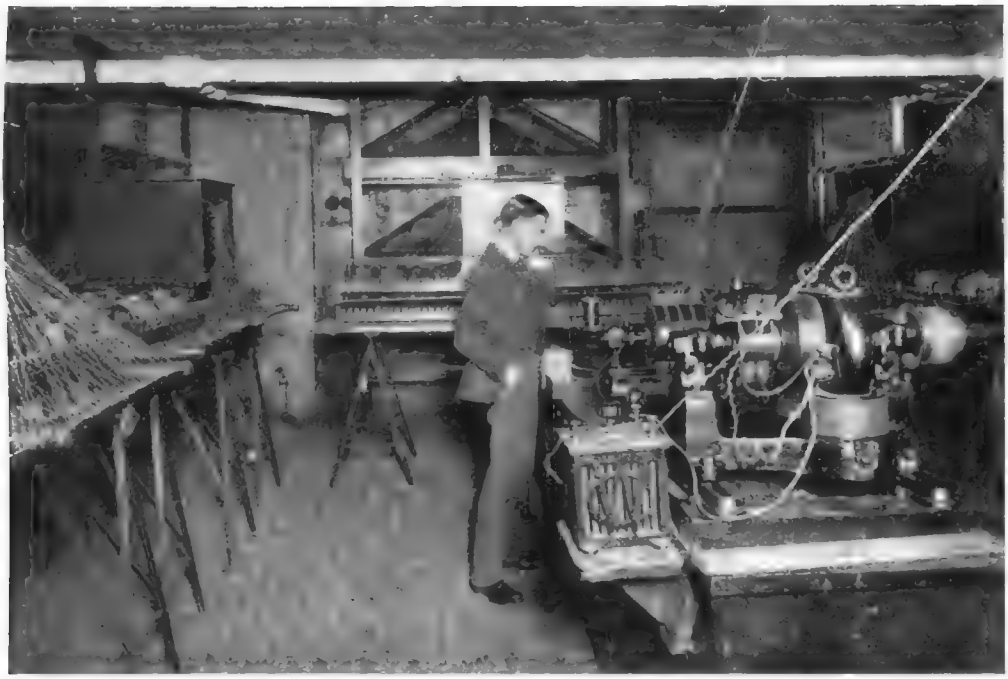

FIG. 5—GENERAL VIEW OF APPARATUS USED BY DR. PUPIN.

which can only be operated by transverse jerks of the string. If the end of the string at a distance from the mechanism be moved back and forth, waves will travel along it, and may supply the jerks required to operate the mechanism. But if the string be very light, and the resistance to its motion great —if, for instance, it were in a tank of water —the waves impressed upon it would rapidly die out, and it might be necessary to swing the string back and forth with all the violence at our command, in order that they should reach the mechanism at all. Substitute a heavy string for the light one. Waves imparted to it will have a much greater power of persistence. It will be necessary to impart a much less violent motion, and this of itself reduces very much the effect of the resistance of the medium in which the string swings. But we need not use a string that is uniformly heavy. The effect of the heavy string may be closely imitated by distributing heavy masses along it at intervals.

Dr. Pupin set himself to solve the problem of the behavior of such a loaded string in a resisting medium. Its solution had not been before attempted, for its tremendous intricacy would baffle any one who had not at command, as Dr. Pupin has, the resources of the "higher mathematics." Many perplexing questions are involved. Given a certain amount of energy, to be transmitted by means of a string swinging in a given resisting medium, how heavy must be the masses? How near together must they be placed? Can they be so placed and proportioned that they will serve equally well for the transmission of long or short waves; that is, of slow or rapid vibratory motions?

It will be asked what this has to do with the transmission of speech over long telephone lines. Speech is transmitted by electric waves, and waves are waves, subject to similar laws, whether they occur in a stretched cord, or in an elastic fluid, or in an electric current. From energy transmitted by waves in a cord, to energy transmitted by waves in an electric current, is only a step. It has long been known that a conductor wound in a close coil gives to an electric current in it something of the properties of a massive body. It is hard to start a current in such a coil, but once started, it is just as hard to stop it. Coils placed along a telephone line will have an effect similar to the masses along the cord. Electric waves started on such a line will

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be persistent waves, they will not die out, they will retain their form and characteristics.

With such an aid the New Yorker can ask of his Chicago correspondent, "What will that mine cost?" without fear that he will understand it: "Who was that mean——?"

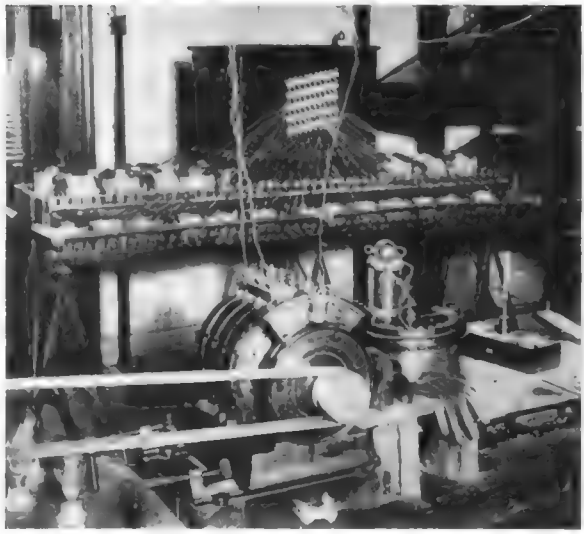

FIG. 6—LARGER VIEW OF FIFTY-MILE SECTION OF LINE SEEN ON THE LEFT OF FIG. 5.

But this is not the whole story. Let us go back to the weighted cord. It is plain that a small motion, a comparatively slow movement, given to the heavy masses would be the equivalent of a much more rapid movement given to the cord alone. Slow movements always mean small losses. The cost of carrying a ton from New York to Chicago on a slowly moving freight train is far less than of carrying the same on the high-speed passenger train. The slowly moving, heavily weighted cord will carry from end to end the power imparted to it with little loss in the resisting medium.

So it is with the electric currents in Dr. Pupin's line. It is a heavily weighted current. A very little current, with the high pressure it can exert in consequence of the action of the coils, may convey as much power as a much larger current on an ordinary line. Now every electrician knows that the loss of power occurring on a conductor is proportional to the square of the current; that is, if you have only half the current there is but one-fourth the loss; one-fourth the current, one-sixteenth the loss, etc. Every electrician knows, too, that the same power may be transmitted by a small current, by increasing the electric pressure just in proportion as the current is reduced. This is recognized wherever electric transmission is employed. At Niagara, power is transmitted to nearby points at a pressure of 2,000 volts; but on the line to Buffalo 10,000 volts is employed, requiring only one-fifth the current, and therefore one-twenty-fifth the loss if the same conductors were used. In California, where power is to be carried 150 miles, a pressure of 60,000 volts will be employed. Dr. Pupin's line is another case of transmission by high pressure and small current, and consequently small losses and little attenuation of the waves.

It has been said already that Dr. Pupin arrived at his results by mathematical investigation. There was no haphazard experimenting, no groping in the dark, no lucky discovery. Different forms of apparatus were tried, to be sure, but all were based upon the results of the mathematical analysis. The last form has the advantage that it is an exact representation of a standard telephone line with coils arranged to be inserted every mile at pleasure.

Fig. 5 is a general view of apparatus which Dr. Pupin has used in his experiments. On the left is seen one of the fifty-mile sections of this line. Other sections are seen in full or in part, in front and on the left and right. The line proper is contained in the large case standing on top of the frame, and consists of tin-foil strips of such width and length as to have the resistance, and in such relation as to have the capacity, of the standard line. This makes an artificial line, having all the characteristics of the standard telephone line, except the length. This line is subdivided into fifty sections, each equivalent to one mile of standard line. The ends of these are seen in the maze of wires going from the case to the frame below. On this frame are the fifty coils, which may be included in the line or left out of it by removing or inserting plugs. With the coils out of circuit, telephone conversation is distinct up

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DR. M. I. PUPIN, PROFESSOR OF MECHANICS AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.
From a photograph by Gertrude Käsebier.

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to thirty miles, can be barely made out at a hundred miles, and is absolutely unrecognizable at 110 miles. Introducing the coils, the conversation becomes again perfectly distinct, and continues so through all the sections equivalent to 250 miles of line.

Fig. 6 shows a larger view of one of these fifty-mile sections, and in the foreground a small generator of alternating currents of 600 periods per second, corresponding to about the average frequency of the vibrations of the human voice. This generator was used for producing electric waves for comparing the actual with the theoretical results. From the resistance and capacity of the artificial line, and the resistance and self-induction of the coils, the velocity of transmission, and the length of the electric waves corresponding to 600 periods per second, were computed.

The first computation gave for the wave length about twenty-six miles. A measurement of the wave length gave about eighteen miles. Here was a wide discrepancy between the theoretical and measured lengths, too great a discrepancy to be ascribed to any ordinary error of measurement. And since, of course, the wave length determines the proper distance which should be between these coils in actual work, the matter was one of prime importance. All the measurements of resistance, capacity, and self-induction were repeated without finding any errors. The generator was thoroughly studied to see that it really gave a frequency of 600 periods. All the apparatus for measuring the wave lengths was subjected to a rigid examination and analysis, to see if any error could be introduced there. The computations were reviewed again and again, with always the same result of twenty-six miles for the wave lengths. Means were provided for maintaining a perfectly uniform speed of the generator, in order to preserve a uniform frequency of alternations. (This of itself was a very ingenious device, and is worth a brief description. It is shown upon the table in Fig. 7. A stretched piano wire was arranged to be kept in vibration by magnetic impulses. It emitted a continuous note which was tuned to unison with a standard tuning fork, seen on the right. A telephone connected in circuit with the generator emitted a note corresponding to the frequency of the alternating current which the generator produced. Stretched along the front edge of the table was a resistance wire connected with the electric motor which drove the generator. By varying the resistance of this wire, by sliding along it the weight seen resting upon it, the speed of the generator and the number of alternations per second could be varied. An assistant sat at this table with the telephone at his ear, and, by varying this resistance, endeavored to keep the telephone note in unison with that of the piano wire.) With all these refinements the measured wave-length still came out eighteen miles. All these remeasurements and recomputations took about three weeks, and it began to look as though the reconciliation of theory with experiment was hopeless. At last, after going over the computations many times, it was discovered that a factor, the square root of two, had been overlooked in the denominator of one of the fractions. Dividing the twenty-six miles by this gave for the theoretical wave length about eighteen miles, agreeing with the measured wave length to about one-tenth of one per cent. This wave length of eighteen miles corresponds to a velocity of transmission of these electric waves of 10,800 miles per second.

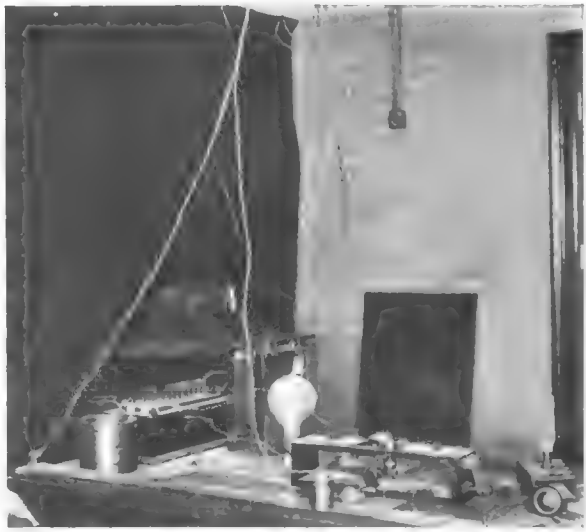

FIG. 7—DEVICE FOR PRESERVING UNIFORM FREQUENCY OF ALTERNATIONS.

On the table in Fig. 8, at the left, are

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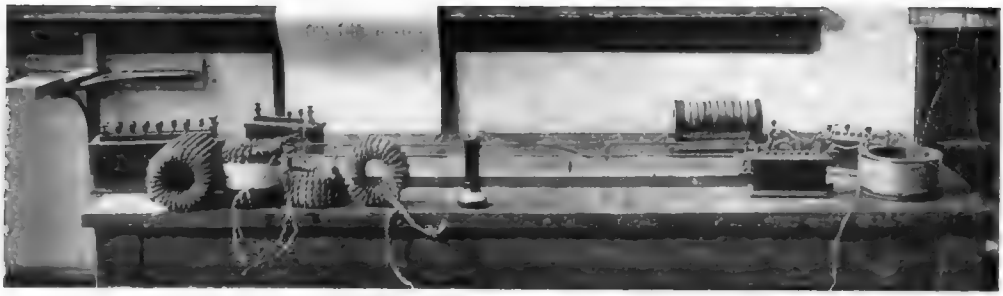

FIG. 8—COILS SIMILAR IN SIZE AND SHAPE TO THOSE WHICH WILL BE USED ON LAND LINES AND UNDERGROUND CABLES, BUT WOUND WITH DIFFERENT WIRE.

shown some coils similar in size and shape to those which will be used on land lines and underground cables, but wound with different wire. On land lines they would be placed on top of poles at intervals of one to two miles. On ocean cables the coils would be much smaller, and placed only about one-eighth of a mile apart. They would be inclosed in the protecting sheath, and would appear as swellings on the cable. They add but a small fraction of one per cent. to the weight, and will not interfere with the laying of the cables. These coils consist of an iron core made of rings punched from sheet iron $\frac{2}{1000}$ of an inch in thickness, packed up to form a hollow cylinder of the proper length. This is wound with the conducting wire by threading it through the centre as the figure shows.

Not only does Dr. Pupin's line serve for telephone transmission. There are systems of multiplex telegraphy that depend upon the transmission of electric waves. They work beautifully in the laboratory over short lines, giving a record on paper of dots and dashes at the rate of 300 words per minute for each instrument. But as soon as the line becomes of any length, the waves begin to lose their character, the dots and dashes begin to run together, and finally form a continuous line. Tried on Dr. Pupin's artificial line without the coils, a few miles was sufficient to render the record illegible. But on introducing the coils, the dots and dashes became at once sharp and distinct, and several messages could be transmitted at the same time over the same line, by using different frequencies, and instruments each tuned to respond to one of these frequencies. What an enormous advantage this would be on an Atlantic cable! The maximum rate of transmission ever reached on an Atlantic cable, and that only as a test, was forty words per minute. This multiplex transmission would carry this up to 1,500 words, or many times more than is now possible with all the cables working to their full capacity.

Such is the invention which scientific study and mathematical analysis has made possible. Most electrical engineers would have said that coils of wire, of all things, should be kept out of a telephone line. They are used in alternating current circuits to hold back the current. They are called "choke coils." They are often used to regulate the current flow. But every electrical engineer knows that while the coil does hold back the current, it does not, like a mere resistance, consume power. Such current as goes through it, goes with little loss of energy, and now that it has been pointed out, it is easy to understand that while a coil does hold back the current, it does not interfere with the transmission of energy over the line, but, by diminishing the current, diminishes in a greater ratio the loss on the line, and, above all, serves to preserve the characteristics of the electric waves and so delivers the energy to the receiver in the *same form* as when it came to the line.

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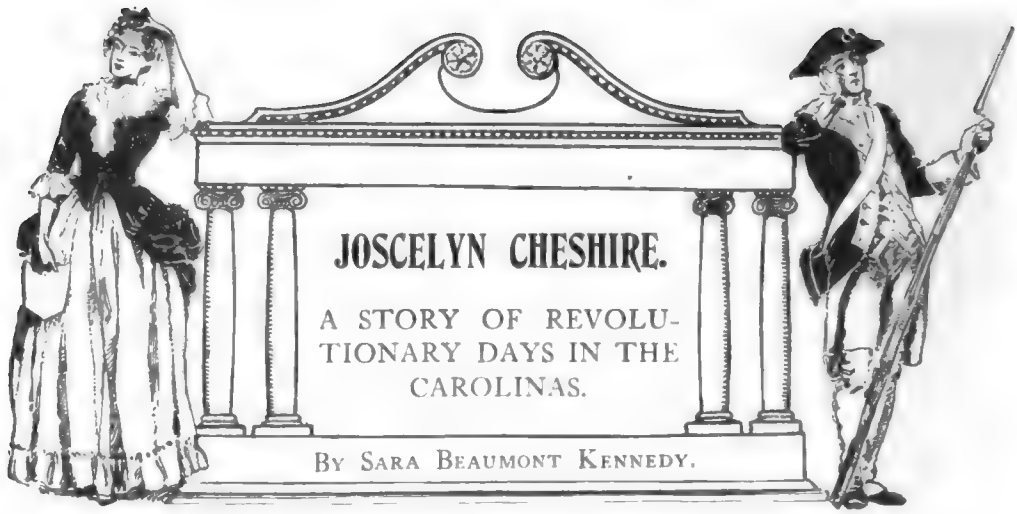

JOSCELYN CHESHIRE.

A STORY OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS IN THE CAROLINAS.

By Sara Beaumont Kennedy.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Richard Clevering is a young Continental soldier who has donned the "buff and blue" to the admiration of a group of relatives and friends—his mother, his sister Betty, and her friends, Patience Ruffin, Dorothy Graham, and Janet Cameron. But Joscelyn Cheshire is a Tory and contemptuously snubs Richard's efforts at love-making. Joscelyn's father had died just before the battle of Lexington, after which her mother moved to Hillsboro'town, to be near her brother-in-law, James Clevering, father of the young Continental who is now marching afield for the first time. Soon comes the news of James Clevering's death in a charge with Sumter; and Eustace Singleton, who, with his sister Mary, is a staunch Royalist, starts for the front, carrying with him a certain promise made by Betty Clevering.

By this time Richard had joined the American army at Valley Forge and was now sharing in all the horrors of that winter encampment, while Howe was feasting and dancing nearby in Philadelphia. One day a man named Dunn proposes to Richard that they take advantage of the *fête* and attempt to enter the city in disguise. They succeed so well that Richard, in the military rain-coat of one Barry, gains an interview with Mary Singleton's beautiful cousin Ellen, *fiancée* of Major Grant, one of Howe's *aides*. From Ellen Singleton he learns some valuable information, which he and Dunn, not without danger, carry to Lafayette, who thereupon alters his plans, recrosses the Schuylkill, and joins Washington at Valley Forge. Clinton, who has superseded Howe in command of the army at Philadelphia, is now on the march towards New York, while the Americans hang on his flank, eager to be revenged for the cruel suffering endured at Valley Forge. Then comes the fight at Monmouth, with Lee's treachery. It is Richard's first and, for some time to come, last battle; for, through his impetuous daring, he has been captured by the enemy. Among the prisoners he recognizes little Billy Bryce, of his own town, and these two plan an escape, successful in Billy's case, while Richard is still forced on towards Sandy Hook, where, in the offing, lay the British fleet ready to convey Clinton's exhausted army to New York. From one Colborn, a kindly disposed guard, Richard learns that his own destination is the dreaded prison-ship in Wallabout Bay.

Hillsboro', for lack of male society, has been growing dull. Before long, however, Billy Bryce comes home and tells the story of the Monmouth victory, and his own capture and escape at the sacrifice of Richard's liberty, and delivers the latter's message to Joscelyn, who also receives, a few days later, a letter from Colborn with news of Richard's illness in the prison-ship. Whereupon Joscelyn immediately sends letters through Betty Clevering to Eustace Singleton, Betty's *fiancée*, who is on Cornwallis's staff, begging him to use his influence in securing Richard's freedom. In the prison-ship the sufferings of Richard and his friend, Peter Ruffin, have become so intense that the failure of their first effort to escape merely strengthens their determination, and they form a second plot.

Peter makes himself grave-digger to the prisoners, and soon succeeds in bearing Richard, like a corpse, to shore and burying him there among other victims of the pest-ship. No sooner has Peter, with the guards, retired to the ship, and Richard shaken himself free of the sand and coffin-board, than the latter comes face to face with one of the patrol. After a desperate struggle Richard strangles him and throws the body into the water. The next morning, after dodging about the island for some time, he comes unexpectedly upon the cottage of Dame Grant, who listens sympathetically to his story and helps him to reach the Jersey shore.

To Hillsboro' Eustace Singleton had sent news of Richard's burial, but of his remarkable escape little was known there until Richard himself turned up one day at his mother's house. Joscelyn receives him as of old, but he learns with gratitude how Eustace had tried to help him. In a few days Richard, with his pocket full of letters, once more sets out to meet Dunn, and together these two travel on a mission to the South to warn the people there that Clinton, in transports, is now moving towards Charleston with the purpose of besieging that town. General Gates, after his defeat at Camden, halts a few days at Hillsboro', while Joscelyn improves the opportunity by flirting with his officers.

CHAPTER XX.

JOSCELYN'S PERIL.

"First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And, ever since, it grew more clean and white,
Slow to world greetings, quick with its 'O list!'
When the angels speak."

—Mrs. Browning.

Thus the months had come and gone and come again, until three years had passed since Richard's company marched away that winter day to join their comrades at Valley Forge. Three years of warfare, while victory wavered like a fickle woman from

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"'MY GOD, JOSCELYN, YOU WILL NOT GIVE ME UP LIKE THAT!'"

Joscelyn Cheshire, page 106.

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side to side. And Joscelyn held to her allegiance, wearing her scarlet bodice in open rejoicing at news of an English victory, and decking herself in sombre mourning when tidings of the American triumph at King's Mountain thrilled the country with an awakened hope. And in these habiliments she walked the streets or sat upon her balcony that none might be in doubt as to her feelings.

"Joscelyn Cheshire be as good as a war barometer," said Mistress Strudwick; "one has but to look at her to know whether to rejoice or to sorrow."

Vainly her mother argued with the girl, showing the danger she ran of drawing upon them both the enmity of the community.

"We are but two lone women, and what could we do against a mob? You go too far in this matter, my daughter. An you alter not your behavior we shall be driven from the town, or else have our house burned over our heads. Only yesterday Sally Ruffin was telling your Aunt Clevering of some threats she had heard concerning you."

But Joscelyn shrugged her shoulders. "They will never harm you, mother; you are too much of their party creed. And as for me, I fear them not; they will do naught more serious than tear down my royal picture gallery from the porch, and break a few more window-panes."

And, truly, martial events were crowding so fast upon each other that the community had no time to resent the caprices of a girl. All interest was now centred in the South. Greene had superseded Gates; Cowpens had been fought, and Tarleton sent in rout to Cornwallis, who started in hot haste to chastise the victors and recover his captured troopers. But Morgan threw his battalion over the Catawba; Greene took entire command, and then began that marvellous retreat, every step of which was as an American victory. The pursuit was close behind. The whole country held its breath at the spectacle of two great armies vying against each other on almost parallel roads for the far-off fords of the Dan. Twenty-five, even thirty miles a day, they tramped it over roads deep in mire that held them back as with a fiendish purpose. It was a spectacle to stir one's blood, no matter on which side the sympathies, this titanic struggle, this heroic race. The rear-guard of the pursued and the van of the pursuer often bivouacked in sight of each other's watch-fires. Petty strife was at an end; the great principles of war alone held sway, and it were hard to say in which camp there was more of resolute endeavor.

The flooding rains detained Cornwallis at the Catawba, and yet again at the Yadkin, giving the Americans somewhat of advantage, so that Joscelyn Cheshire said, in her mocking way, that the "weather was supplying the deficiencies of nature, and making a great general out of Nathaniel Greene."

"Rather is God aiding a righteous cause," Aunt Clevering retorted.

Hillsboro was in a fever of excitement during those days, knowing that somewhere beyond the mountains that skirted her on the west these armies, like mighty leviathans, were writhing on their courses. The town lay almost in the path of both, and each day was full of rumors and contradictions. The country people, both Whigs and Tories, crowded in to learn more speedily the news. The streets were thronged each day with anxious men and women asking each other questions and exchanging surmises. And every day Joscelyn rode her horse from the bridge that spanned the Eno on the western edge of the town to the clump of bowlders called the "Hen and Chickens," which cropped out of a common that lay high to the eastward. And always she wore in her hat, with jaunty grace, a cockade of scarlet ribbon. Tories bowed low as she passed, and Whigs scowled and shrugged their shoulders, marvelling at her daring.

But at last the news came that the race was done. Greene had crossed the Dan to the safety of Virginia, with reinforcements hastily spared him from the Northern division, and Cornwallis was baffled. Disappointed, he turned southward once more, and one February day the vanguard rode haughtily into Hillsboro', and ere night the sloping commons flanking the town to the east and northeast were white with a tent-city swarming with the soldiers of the king.

In the general excitement Betty ran across the street and, twisting Joscelyn's apron-string the while, asked: "Do you think Eus—that is, that you will have any friends on Cornwallis's staff?"

"I am quite sure *you* will have one," answered Joscelyn, with a laughing accent on the second pronoun. "Mary is already in the parlor wanting me to go with her and

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hunt him. What message shall I carry that my welcome may be sure?"

"Oh, none," hastily answered Betty. Then added, with a shy laugh: "Of course, I shall have to see him and thank him for his efforts in Richard's behalf."

"Methinks you will have to go through that disagreeable ordeal. When I see him I shall casually mention that I have asked you to be here at five this afternoon."

But Eustace did not wait so long to hear Betty's thanks. He laid no stress on his services save as a pretext to see her, and so when his duties at headquarters were over he boldly presented himself at Mistress Clevering's door; and Betty, blushing and palpitating, came down to meet him; and seeing her thus his heart surrendered itself anew. But her mother, following close in her wake, gave him no chance to say the things he longed to.

"We deeply appreciate your efforts for my son, Master Singleton," she said, sitting stiffly on the extreme edge of her chair, as if ready to rise on the instant.

"I have called this morning, madam, not to receive your thanks, for I do not deserve them, but to say how sorry I was not to do more for him and for you, and also to express my sincere regrets over his death."

"Your regrets are misplaced; my son still lives."

He stood up, amazed; and the lady also rose, as though to bid him adieu. "Still alive? You astound me, madam; I saw his death record."

"He escaped, instead of dying."

"It sounds like a miracle; but I am glad of it." He turned to Betty, but her mother had not resumed her seat, and so he, too, stood in an awkward hesitation. But the girl put out her hands with an impulsive gesture, and he gathered them both close in his.

"It was good of you—so good to go to that horrible ship!"

"I would have gone to the ends of the world to serve you. Your simplest wish would be my law, and I should count myself well paid with a smile or one gentle word." He had forgotten her mother standing there like a sphinx; and Betty's face went suddenly pale, and then as suddenly reddened and dimpled, for he bent down and kissed each of her hands lingeringly.

"Master Singleton!" The harsh tones recalled him to himself. He turned to the older woman. "My daughter joins with me in expressing our gratitude. Since your time must be short, we will no longer detain you."

Of course he went, and Betty fled to Joscelyn for comfort, for her mother had said sternly:

"We have done our duty, let the matter end here; and let me say, furthermore, that to be grateful one need not blush and dimple while an arch-enemy of the country kisses one's hand."

And Betty had almost choked with confusion, and while crossing the street had looked at her hands with a sense of tenderness that was new.

"Oh, Joscelyn, I am so miserable and yet so happy!" And Joscelyn told her all the sweet things Eustace had said about her at the camp, and sent her home as red and tremulous as a rose in the sun.

There was joy among the Loyalists over the coming of the redcoats, and consternation among those whose relatives were with Greene. Cornwallis established his headquarters at the inn on King Street, using the one-roomed building opposite as his office. Here he set up the royal standard, and issued a proclamation to the Tories of the vicinity to come to his aid. He looked for a general uprising in his favor, but he looked in vain. The country folk rode into town to learn the latest news, or brought their wives and daughters to the commander's levees; but most of them rode home again, unconvinced of the permanency of his lordship's domain.

Joscelyn watched them wrathfully as they took their departures, and strove by the courtesy of her own manner to atone for their lack of loyalty. Her house became at once the social rendezvous of the newcomers, and few hours of the day went by without a summons upon her knocker. Often she was in the cavalcade that drew rein before the general's office after a ride of inspection through the camp; for with the army were several Loyalist ladies who had fled from their homes to their husbands when Greene began his retreat, and with the Tory women of the neighborhood they made a goodly company. Mistress Clevering was filled with rage when, from behind her closed shutters, she saw the scarlet-coated officers alight at Joscelyn's door. Mary Singleton was somewhat chary of her favors, fearing the public resentment when

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the British should have withdrawn. But Joscelyn took heed of no such consideration, and was withal so charming and so cordial that Lord Cornwallis, recalling his friendship for her father, unbent from his customary reserve and exhibited in her parlor a courtesy of bearing which was of a piece with the humanity he showed upon his campaigns. Among the younger officers the "Royalist Rose," as they styled her, became a favorite ere the second sun went down upon their coming; so there was ever an escort waiting at her door when the staff rode forth to the outlying camp.

And oftener than any one else this escort was Captain Barry, of the second legion. It was he who stood at the door of the general's headquarters when Mary and Joscelyn arrived to make inquiry for Eustace, and, snatching off his hat, he came out to receive them, for they made a very charming picture as they advanced modestly toward the entrance, piloted by an orderly. The first smile from Joscelyn's blue eyes did the whole thing for him. He surrendered at once, without one effort at self-defence; and when he and Eustace reached her veranda, having escorted the girls home, there was not so much as one poor little pennant left fluttering over the ramparts of his heart. From that hour his comrades, when he was wanted, knew in whose parlor to seek him, and he never failed to let Joscelyn know when there was a pleasure-ride or a tour of inspection planned for the day.

It was for an excursion of this sort that Joscelyn dressed herself with exceeding care one afternoon, and, with an officer at either bridle-rein, went out to see the army parade for the commander's inspection. The conversation as they paced along was of the movements of a suspected spy from Greene's host beyond the Dan.

"We cannot locate the fellow, but certain it is the doings of our army are reported accurately to the insurrectionists. Yesterday a letter was discovered in a hollow stump on the mountainside, left there, of course, by preconcerted arrangement, to be called for. The stump is being secretly watched, but as yet no results have been obtained. This is all well known and talked about, Mistress Joscelyn, and you, being one of us—" Barry's smile said the rest.

"Is it a townsman who has written these reports, think you?" asked the girl, going over in her mind the people who might be implicated, with a quick inward throb for some of her friends.

"I judge not, for there are references to the writer's journey back from the Dan. Evidently it is a follower of Greene, who knows this country well. He is exceedingly artful, but his capture is necessarily certain, with all the precautions we have taken."

"And what would be his fate if caught?"

"A spy is shot; or mayhap his lordship will hang him on the hill yonder, where, they tell me, Governor Tryon swung up the traitorous Regulators in years gone by. 'Twould be but another chapter in the red history of this your Tyburn Hill."

The young soldier laughed at his own allusion, but Joscelyn shuddered; for the first time she seemed to fully realize the grim actualities of war. Her companions chatted on gayly, and finally she forced herself to join in the conversation, but somehow they could not get away from the subject of those surreptitious reports and their author.

The wide upland common had been turned into a parade-ground, and was full of soldiers marching and counter-marching. The general and his staff were already afield, and saluted the newcomers as they passed on to the "Hen and Chickens," about which a party of spectators, chiefly ladies, were already congregated. Here the officers left Joscelyn with some friends, and rode away to their different commands. It was some time before the parade began, and in the interim there was much laughing and talking around the rough bowlders. And here, again, Joscelyn heard of the wary scout.

"Who be those men there to the left?" she asked, by way of changing the conversation, and pointed to five or six men in citizens' dress, who were grouped apart by themselves. Some were mounted, some on foot.

"Oh, those are the Tory recruits who came in this morning. They have not yet been assigned to their respective commands, and so are viewing the scene merely as spectators; to-morrow they will be put in the ranks. The tall one on the ground was with Pyle when Lee surprised and routed him. I understand, he says information of Pyle's movements was sent to Lee by some one within the town here, probably a Continental spy."

There was more to tell, but the parade was beginning and the conversation ended, much to Joscelyn's relief. It somehow un-

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strung her nerves to think of another hanging up on the Regulators' hill. From her saddle she watched the scarlet companies advance, wheel, pass directly in front of the general's staff, and finally take position in the long line which was thus formed across the field. It was a stirring sight, and her fingers relaxed their hold on the rein as she leaned forward to watch every movement. Suddenly a band stationed near the group struck up a lively air. The unexpected blare of the trumpets startled Joscelyn's horse; an upward toss of his head shook the rein from her inert hand, and then, with the panic of fear upon him, he wheeled about and was off at a mad pace. The women in the group behind screamed, for the rein was swinging about the animal's feet, and the girl in the saddle was utterly at his mercy. From the first plunge Joscelyn realized the peril of her position; for a few seconds she clung terror-stricken to the horn of her saddle; then she shook her foot free from the stirrup and eased her knee from the pommel, for an awful memory had come to her. A hundred yards ahead, directly in the path of the frantic horse, was a deep ditch ragged with rocks; there the race must end in death to the horse—and mayhap to the rider. Her one chance was to leap from the saddle. It took but a second for this to flash through her mind, but even as she turned slightly in her saddle a voice rang out sternly above the braying horns and the thundering hoof-beats:

"Do not jump, on your life!"

Her fingers closed over the saddle-horn in spasmodic obedience, and then she saw that the horse was running directly toward the group of men in civilian dress on the little knoll, and that one of them had sprung forward and waited with uplifted arm the coming of the runaway. Even through her terror there came a dim realization of the death he was courting, but in another instant the collision came. The man was knocked aside by the flying horse, but his hand had caught the rein, and half-dragged, half-running, he kept his place at the animal's head. Then his other hand, fumbling uncertainly, found the bit, and he was master of the brute. Almost upon the brink of the yawning ditch the horse ceased its plunges and stood still, quivering through its whole body. The other men who had followed now crowded about with exclamations and inquiries.

"Will you dismount?" asked her rescuer.

And then, as she stretched forth her shaking hands for his assistance, she saw his face for the first time. He was deathly pale, and his hat, which some one had picked up, was drawn low over his brow; but the voice and the eyes were Richard Clevering's. She would have spoken his name but for a quick glance of warning from under his hat brim. Then a new sense of terror swept over her, for by some swift and subtle instinct it came to her that Richard was the hunted spy of whom she had that day heard so much.

CHAPTER XXI.

TRAPPED.

"You trust a woman who puts forth
Her blossoms thick as summer's?"
—Mrs. Browning.

Not a word was spoken as he lifted her to the ground, and when they turned to walk back to her companions it was the tall Loyalist who led her horse. She listened as in a daze to the talk going on around her, answering briefly the questions of the solicitous group. But the presence behind her was the one she felt, and yet she dared not look backward until they were close upon the company at the bowlders; then, lest she should seem ungrateful, and also with a definite purpose to warn him, she turned to speak with him. He was not among those who followed in the rear. She breathed more freely, scarcely able to restrain a cry of relief, for surely he had escaped; and presently she said to the tall man:

"Methinks I thanked not your companion sufficiently for the service he did me. Will you bear him a message of gratitude?"

"I will speak with him as soon as the parade is over."

It was best to end the matter thus than to see him again face to face, for she felt she dared not trust her shaken nerves in another interview, lest the warning she wished to convey turn into a betrayal. He must have realized his danger and gone at once.

Her escape was the subject of much rejoicing; even Lord Cornwallis, to whom an account of the accident had been carried, sent his aide with his congratulations, and Barry came back at a lope, looking like a ghost with anxiety. She heard not a half

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of what was said, her mind was in such a tumult of perplexity as to her rightful course and of anxiety for her Clevering friends. Naturally her companions attributed her silence and abstraction to her recent fright, and gave no thought to it. She was infinitely relieved when the parade was over and they were once more on the homeward road. Her horse had recovered from his panic, and was moving along quietly.

"If he had to run away, why could he not have given me the chance to save you?" Barry said, with much chagrin, longing to show his devotion and gain some hold upon her thoughts.

"Perhaps he knew that with you at hand he would have no chance," she answered, with a forced smile, dragging her mind from the dread that haunted it, and forcing herself to share in the conversation.

It was midwinter; the remnants of a snowstorm still bleached in the sheltered places among the fields, and whiter yet lay on the sloping sides of the mountains behind which the sun had just set, leaving them framed and fringed with yellow fire. The river at their base was hidden in its banks, and could only be guessed at, but the nestling town had caught a reflection of radiance from the sunset banners flying above it, and stood out like some sculptured bas-relief against the downward-dropping hills. Like the fine colors in an opal, the lights came and went, brightened and faded. Joscelyn's pulse had begun to beat normally under the spell of the ethereal beauty of the scene, when suddenly far up the mountain road her keen eyes descried a moving figure. The trees were nude of foliage, and the snow lying along the winding road was as a reflector to show up the dark, moving object, which for a moment was seen and then lost to sight behind a clump of cedars. Was it a cow, or a man on horseback? A strange curiosity took hold of the girl; she thought she alone saw it, and all sorts of speculations were in her mind when her reverie was rudely broken by the officer on her right.

"Linsey," he said in a whisper, which Joscelyn's straining ears caught, at the same time lifting his finger toward the mountain, "Linsey, an I mistake not, yonder goes our spy; gallop at once to Colonel Tarleton and bid him warn his scouts."

The aide touched his cap, and was gone ere Joscelyn's startled breath came back.

"Why, you are again all of a-tremble," Barry said, leaning over to touch her hand, a world of anxiety in his eyes.

"I—I suppose it was the sound of that horse's hoofs," she said, angry with herself for her weakness. "You see I am not a soldier, and used, like you, to face death every day."

"Thank Heaven you are not," he answered, holding one rein of her bridle, with the joy of a strong man protecting beautiful womanhood. And thus near to her he whispered many tender things in her ear, his tense young voice vibrant with the awakened passion of his heart; and the girl's pulses stirred with a strange, sweet quiver.

So it was they rode home. There in her own room she went over this whole dread matter, with a womanish longing in her heart to talk to some one, to ask advice; but her mother was too timid, and a glance at Aunt Clevering's dark house decided her that it would be cruel to arouse anxiety there. Then Barry's manly face and frank eyes came before her, and in a sudden fit of foolish hysteria she put her face in her hands and cried. If she could only go to Barry! But that would have one of two effects: it would either put him on Richard's trail, or else make him false to his cause by winning him to shield the fugitive. She could not risk either alternative. And what was true of Barry applied with equal force to Eustace. She would not, if she could, tempt him, through his love for Betty, to do anything that would dishonor him among his fellows. And besides, he would not be here to-night with the company she had invited, for he had said he was going with the relief-guard to one of the outposts. No, there was no one to counsel her; she must think and act for herself. At first two torturing questions tore her judgment in twain. The Spartans gave up their nearest and dearest for the cause of country, and should she withhold the identity of this man who had no claim of blood upon her, and who carried perhaps to the king's enemies information that would defeat the cause? Should she say: "I know him"; or should she keep her peace and let him go his way? Then she realized that her knowledge was too meagre to be of any benefit; his name was all she could surrender, and that were nothing to his pursuers who knew more than she of his work and

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movements. And besides, there were Betty and Aunt Clevering and Richard himself. No, she could not play the part of the Spartan; she wanted to be of use to her cause, but she was keeping back no treasonable knowledge. And with this comforting assurance she put the matter aside and dressed herself for the evening, lacing the brocade over the brilliant petticoat with a smile to think what Barry would say. Not for a moment did she believe Richard would be caught; he had the start, and he knew the country much better than his pursuers, and would outstrip them in the race.

It was a brilliant company that assembled in her drawing-room that night, handsome women and splendid officers, and even Cornwallis himself, all come to enjoy her hospitality, and to inquire concerning her accident of the afternoon.

"Asked you the name of this brave fellow who saved you?" inquired the commander-in-chief, with a smile. "Methinks he should be promoted for so signal a service to His Majesty's loyal subject."

"Nay, your lordship, I asked it not," Joscelyn answered steadily.

"'Twas the fright made her seem so ungrateful," put in her mother.

"And small wonder, Mistress Cheshire, for she was in dire straits. But 'tis of no consequence, the name can be easily ascertained, and I shall myself make the inquiries. Half my staff are mad with jealousy at his good fortune, and methinks I myself envy him a bit the sweet thanks he will receive. Now, if Mistress Joscelyn's nerves be not too much shaken, we will have some music."

So the spinet was opened and the merriment began and went on far into the night, while the Cleverings over the way fretted behind their closed doors in bitter resentment of Joscelyn's conduct.

"Why, she is actually playing at cards!" cried Betty, who was secretly on the lookout, for the opposite shutters had not been closed nor the curtains drawn, so the inmates of the lighted room were in plain view. "Lord Cornwallis is her partner, but that Captain Barry sits beside her and whispers behind her cards. Mary Singleton is at the other table, but I do not see—" Her voice trailed off into silence, for she never mentioned Eustace's name to her mother.

Meanwhile Joscelyn was all unconscious and unmindful of this surveillance, and, recovering from her fright, her spirits rose hourly, until she had quite regained her accustomed manner. It was not until something after ten o'clock that an interruption befell their pleasure-taking. Then suddenly there came the sound of galloping hoofs down the stony street; many voices shouted and responded, and from somewhere under the darkness a guttural drum growled out its warning. Every man in the room was on his feet in an instant, and hands snatched for hats and weapons.

"It is a night surprise!" cried a dozen voices; but even at that moment the door was thrown open, and an orderly, bowing low, cried out to the general that the noise was being made by his own men, who had turned a spy back from the mountains and chased him into the town, where he was as a rat in a trap, and must immediately be taken. Every heart in the room ceased its mad beating with relief at this news—every heart but one. Joscelyn could feel hers pounding against her ribs, and involuntarily she moved to the window and looked at the dark house opposite, shuddering as she thought of the grief so soon to enter there.

In ten minutes the hue and cry had swept down the street, and only faint echoes came back upon the wind. The whole town was astir, and Joscelyn's guests lingered a few minutes on the veranda questioning those who came and went.

"Yes, he went straight down this street, riding like one possessed," said one man to Barry.

"He has quit his horse, and the guard have captured it," cried out a messenger a moment later.

"Ah, well, then will they soon have the man too, even if they must search every house, barn, and hen-coop in the town; Colonel Tarleton does nothing by halves," laughed his lordship. "Come, Mistress Cheshire, let us back to our game; ere we end it the fellow will be in the toils."

They went slowly back into the house, Joscelyn striving to steady her nerves by long, deep breaths; but as they drew their chairs again about the tables there came from the story above a crash as of breaking chinaware. Everybody looked up expectant, and Mistress Cheshire rose.

"I will go," cried Joscelyn, glad to escape, and pushing her mother gently back

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into her chair. "'Tis no doubt that troublesome cat again; he broke one of my flower jars last week." She tripped upstairs, calling back to his lordship to deal and have the hands ready, for she would be absent only a moment.

In the upper hall all was silence and semi-darkness. She went first to her own room, pausing just long enough to press her hands hard upon her temples before passing from it to her mother's, calling the cat very softly. A fire of logs burned in her mother's fireplace, so that she wondered at the cold breath of air that smote her as she entered; then she started, a back window was open, and the pot of plants which had stood upon the ledge lay shattered on the floor. A swift annoyance flashed upon her at the maid's neglect, so that she went forward and closed the sash with a spirited promptness. Picking up a bit of the broken shard, and facing about from the window in search of the cat, she suddenly became aware of a man's figure in the shadowy corner opposite. Instinctively she opened her mouth for a nervous cry, but with an imperative gesture for silence he stepped forward, and even in the dim light she knew it was Richard Clevering. The scream died upon her lips, and for a moment the objects in the room spun before her.

"You—*you?*" and even in whispering her voice was strained and shaken.

"Yes; it was this or death—they had run me to the wall."

"But the house is full of British soldiers—Lord Cornwallis and his whole staff——"

"So much the better; the place will be above suspicion."

"Mistress Joscelyn! Mistress Joscelyn!" cried a dozen voices from below, while chairs were being pushed about, and some one struck a few notes on the spinet.

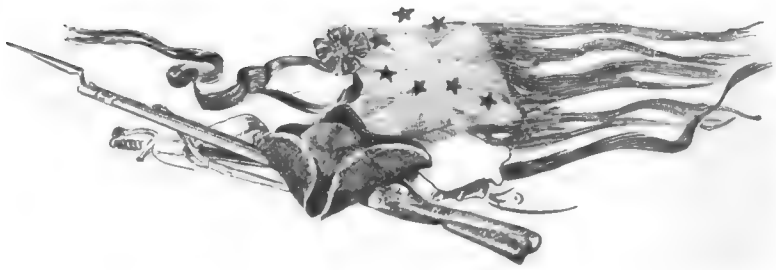
"And I myself, sir, am a true Loyalist, and cannot harbor——"

There was a footstep on the stair. "Mistress Joscelyn, we be coming up to help you catch the cat!" cried Barry's voice.

Richard sprang toward her: "My God, Joscelyn, you will not give me up like that!"

But the foot-steps were half-way up the stair, and she was already turning the knob of the door, her face like marble in the leaping firelight.

(*To be continued.*)



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EZRA FITCH'S IDEES ON VICE.

I SEE an awful lot o' talk in the papers 'bout vice down to New York. Guess folks down there must miss prayer-meetin' jest about ez of'en ez they go. An' ther must be a heap o' people whot takes whiskey when they hain't got the leetlest tech o' ague.

Funny how ketchin' vice is when ye git past bein' skeert 'bout whot people 'll say. Most men's morals nowadays depends on whot ther neighbors er the wimen is goin' ter say about 'em. Guess most of us ud be purty wicked ef 'twan't fer the moral swazhun ther is in bein' afeard we'll git ketched. Ther ain't none o' us so good thet we don't hev a nateral hankerin' fer some low-down cussedness onct in a while, an' it jist depends on who's lookin', er whot it costs, ez to whether we're goin' to be virtuous er devilish. Nine men out o' ten whot bears good reputations ain't never hed no good chance to be bad; er were askeered they wouldn't be slick enuff not to git ketched. Then they puff therselves up, an' pass by on t'other side when they see some poor devil thet nateral born timidity didn't take ez good care of ez it did of them. I ain't goin' to skuse nobody fer doin' anything they hedn't orter; but et must make the Lord kind o' sorry he made man to see the stripe o' critters thet hollers "Stop thief!" when the money thet jingles in ther own pocket belongs to the man they bought ther last year's groceries from, an' the washerwoman whot can't make them pay up.

'Twan't more'n two chapters, ez I remember it, between the buildin' o' Paradise an' the settin' up o' the flamin' cherubim to keep Adam an' Eve out. Human nater wuz born with a nateral cravin' fer the "forbidden fruit," an' every one spen's the most active part o' his life in tryin' to reach the things marked "Don't Tech." Mebbe the Millennium 'll never come till we take down the signs, an' let people play on the grass. 'Twan't likely Adam an' Eve 'd ever found the wrong apple ef they hedn't been told not to tech it. Thet jest showed the devil whot his job wuz, an' course he went an' done it.

Methuselah, the great-grandson of the great-grandson of Adam, wuzzn't skeercely dead an' buried when things hed got so golderned bad, an' the world wuz so fur past preachin' to, an' prayin' for, thet the Lord hisself give it up, an' sent the flood to wipe 'em all out. All, 'cept Noah an' his black, white, an' yaller sons, an' ther wives. An' savin' them wuz a mistake, ez we learn a leetle later.

Tell ye, them folks down at New York don't need to be discouraged. Bishop Potter's doin' noble, an' needn't expect to do right off what's been tried for 'bout forty centuries. Why, arter the flood, came the Towel o' Babel, when the people were so wicked again thet ther language was changed so they couldn't tell each other no more cussedness. Then the Lord picked out Abraham, to hev *one* good man anyhow; an' next thing we know he hed a wife too many, an' had to send her out to the wilderness with her boy to help him be good.

Then Sodom wuz destroyed, an' Lot an' his family picked out as wuth savin'; but they hedn't got out o' town afore his wife wanted to go back, so she wuz turned into a pillar o' salt. Then a few days later Lot got drunk most disgraceful, an' hed better o' bin left in Sodom.

Jacob cheated his brother, and his sons sold Joseph into Egypt. Ther ain't no class to human depravity. Ther ain't no pedigrees thet won't run up against ancestors whose doin's wouldn't be good readin' in the family history.

Ther's only two things 'll make people in this world better. The one's hope of happiness here, an' the other's hope of happiness hereafter. An' ther ain't no real bad people thet hevn't first come hard up to the pint when things look so unpromisin' er uninvitin' along them two good roads, thet they take the bad road 'kaze they think the other two ain't intended fer them anyhow.

Ther's bin a power o' mighty good people spent lots o' time an' money doin' the wrong things in tryin' to make the world better, an' they give it up 'kaze it didn't do no good. Ef they'd give up trying to make new people out of 'em, an' try an' make 'em comfortable an' happy with the instincts they wuz made with, ye'd soon hear the calliopays o' Millennium comin' down the pike.

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WHY NEW YORK NEEDS PURIFYING.

By the Right Rev. Henry Codman Potter, Bishop of New York, and Rev. Walter Laidlaw, Secretary of the Federation of Churches in New York City.

SOME CAUSES AND CURES FOR EVIL IN GREAT CITIES, WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO NEW YORK.

THERE are not a few people in New York and elsewhere who look upon evil and its amelioration with the fatalism of a certain Vermont farmer—though they lack his humor. A rather exquisite cyclist had come the farmer's way, and, leaning over the fence where the grimy man with the hoe was busy in his potato-patch, said: "Why don't you get rid of those Colorado beetles?" The farmer paused only long enough to clear away all oral obstacles to vigor of reply, and then delivered himself thus: "Why? Because dudes and bugs is foreordained."

There are pessimists who attempt to puncture the tire of every reform movement by kindred fatalism. Some of these preachers of despair are believers, in their way, in a divine Originator of the universe; but they tell us that the race and God have at present an active personal enemy, whom God could smite at a stroke, and will strike, some day, but who meantime has his way and say in making and keeping the world a devil's-world.

To these preachers God is a great Vindicator, resident in the clouds, punishing nations for wrong-doing; but He is not a great Inspirer, a Light lighting every man coming into the world, one not far from any nation, nor a deity resident and active amid the very dust of fields and streets, whose laws obeyed mean life and life abundant, and whose work is "all Love and all Law." The Adversary bulks bigger in the foreground of these men's world-picture than does the Omnipotent. They find God in His world only when and where He intervenes. They believe in Incarnation mainly as an ambulance from a heavenly hospital, or as a coach to an old man's home; they don't see the Father's ministry every day to every ordinary home in deliveries of food and gladness. On the contrary, they fix their eye on the devil's connection with Canadian thistles, Scotch thistles, and every other weed in the world. God, in their theory and teaching, pursues a policy of "Hands off" towards men's affairs until men hold their hands up in appeal to Him. Reform and vice are both "foreordained" in their view, and vice is to get the better of reform till a new divine intervention arrives. Consequently their continuous cry is, "Man needs God to save himself from destruction"; too seldom do they cry, "God needs man, to assist Him to complete His creation of a world of fraternal gladness." That evolutionary note is absent from all their teaching. Reformer Waring, purging New York of physical filth, is no type, in their thinking, of reformers multiple and perennial who shall yet purge our city of moral filth, and bring in the prophet's vision of streets filled with merry children at play.

These pessimistic and individualistic preachers are mentioned here at length because they are among the causes, when they ought to be among the cures, of evil in great cities. They teach inaction and despair to the very persons who ought to be enlisted in social crusades. One of them, not long ago, in endorsing a movement for a National Gospel campaign in our country, said that such a campaign was the only cure for the trouble of the East Side of New York. On the contrary, it were better that all endorsements of religious revivals were cast into the depths of the sea than that one little child, loved of the Father, and lovable and innocent among men, should be allowed to perish through Christian inaction. Are revivals to be conducted only to get a few more people into a future heaven? Are they not more needed to revive the Church to save more and more people from the evil in this present world? It is questionable whether our land needs any revival so much as one which shall say to the heart of the nation: God is in the world. We

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are therefore in God's world. God shows himself the Father of men in production; let us show ourselves His children, and brothers to one another, in distributing His gifts and trusts. Babylon, Sodom, Rome, are blots on history's page, because they did not retain God in their knowledge; let New York, Philadelphia, Chicago be glories to our land, because the glory of God doth lighten them, and Christian men within them are seeking to make them cities whose builder and maker is God.

It is not to be thought that such a social-religious revival would at once abolish every trace of evil in New York, or any other large city, for the truth is that the world is advanced by slow sequences rather than by swift interventions. The world was not made in six days, or six ages; and the world's cities will not be made cities of God by single crusades, campaigns, or decades. Christian men must be content to be creative as God himself has been creative, *gradatim*, not *per saltum*. The exuberant optimism of some Christian men is as pernicious as the enervating pessimism of others, and the root of the trouble is the same in both cases, namely, that conditions, as causes, are not kept clearly in view.

There are causes of vice in all great cities which are incident to civilization's general advance, and which, kept clearly in mind by believers in both God and man, can be dealt with by a scientific sympathy. Sympathy alone will not do the work. Plague, smallpox, fever, and other physical evils have not disappeared or diminished before sympathy alone; their cure has been gradually evolved by a sympathetic science, and social evils are as little removable by a Christian nescience of conditions as is physical disease by a Christian Science which is neither scientific nor Christian.

THE DECLINE OF RURAL COMMUNITIES.

THE modern city, in size and social characteristics, is the product, in the main, of economic causes, and these economic causes are the outcome of invention. Civilization has passed from agriculture, as the main economic factor, to manufacturing, and machines have driven people from the farms and drawn them to the cities. The machine on the farm, the machine on the road, and the machine in the mill are three things that make the world's old cities seem mere villages when put abreast of New York, London, or Chicago. The machine on the farm, with four men to work it, does the work of fourteen farm-hands, and does it better; and ten displaced agriculturists travel by the machine on the road toward the machine in the mill. In 1840, 21.79 per cent. of our population were engaged in agriculture; in 1890 only 13.68 per cent; while in 1850 4.12 per cent. were engaged in manufactures, and in 1890 the percentage had risen to 7.52 per cent. "Give us this day our daily bread" has been answered among Christian nations through manna-producing farm-machinery, and Ruskin's dream of a returned Edenic age, when gang-ploughs shall be beaten into ploughshares and self-binders into pruning-hooks—not to mention the demolition of the spinning-jenny in the interest of the handloom—is a disordered dream at best. The man with the hoe has given way, permanently, to the men among the power-shafts; and in this lies the explanation of the increase of our urban population from three per cent. in 1800 to thirty-three per cent. in 1900. The freight moved by the machine on the road aggregated 640 million tons in 1890, and of this, 184 million tons was anthracite and bituminous coal, of which the greater part was fuel to be transmuted into machine force. The bituminous coal moved outweighed all the grain, flour, cotton, live stock, dressed meat, and wool handled in the country. $6,525,156,486 were invested in manufactures in 1890, and the value of the manufactured output was $9,372,438,283. Dr. Josiah Strong computes that 75.4 per cent. of our wealth in 1890 was urban, and only 24.6 per cent. rural.

The machine in the mill is bound in the future to gather from the farms not fewer, but more persons, for farm-tillage will be continuously reduced in toil and increased in productivity, and this means for the problems of cities two things: first, a continued quantitative urban growth; second, the relatively deteriorated quality of it.

Already in our land many rural communities may be found which were nurseries of virtue in times past, but which are now tenanted by a distinctly inferior population. In these neighborhoods, in former days, were churches, and schools, and other character-building influences in abundance. But the farmers have fallen on bad times—only 47.32 per cent. of them were holders in unincumbered fee simple in

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1890; the churches are closed in many rural communities, or changed, as near Utica, into cheese-factories; and the quality of urban accessions from these conditions is likely to be much less helpful to the cities than it was years ago. The more enterprising Eastern farmers have gone to the far West, and have been succeeded in many instances by a foreign class. In the country at large, in 1890, among 4,212,000 farmers, 742,000 were foreigners, and there is every likelihood that the twelfth census will show a large increase of this proportion, and show, too, that the heterogeneous racial condition of seaboard cities has reproduced itself among the seaboard rural population. The American-born farmer, unless large capital is at his command, is discontented, more and more so, with manual toil; and is giving way to the foreigner, who thinks an embryonic reaper, without either self-binding or self-threshing attachment, a glorious release from European modes of farm work.

Time was when the greater part of migration from the farms was a symptom of thrift; but now a great deal of it is the result of despair, and the urban increase from farms is in recent decades of perceptibly lower tone. Farm machinery is a great boon to America and to the race, but the influence of that machinery affects, through economics, the morale of all the race, and affects especially the morale of cities.

If the machine in the mill were at present correlated with the highest commercial conscience, the city, instead of developing any further demoralization among the land's displaced agriculturists, would counteract its beginnings; but the machine in the mill, another great boon to the race, is not yet adjusted to develop moral as well as material gains. Every large American city, through manufactures, and through emporial position, has been greatly gaining in population during the last ten years, but none has yet seriously set itself toward caring either for its natural increment, for native migration toward it, or for the incoming foreign migration which fails to pass through it.

The failure of the city—the product, in its present proportions, of the mill—to care for its great growth, appears often in the mill itself, and always, as things are now, in the homes available for the working people, in the streets of our towns, in facilities for recreation, and even for worship; while a progressive social conscience, though it has done much for the legislative defence of toilers in shops and stores, has not transformed the machine into a maker of gladness as well as a maker of goods.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF EMPLOYERS.

THE mill is often a direct breeder of vice. Employers who think they owe their employees nothing but wages, and whose relations to them are far less personal than many a slave-owner's toward his slaves, are not often branded as a dangerous class, but, as a matter of fact, however undesigning their indifference, they are among the allies of vice. Such are the employers who overlook the indecency of conveniences which oblige the sexes to use them in common; whose theory of gain will brook the perpetual presence of an immoral foreman or floor-walker, provided only he "makes the business go;" who do not hesitate to impose the extreme limit of labor under the minimum of ameliorative conditions, and whose employees are demoralized amid an industrialism which is indifferent alike to the destruction and the development of individuality. The heartlessness of the church which is only a religious club, was once satirized by a cartoon showing a church vestibule, with a nickel-in-the-slot, dummy usher, whose phonographic pharynx, set into vibration by the fall of coin, said: "Very glad to see you. Take any seat. Come again;" and the heartlessness of some manufactories in New York is of the same stripe. At the door of them ought to be an automatic bargain-maker, as well as an automatic time-recorder, and it should say, "Come in, young ladies. We want you because you work cheaper than men. All social customs to be left at home. Seats for every three of you till the law favors you less, and fifty plus fifteen equals sixty when we come to count your hours per week." Consumers' Leagues, to encourage the purchase of the output of fairly treated labor; Legal Aid Societies, to defend the down-trodden employee; Legal Enactment Societies, to secure remedial legislation; Leagues for Social Service, to educate the short-sighted individualist to perceive the extravagance of selfishness and the economy of justice and mercy; Trade Unions, to teach the toilers to look to the morrow as

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well as to the moment; a Church which remembers its Founder was a Workman on earth as well as the Word from the skies, and which regards the Golden Rule, not as an aspiration, but as a programme—these are among the cures of the direct fostering of vice by the mill-machine. The time must come when every mill will reinforce the righteousness of the home, as does the school to-day. Schools that should foster immorality among their pupils, or that should even be indifferent to its presence, would be battered down by an outraged public opinion; why should the girl in the school be more sacred in the community's eyes than the girl in the mill? Shall schools be developed as civilization-makers while mills remain civilization-destroyers, through moral conditions, while civilization-aiders in material things?

WIDEN OUT THE URBAN USE OF GOD'S WORLD.

AT the beginning of the last century no one could have prophesied the enormous extension of the public-school system; it is far less hazardous to prophesy to-day that the mill will be correlated with moral, as well as material, production, before the Twentieth Century passes. The Spirit of the Lord God is going to come into the wheels. The abolition of slavery is not the last of the conquests of conscience. The last century was glorified by discoveries of laws, an approach by man to God's omniscience; by harnessing of forces, an approach to His omnipotence; by the use of resources, from several continents, in the commonest homes, an approach to omnipresence; and the present century is certain to give new proof of man's celestial direction and derivation by bringing men into right relations to things, and fellow-men, and God. Man is now in a wrong relation to things, witness, shoddy; man is in a wrong relation to fellow-men, witness, cutthroat competition; man is in a wrong relation to God, witness the constant use of the term, "resources of the country," and the infrequent use of the truer one, "national and personal trusts from the Father of men." Communism is not the remedy, but a religio-economic revival along the lines of Pauline thinking. Let him that stole steal no more (honesty), but rather let him labor (industry), working with his hands that which is good (productive industry), that he may have (personal property) to give to him that hath need (benevolent distribution, the justification of the continued pursuit of personal property):

"I can believe—this dread machinery
Of sin and sorrow would confound me else
Devised—all pain, at most expenditure of pain
By him who devised pain, to evolve
By new machinery in counterpart
The moral qualities of man, how else?
To make him love in turn and be beloved,
Creative and self-sacrificing too,
And thus eventually God-like."

Long hours in the mills and stores, nerve-consuming noise amid the shaftings, indelicacy in the intermingling of the sexes, back and brain-breaking work in all temperatures, are a formidable alliance against purity, and in nearly all large cities they are aided by the bad physical conditions of the streets and dwellings where the toilers have their homes.

New York from 1890 to 1895 added 335,759 to its population, but built in the same time only 5,463 dwellings, which means that the overcrowding of 1890 was greatly increased in those five years. In 1890 the average number of persons per dwelling in Manhattan was 18.52; in 1895, 21.2; and in 1900, 23.2. Half of the population of Brooklyn is housed to-day as densely as Manhattan's population of 1890. Manhattan added during the last decade twice as many dwellings with three families or over as Philadelphia possessed in 1890, and the crowding of the people together in New York undoubtedly increases its tendencies toward vice. Privacy and purity are congeners. On the other hand, the comparative crowding of the people of New York ought to make police supervision of vicious resorts easier than in less congested cities. New York in 1890 had 1.93 policemen for every 1,000 of population, and an average of only 28.00 dwellings to each patrolman on the force, whereas Philadelphia had but 1.36 policemen to each 1,000 persons and 131.26 dwellings, a much larger area for supervision, to each patrolman. There was in 1890 a smaller number of dwellings to each patrolman in Manhattan than in any other city of 100,000 population or over, and the average in Brooklyn was smaller than in every other city of 100,000 and over, except Chicago, Boston, and Cincinnati. It was 91.42 dwellings to each patrolman.

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DENSITY AND THE DEATH RATE.

LIFE is such a unity that one must expect that moral disease and physical disease will always go hand in hand. The poverty and disease charts exhibited by the Charity Organization Society of New York last year, showing the constant inseparability of tuberculosis, contagious disease, and application for material relief, are a sufficient proof of this. Whenever density and death rate are both high, the moral despoiler encounters diminished resistance power. New York has not worse citizens than other cities; on the contrary, it is questionable whether the population of many other cities, transferred bodily into New York conditions, would resist as nobly. New York had a density of 58.69 per acre in 1890, and a death rate of 28.63 (1900, 19.01 per 1,000), as against a density of 12.64 per acre in Philadelphia, and a death rate of 22.67. Only two cities in the country, Richmond, Va., and Newark, N. J. (both of which fell below New York in 1900), had a higher death rate than New York in 1890, and no other as great density. Is it any wonder that, sowing the wind in the way the city is building homes for the people, it is reaping the whirlwind? There are some anomalous figures in the census returns of 1890, *e.g.*, the fact that the four densest wards of New York had a death rate lower than the average for the entire city, but the general law was established hereby that density and death are cause and effect. The cities with 0.45 dwellings per acre, and of from 10,000 to 14,000 persons, had a death rate of 17.86, whereas the cities of 100,000 and over, with 1.98 dwellings per acre, had a death rate of 23.28.

Every one, except unregenerate barbarians, now accepts it as an axiom that the rights of life are more sacred than the rights of property; and tenement-house reform, for the cure of evil in New York, must demand several things of property owners, such as thorough lighting of halls; increased provision and seclusion of toilet facilities; the conversion of airshafts into aids to health instead of gossip and germ breeders; the increased restriction of the number of families to a floor, and lodgers to a family; the registration of the ownership of a property upon the property itself; the enlargement of opportunity, at the increased expense of the 6.3 per cent. of persons who own their own homes, of the chance of acquiring a home by the 93.7 per cent. of lessees; the preferential taxation of improved dwellings; and, perhaps, the enforced use of land now being held for the unearned increment. New York's population to each acre of its total area in 1890 was 58.69, but to each acre of its building area it was 94.03. There were 3.17 dwellings to each acre of the total area, and 5.08 dwellings to each acre of the building area. The difference was unnecessary and vice-breeding congestion. It undoubtedly affected especially the accessions to the city's population from rural districts, upon whose morale the reduction of breathing space and inforced increase of companionship acts like a narcotic drug. Good dwellings for the people, and sufficient of them to keep pace with the increase of population, are key-notes in a constructive campaign against vice. The individualistic evangelist, who leaves the housing of the people out of his programme, should recall that the Redeemer of men, who rebuked and bemoaned the sins of the city, spent the last days of His life in a suburban home to restore His city-sapped strength, and that fidelity to His teaching was compared by Him, in His inaugural discourse, to a wisely built house. The carpenter trade He had left illustrated and applied the truth He taught: can Christianity be true if it connects sanctity with church building and disconnects it from home building? The temple was not employed for Christianity's latest epiphanies; the home and the open air were always their place of manifestation.

Facilities for recreation are closely connected with personal morality, and such facilities are all too few in our great cities to-day.

BREATHING SPACES FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE nearest playground to the city child is the street, and the streets of the city, like the two-hundred-foot block in the city, were given their scale when the world was thought flat or very limited, and when all transit was foot-and-shoulder transit. With the transit facilities which now obtain, fifty blocks are a shorter distance than five blocks a few years ago, and why should not new blocks be laid out four hundred feet in depth, or more, which would leave space between the dwellings for a sheltered playground, a practical park in every block? If this could not be done, why should streets now

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be only sixty or even a hundred feet wide? If a concourse is good between parks in the Bronx, if occasional broad streets in the city are found to be superior in attractiveness and healthfulness, why not make the normal street as broad as the broadest of them, and widen out the urban use of God's world? The country under machines and improved tillage, is yielding more abundantly. The city is drawing a larger and larger percentage of the population to it; why not reconstuct the scale of cities and bring them alongside the vision of the Revelator, who saw a four-square city, twelve thousand furlongs on each side? In that city he saw trees with leaves for the healing of the nations, and without it were the abominable, the whoremongers, and all liars. Brigham Young brought abomination into the city he founded, but Salt Lake City is laid out on a scale which means at least physical vigor, and the surveyors of our present American cities, though using a golden reed, have not been celestial. Boston's early records contain an entry of a road laid out for six miles from the South Church—"the farthest point that population is ever likely to reach." 44.5 per cent. of New York State's population in 1890 lived on 0.24 per cent. of its surface. The recreation of city people, living in homes sanitary or unsanitary, could be immensely improved by widening streets, deepening blocks, and fearing an area of 1,000 square miles for a city as little as New York now fears 328 square miles.

Till cities of Cain in scale are replaced, however, by cities of the scale seen by John in Patmos, the park, which was a feature of John's vision also, must replace a generous yard or street for play.

There is a most instructive page in the twelfth census, showing the neglect of the great cities to provide adequate park accommodation. Cities of 100,000 persons and over are actually disclosed to have a smaller park acreage to each 1,000 of population than cities of 50,000 to 100,000. The only advantage of record, on the side of the great city, is in the percentage of improved park area, which leads the small cities in the case of all large cities except New York, which had only 23.41 per cent. improved in 1890, while all of Boston's and Philadelphia's park areas were reported improved.

But this, from another point of view, was a detriment of administration. Space is the first thing to be saved. Boston in 1890 had 2.52 park acres per 1,000 of population, Philadelphia, 2.89; Chicago only 1.82, while New York had 3.37. But Colorado Springs had 58.35; Lynn, Mass., 25.61; San Diego, Cal., 92.83; Worcester, Mass., 3.98, while Brooklyn had only 0.85.

Given the continuance of the city of its present size, the purchase and partial improvement of small parks is to be preferred to the expenditure of large improvement sums on parks that are remote from congestion. New York had spent $14.44 per caput of population for park land up to 1890, and Brooklyn only $5.03, while Philadelphia had spent $16.72. Hartford, Connecticut, had spent almost as much per caput as the metropolis, and it will be interesting to see the effects of Mayor Strong's administration upon the record of 1900. Meantime this can be said, that the small parks are not yet sufficiently numerous, and that municipal attention to recreation will prove as economic, along crime prevention lines, as attention to education. The parks have their moral dangers, but play is a socializer—the kindergarten proves it so—and the parks are outlets for energies that otherwise would be wanton, and inlets at the same time for energies that are pure.

DEFORMED PLEASURES.

THE seating capacity of theatres per 1,000 of population is shown by the census of 1890 to be smallest in the largest cities. New York was below the average, while above Philadelphia, and much above Chicago. No statistics for New York's halls could be ascertained.

Statistics of New York's saloons, on the other hand, were collected, and the saloon record of cities of 100,000 or over reverses the park and theatre record. There were 4.18 saloons to every 1,000 of population in cities of 100,000 and over, while the average in cities of all sizes was 4.01. The Western States were ahead of the Eastern, but they were also ahead in parks and public halls. New York, however, was ahead even of the Eastern cities, having 5.00 saloons to every 1,000 persons, and the Raines Law has reduced this only to 3.7. Philadelphia had 1.15 to every 1,000 of population in 1890, and Chicago, 4.73. There were only 50 cities out of the 297 tabulated where the record ran beyond New York, the highest being Atlantic City, N. J.,

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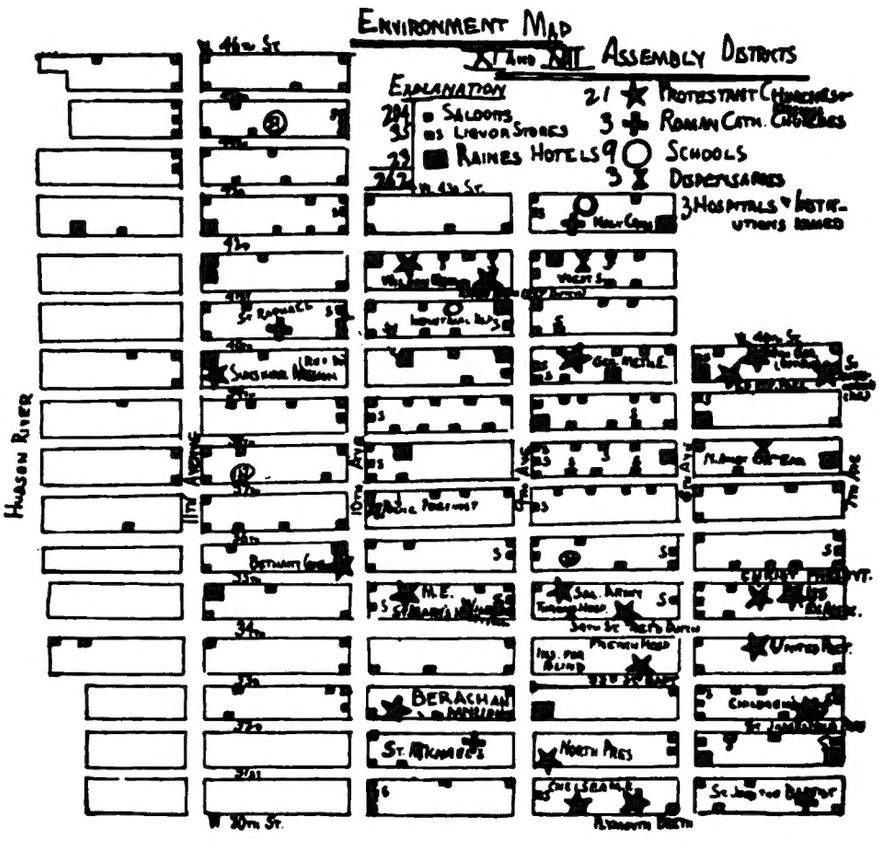
which had 14.55 per 1,000 of population, with Lexington, Ky., Butte, Mont., and Sacramento, Cal., all following with above 10.

The art of catering to the working-man has been studied to a nicety by the saloon industry, and not until its methods are imitated by saloon substitutes, and lightly-swung doors opening on bright and easy lounging rooms are found all over our cities, can the saloon's hold on the people be broken. Until the city provides sanitary conveniences, moreover, many will use it who use it for no other purpose; and until these are provided, the city is a direct promoter of indecency. The saloon is a desperate problem, and bad housing, irregular employment, overtime work, and a hundred other causes, are aggravating it; but one thing can be attended to now, and should be attended to immediately in all great cities. The Raines Law hotel, and its parallel everywhere, must come under immediate prohibition. The dishonesty of that so-called "hotel" is provable by the accompanying map, which shows the saloons of the Eleventh and Thirteenth Assembly Districts as they were a year ago. One of the great needs of all large cities is such a study of environment as this map contains. There should be such a study, annually, in every assembly district. Evil agencies must be overcome by the introduction of good, and a civism that will supply them must be produced not only by the sociological inspiration of schools and universities, but by a church that believes in a Kingdom of God upon earth. The map here inserted is almost self-explanatory, but it should be noted that the large black squares are Raines Law hotels, and when it is remembered that these districts adjoin "The Tenderloin," with its notorious resorts, their influence in distributing degradation among the homes of the working classes can readily be estimated. A hotel that deserves the name may not be free from immoral uses, but better far a centralization of sin than its distribution over such wide area as that it dreads not the daylight and finds no terror in a command to move on.



GUARDIANS OF THE LAW THE WORST OFFENDERS.

THIS is the pass at which New York has now arrived, for among the causes of vice, conspicuous and contemptible above all others, are the perjured officials employed to suppress it. It is not to be supposed that a perfected police administration would at once remove it from New York; that will happen only when the Christian fatalists are converted to assist the Father's foreordination of a fraternal world; when the machine has been belted to moral ideas; when the homes of the people are shelters for the body and shields for the spirit; when widened streets and yards and multiplied parks allow the animal spirits to work themselves off in innocent play; when wholesome drama gives wings to the imagination toward scenes of purity; when poor men's clubs, lacking the contamination of adulterated alcohol and adulterous annexes, abound throughout our cities; and when comfort-conveniences are placed in all much-fre-

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quented streets; but New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago are now all confronted by a call to a similar crusade,—to expel the monsters who abet gambling and the social evil instead of annihilating them, and who, decorated with the insignia of law, are anarchists against both natural and divine law. The crusade in New York is not to abolish the social evil, but to retire the bestializing administration, which shrinks not from passing the innocent children of the city into the fires of Moloch. The situation resembles the awful revelations in London in 1885, when W. T. Stead brought to light the existence of an organized traffic in innocence. From tenements of the city, from immigrant vessels, from country girls who seek the city's mills and homes and stores for service, lust is gathering its victims; and if the police of New York, patrolling areas smaller in diameter than those patrolled by the police of other large cities, are not aware of the existence of rendezvous of ruin, then must they be innocents indeed, and possessed, to the extent of demoniacal possession, of the charity that thinketh no evil in the self-advertisement of brazen vice. Twenty-eight dwellings to each patrolman in New York, 878 to each patrolman in Elkhart, Ind., yet the "finest" of New York are held in contempt by the whole land! Twenty-eight dwellings to every patrolman in Manhattan, and 128.71 to every patrolman in Newark, yet New York's police are a stench to the whole of our adjacent State of New Jersey! $4,391,766 annually spent on the force in New York for the ten years ending 1890, and $987,031 of stolen property recovered, or $4.44 spent to recover every stolen dollar; and $7.36 spent by Chicago, and $10 by Philadelphia to recover every stolen dollar! Why such New York efficiency in following the breaking of the eighth commandment, and such inefficiency in dealing with the seventh? Why such activity against crimes on the highway, and such neglect of crimes against the home?

Is there such neglect?

The Committee of Fifteen will answer that question, and the tremendous wrath that their disclosures will arouse will be an application of this principle, a principle which has not penetrated to the consciousness of some policemen, and which, alas! is not yet part of the working creed of other New Yorkers! *The rights of life are more sacred than the rights of property. Better far a rule of thugs than a rule of seducers; for the thug can be smitten by armed self-defence, while the seducer has done his damage before the sense of danger has been aroused.*

When the Revealer of the place of the child in civilization said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," the Imperial City allowed its people at every nightfall to cast out the unwelcome or defective child at the foot of the column Velabrum, and from that dumping-place the brothels, the witches, and the circuses of Rome gathered recruits. The slaughter at Bethlehem was a daily incident in the metropolis of the Roman Empire. The question before New York now is whether it will continue in charge of the moral welfare of a so-called Christian city an administration as clearly in league with lust as was the Cæsarism which the Galilean compelled, after three hundred years of effort, to brand child-exposure as a crime.

AN APPEAL TO LOVERS OF THEIR FELLOWMEN.

THIS paper opened with an appeal to the unchristian fatalists to become Christian socializers. Let proof be now given to show how poorly the city is distributing its Christian light and salt. If a cure of New York vice is to be effected, individuals must be reached; that is the merit of the appeal for evangelization. But evangelization is impossible till the social sense seizes the Christian churches and forces of the city; compacts them into a federated movement for city saving; abolishes uncivic and unchristian overlapping and overlooking in religious and social work; develops definite ministry to neighborhood—a ministry that will teach truth, that will be vigilant to detect and to dethrone the evils of all localities, that will meet the recreative needs as well as the religious needs of individuals, and that will adapt work to conditions rather than to theories. Work along these lines has been stimulated for four years by the Federation of Churches and Christian Workers in New York City, and from its office information concerning it can be secured. One of its latest publications contains a tabulation of church distribution among the assembly districts of Manhattan and the Bronx, and citizens who believe that the Church has duties and powers in decreasing vice in New York, are asked to give it careful study. It gives the number of organizations, Protestant, Roman Catholic, and

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Hebrew, (*a*) on the West Side of the city, from the Battery to Spuyten Duyvil; (*b*) along Fifth Avenue, from Washington Park to Harlem River; (*c*) in Assembly Districts Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth, the Bronx; and (*d*) along the East Side, from the Battery to the Harlem. It gives also their tax exemptions, and the matter is reduced to percentage. The figures are from the "City Record" of June 30, 1900.

PROTESTANT CHURCH.

	Population.	Organizations.	Percentage by locality.	No. exempted from taxation.	Amount of Exemption.	Percentage investment by locality.	Churches to Population.
					$		
West Side.....	548,959	134	28	107	17,620,500	43	1- 4,096
Fifth Avenue...	241,422	109	23	90	16,551,500	39	1- 2,215
Ass. Dists. 34, 35.	238,803	91	20	65	1,355,250	3	1- 4,422
East Side.....	1,021,416	137	29	89	6,221,000	15	1- 7,456
	2,050,600	471	117	351	41,748,250		1- 4,349

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

West Side.....	548,959	30	23	29	3,445,200	19	1- 18,298
Fifth Avenue...	241,422	20	15	20	6,232,000	36	1- 12,071
Ass. Dists. 34, 35.	238,803	28	22	20	664,900	4	1- 8,528
East Side.....	1,021,416	48	40	48	7,276,000	41	1- 23,362
	2,050,600	126		117	17,618,100		1- 16,275

HEBREW CHURCH.

West Side.....	548,959	7	10	3	340,000	9	1- 78,422
Fifth Avenue...	241,422	15	22	9	2,831,000	65	1- 16,094
Ass. Dists. 34, 35.	238,803	2	3	2	30,000	1	1-119,401
East Side.....	1,021,416	44	65	17	854,000	24	1- 23,214
	2,050,600	68		31	3,555,000		1- 30,155

There is food for reflection in these figures alike for Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Hebrew lovers of their fellow-men. The amount of money invested along Fifth Avenue in church properties, and the proportion of Fifth Avenue churches to population, must either mean that it is very hard to get the rich of New York to enter into the Kingdom of God, or that the implements of the Kingdom are not provided with sufficient liberality elsewhere, especially on the East Side of the city, where nearly 50 per cent. of the population live. The East Side in this statement is not limited to the districts south of Fourteenth Street, but embraces the whole East Side. There are two assembly districts north of Fifty-ninth Street which have fewer Protestant churches to population than any district south of Fourteenth Street. Six out of sixteen East Side districts have less than one Protestant church for each 10,000 of population.

Fifth Avenue, with its enervating luxury, a luxury which in dress and diet less favored sections strive to imitate, cannot be exempted from the causes of vice in New York. One sometimes wonders whether the plainness of the Friends' costume might not remove from civilization many a Delilah "bedecked, ornate, and gay," who perhaps was originally led into wrong by inability to dress as companions more fortunate in economic struggle.

The poets of our land have been the best interpreters of the essence of Christianity. Whittier, Lowell, Lanier, and Markham, however one may differ from individual lines in their writings, have been truer interpreters of the spirit of the Scriptures than many a professional exegete; and Lowell's "Parable" may well conclude this treatment of the causes and cures of vice in great cities. It relates the revisit to the world of the great Nazarene; the princely welcome given Him by priests and rulers and kings; His listening, amid the songs and anthems of cathedrals, for the sighs and groans of the poor, to which, He declares, He has been listening in heaven for eighteen hundred years; and of a self-satisfied civilization He asks the impeaching question:

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"

In anxious protest the priests and kings declare that they are not responsible; they have but continued the work of the Fathers, and they point to the graven images

"which stand
Sovereign and sole throughout the land."

"Then the Lord sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her, faintly, want and sin.
These set He in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment hem,
For fear of defilement, 'Lo, here,' said He,
'The images ye have made of Me!'"

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